

PLAUTUS's  
COMEDIES,

AMPHITRYON,

EPIDICUS, and

RUDENS,

Made English :

With .

Critical Remarks

Upon Each PLAY.

---

Non ego paucis  
Offendar maculis : quas aut incuria fudit  
Aut humana parum cavit natura : —

Horat. Art. Poet.

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L O N D O N :

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Sir CHARLES SIDLEY, Barr.

THE Translation of the  
old Dramatick Poetry be-  
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vinc'd the World that it may  
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were it not too great a Tres-  
pass upon your Modesty, I  
wou'd insist upon the Easiness  
of the *Stile*, the Politeness of  
the *Expressions*, and the Delica-

and David Stewart.

# THE PREFACE.

**T**HIS Nations Excellencies in Dramatick Poetry have been so extraordinary, and our Performances both in Tragedy and Comedy have discover'd such strange Gems, that we have some reason to believe, that we have not only surpass'd our Neighbours the Moderns, but likewise have excell'd our Masters the Ancients. But the want of Knowledge of the Ancients has been one great Reason for our setting our selves so very much above 'em; for tho' we have many Beauties which they wanted, yet it must be own'd, that they have more which we have not, except it may be some very few of our Pieces. But then their Excellencies are far less known to us than ours; for the Common People are unacquainted with their Languages, and the more Learned sort, for want of due Observance and Penetration, have been ignorant enough of their essential Beauties; they, for the most part, contenting themselves with considering the superficial ones, such as the Style, Language, Expression, and the like, without taking much notice of the Contrivance and Management, of the Plots, Characters, &c.

## The Pleafad

But a considerable Discovery of those Beauties  
 has been made by means of a late Version of Terence;  
 especially by the help of the Preface and Relatib:  
 And this has made me hope, that this in a short  
 Play of Plautus would not be very unacceptably af-  
 fect them; and since the principal Fault of the Ro-  
 marks in that Version was about being abridg'd  
 have made these somewhat longer and clearer, hoping  
 they will prove the principal means of recommending  
 this Book to the World; and that the Translation had  
 been brought to the utmost Perfection in what might  
 of a Thing which I dare never pretend to be a  
 Choice of the same thing which Madam Decius had  
 done before me; those being, I imagine, respects; since  
 for my purpose. But before I come to Paraphrase in  
 those Things, I shall give some Character and Account  
 of my Author. *quod si ex causa non est ad nos; mid of*  
*Plautus; if consider'd as a Dramatick Poet, may*  
 justly enough be call'd the Prince of the Latin Comedians;  
 for the most of our late poets and consequently  
 little capable of being judg'd off from all Circum-  
 stances, we have good reason to presume that they  
 never came up to Plautus; so that there is no one to  
 stand in competition with him but Terence. But if  
 Comedy consist more in Actions than in Words,  
 then Terence himself must be allow'd to give place to  
 our Author; and as Terence ought to be esteem'd as  
 a Man who spoke admirably, Plautus is to be esteem'd  
 as a Comick Poet. In the principal Design being  
 these two Poets have furnish'd upon has be provide  
 to the English Terence in our Translation and will  
 appear, that Plautus had the most Geniys, and  
 Terence

## The Pleiad

Terence, the most exquisite Judgment, and, consider-  
 ing what Reason they copied, in the latter was call'd  
 the Hell's Demander, so the former may be call'd the  
Hell's Aristophanes. 1900 in sham and 211 in  
 To Terence's Style was generally more useful and pure,  
 and strict, more elaborate than Plautus's, yet  
 undoubtedly, Plautus was a most absolute Master  
 of his Language, and in many Places, he does appear, such  
 a sharpness of Expression, and such a force  
 in his Words, Politest too, that it seems to be  
 found in Terence, and this perhaps, may have occa-  
 sion'd Varro to say, That if the Muses were to speak  
 Latin, they would certainly make use of his very  
 Style; and Tanquill Faber to call Plautus, The  
 very Fountain of pure Latin. As to Wit and  
 Raillery, Terence might by no means be compared  
 to him; then he is not always so happy, but often de-  
 generates to a Manner, that Terence would never  
 have been guilty of; and tho' his Jest, and Repartees  
 were sometimes admirable, and often far above Te-  
 rence's, yet they were many times as much below  
 him, and by their trifling and Quibbling, appear to  
 have been calculated for the Mirth. This probably,  
 made Rapin observe, That he says the best Things  
 in the World, and yet very often he says the most  
 worthless; A Word before he says, Plautus is inge-  
 nious in his Designs, happy in his Imaginations,  
 fruitful in his Language, yet that there are some  
 insipid Jest, that escape from him in the Taste of  
 Mirth, and his good Sayings, that make the Peo-  
 ple laugh, make sometimes the honestest sort to  
 spy him. The most remarkable Thing in his Style,



## The Preface.

The natural and unaffected Easiness of his  
 in opposition to stiffness, which with the new Eng-  
 lish and Propriety of the Latin Tongue in Com-  
 mon Discourse, seems almost its distinguishing Char-  
 acter, and sets him above any other Roman Author  
 in that respect. In true, Terence has all the Ex-  
 cellencies, and perhaps is more exact in the Propriety of  
 Terms, and in his Choice of Words, yet his extreme  
 Closeness and great Elaborateness, I presume, was  
 made in somewhat less Free and Familiar, or at least  
 it would be so if any other Man of less Judgment had  
 managed it. So that what I mean is, that Plautus's  
 Style ought rather to be imitated for Common Dis-  
 course than Terence's. Plautus had the misfortune  
 of living in a worse Age than Terence, therefore  
 there must be a larger Allowance for his Coarser  
 Words, his Puns, and Quibbles, as well as those  
 Words that were peculiar to the Theatre and his  
 Subjects, which if once transplanted, wou'd never  
 thrive elsewhere.

Next, may be consider'd our Author's Characters;  
 and in that point indeed, Terence triumphs without  
 a Rival, as was observ'd in the Preface to that Au-  
 thor; and for a just and close Description of Nature,  
 perhaps no Man living can be compar'd to him. It might  
 be observ'd, that Plautus was somewhat poor; and  
 made it his principal Aim to please and tickle the  
 Common People; and since they were almost always  
 delighted with something new, strange, and unusual,  
 the better to humour them, he was not only frequent-  
 ly extravagant in his Expressions, but likewise in  
 his Characters too, and drew Men often more Vicious,

more

# The Preface

these Characters more Feish, &c. than generally  
they were, and this to let the People a gazing and  
wondering. With these sort of Characters many of  
our modern Comedies abound, which makes em too  
much degenerate into Farce, which seldom fail of  
pleasing the Mob. But our Author had not many of  
these, for a great part of em were very true and na-  
tural, and such as manifest the Test of the severest  
Judges. His two most remarkable Characters, are  
his Miser, and his Bragado; and that the Read-  
er may the more clearly understand the nature of  
these Characters, their Resemblance to some of ours,  
and their Unlikeness to those of Terence, I shall give  
a Translation of some parts of em. First then, take  
the First Act of his third Comedy call'd *Aulularia*,  
which begins with the Old Covetous Fellow and his  
Maid.

*Eucليا and Sraphila*

*Euc.* Out-a-doors, I say: Come out. I'll fetch ye  
out with a Horse-dox, for a damnable, prying, nine-  
ey'd Witch.

*Sra.* Why do you misuse a poor Rogue so? What has he?

*Euc.* To make ye a poor Rogue as long as you live,  
like a Jade as you are.

*Sra.* But why? Since am I trust out-a-doors now?

*Euc.* I have ingiv'd you an account, you hempen  
Bitch, to get you from the Door; — that way: —

See how the Jade moves. Observe what you'll  
meet with. If I take a good Cudgel or a Whip, and,

I shall soon put you out of your Shalls pace.

*Sra.* I say, would I were hang'd out of the way,

rather than be bous'd to gette fresh in old Rogues.

*Euc.* Characters too, and then Men often more & better.

# The Preface

*Euc.* How the *Eye* matters to her self, which I shall look those damned eyes, then look what I'm doing if you can. *Hoppy.* No further out. Further still. Further still. *Sell.* I say. *Now.* Now, you Beggars, I'll one day make a hairs breadth or two back, I'll one day break and by Gods-sowing, I'll hang you up in an instant. *Pr.* *himself.* *going off.* I'll be the first with a more subtle old Flag than this, my days. I'm curiously afraid this which should trap me in my discourse, and discover the place where I've hid my Gold; I troth, I believe the cunning Jade has Eyes in her breech. *Now* for my Gold, that has cost me such a woful deal of trouble, I'll go see whether that be false as I hid it.

*Staph.* *alone.* *Euc.* Hold your peace, I say. As I live, I can't devise or imagine what *Evil* Genius or Madnels has possessed my Master, he uses me so inhumanely; and kicks me out a doors ten times a day. Troth, it puzzles me strangely to find out the meaning of his crazy Whims. He watches whole Nights together; and sits all day long within doors, like a lame Cocker upon his Stall. Well, considering these Plagues, and the difficulty of concealing my young Mistress Labour, now at hand, I find no way but making a short cut, and hanging my self.

*Re-enter Euc.* *Euc.* Now I've found all well within doors, my mind's a little at ease. *Now* come in, and keep House.

*Sta.* What, for fear it should be stolen away, There's no Plunder for Thieves, there's nothing but Emptiness and Copweb.

*Euc.* I'll warrant ye, I must keep a House like an Emperor for your sake, you old Sorcerers. Huzzay, I'll have every Copweb taken care of, and preserv'd. I'm

# The Preface.

I'm very poor, I confess: but I patiently bear what the God lay upon me. Get ye in, and make fast the Door: I'll be back presently. I take a special care you don't let e'er a Soul come within the doors; and that they might pretend an Excuse to borrow Fire, I'll ha' ye put it all out: if there be any now, out with't in an instant. If they want Water, tell em the Pump broke. If they would borrow a Knife, an Axe, a Mortar, or a Petrel, as Neighbours us'd to do, tell em the House was robb'd, and they're all stolen. Sober, I'll ha' no body let a Slop within my House when I'm gone; therefore if Good-luck her self should come, I charge ye keep her out.

*Sis.* Troth, you needn't fear her coming; for were she at the Threshold, she'd ne'r come in.

*Euc.* Hold your prating Tongue, and get ye in.

*Sis.* To please you, I'll do both.

*Euc.* And before you secure the Door with two great Bolts, I'll be here instantly.

*Exit Scapilla.*

*Euc.* Alone.

O, I'm wretchedly perplex'd that I'm forc'd to go out a doer now; and troth, it goes fore against my mind; however, tis upon sure grounds. For now's the time for our Officer to distribute the Money to the Poor: Now if I should be negligent, and not be among the Beggars, I'm afraid the World would prettily conclude, that I had got Gold at home. For tis n't likely such a poor Fellow as I pretend to be, should so little value Money, as not to be there. Notwithstanding my restless care of concealing this Gold, it strangely runs in my Head, that all the World knows of it, and every body seems to be more obliging, and to complement me more than ever. They meet me, stay me, embrace me, enquire after my Health, my Welfare, and every thing. Well, I'll go, and be back again as soon as possibly.

*Exit.*



# The Preface

Some have said that this should be a brief  
 something from him: but now I am not free to my  
 Love, but I am in a hurry, and looking for  
 his Warrant to apprehend me. — O! I could tell ye a  
 thousand of these Stories, if I had time.

And yet, you are a Character of a very  
 Nature and Probability; yet these sort, at first sight,  
 will glaze and dazzle a common Audience, and some-  
 times give a superficial Pleasure to a more judicious  
 one; but are carefully to be avoided by any correct  
 Writer.

Let **Miles Gloriosus** or **Braggadocio** be re-  
 markable in Character, and there you may see  
 another too in the same piece, being a braggadocio as  
 much as the other, and plays the same as much  
 as the other does the Part. For the Reader's Satis-  
 faction, he follows a Translation of the first Act of the  
 Miles Gloriosus, which begins between that Block-  
 head and his Buffoon.

**Pyrgopolinices**, and **Artotrogus**, and  
**Soldier** I truly

To you, Soldier, how it goes to the heart, how it  
 Take care to have my Buckler  
 out-shine the resplendent Sun, when the Heavens are  
 ferment to that in the midst of the Battle. I may dazzle  
 the Eyes of my Enemies, and confound every man of  
 'em. — In the mean time, I'll comfort my bold Bilbo,  
 that he might not be dull and melancholly for want of  
 use this long time, for the poor Rogue is damnably ea-  
 ger to slice all my Foes, and make a Haub of 'em.

But where's **Artotrogus**?

Here, and like your Honour, ready to wait up-  
 on a Man of the greatest Fortitude and Fortune I th'  
 Uni-



## The Preface

Universe, and o' the most majestick Air; then for personal Valour, Lord, *Mr.* himself dare not extend to measure Swords with you.

*Pyr.* You mean him in the *Indian* *Generalissimo*, *Bombardier*, *Cheminist*, *Sarcoides*, great *Nephrus* Grand-child.

*Art.* — The same, Sir. Him with the golden Armour, whole whole Army you blew away with a single Puff, like Leaves before the Wind, and feathers in a Storm.

*Pyr.* By *Hercules*, 'twas nothing.

*Art.* No, faith, Sir, nothing at all to what I can relate, — *[Aside]* but the Devil a bit of Truth in any Man can shew me a greater Lye, or a more bragging Coxcomb than this Blunderbus, he shall make me, make me his Slave, and serve me with Whey and Buttermilk — Well, Sir?

*Pyr.* Where are you?

*Art.* Here, Sir: — Wonderful, how you broke the great *Indian* Elephants Arm with your single Fist?

*Pyr.* What Arm?

*Art.* I would ha' said Tigh.

*Pyr.* Plhaw, I did that with ease.

*Art.* By *Jove*, Sir, had you us'd your full Strength, you'd ha' dead, gutted, and bon'd the huge Beast, at once.

*Pyr.* I would not ha' ye relate all my Acts at this time.

*Art.* Really, Sir, impossible to enumerate all your noble Acts that I have been Spectator of.

*[Aside.]* 'Tis this Belly of mine creates me all this Plagues. My Ears must bear this Burden, for fear my Teeth shoud want Work; and to every Eye he tells, I must swear to.

*Pyr.* What was I going to say, —

*Art.* O, Sir, I know your meaning, — 'Twas a noble Exploit; I remember't very well.

*Pyr.*

## The Preface.

*Pyrrhus.* What art thou? *Art.* I am a Soldier, and a brave one too. *Pyrrhus.* What art thou? *Art.* I am a Soldier, and a brave one too.

*Pyrrhus.* Have a Table-Book here. *Art.* Here is a Pencil too.

*Pyrrhus.* I have want one, Sir. *Art.* Here is a Pencil too.

*Pyrrhus.* I have want one, Sir. *Art.* Here is a Pencil too.

*Pyrrhus.* Well, how many can you remember?

*Art.* I remember a hundred and fifty *Centurians*, a hundred *Scythian* *Centurians*, thirty *Saracens*, and three score *Indians*, you slew in one day.

*Pyrrhus.* And how many are there in all?

*Art.* Seven thousand.

*Pyrrhus.* That's right. You're an excellent *Arithmetician*.

*Art.* I have 'em in *capite*, tho' not in black and white.

*Pyrrhus.* Truly, a prodigious Memory.

*Art.* That's owing to your Table.

*Pyrrhus.* As long as you proclaim my Honour, you shall never want eating: my Table shall be always free to receive ye.

*Art.* Then in *Complaisance*, Sir, where you would have certainly cut off five hundred Men, had not your Sword been a little blunt: and thole but the Remains of the Infantry you had just defeated, — [A Sigh] if there were any such in being. — But why should I mention these things when the whole World knows how much the mighty *Pyrrhus* excels the rest of Mortals in Valour, Beauty, and Renowned Exploits. All the Tables in Town are ready to run mad for ye; crowd, and all the reason the World lost, since you've to charming a Countenance. As yesterday some of 'em catch'd me by the Cloak, and

*Pyrrhus.* Prithoe what did they say o' me? [Smiling.]

*Pyrrhus.* Prithoe what did they say o' me? [Smiling.]

*Pyrrhus.* Prithoe what did they say o' me? [Smiling.]

*Art.*





# The Refiner

Gna. Nearly laid, and hope to live, and I should  
Bless me; you overthrow Man and Beast. What  
said he, Sir?

**There's Not a Word.**

Gen. Nay, I can't tell how he lived.

**Thrs. Dan, Charley, did I never tell you how sharp I was upon a young Rodian Spark at a Feast? 1903 to 1904**

Gna. Never, Sir; let's hear't, by all means, she has told it me a thousand times.

*Then, Why this Rhodian Spark I told ye of, was met me at a Feast, where I happend to have a small Girl. This Stripling began to be sweet upon her, and was gill upon me too. How now, you Impudent Souldier,*

in those I have chosen. But then the second -

Gas Ha ha ha

**Tora.** What's the matter, bah.

Gna. Very fine, sharp, and delicate; that you'd not be mended. But pray, Sir, was this your own? I took it for an old left.

**Tbra.** Did you ever hear before?

Gna. Oken. Sie: and letakes to a particle 100 mms I

They're oblig'd to me for it to be my own (Horn)

Gna. I'm sorry the, you were so sharp upon the foolish young Gentleman. But pray, Sir, what did he lay men?

There he was quite dished out of Countenance; and the whole Company ready to dye with laughing. After that, every body took in great care of him.

And only they had a reason

Here may be seen Braggings and Whistlings sufficiently, but still Nature's lovely obscurity and doubtfulness preserved, whereas the other has lost much of its Probability, and strain'd his Chances to an extravagant pitch. I shall not criticise in Part the

## Part A

## The Preface

I am afraid I have about too long upon this Subject, therefore I pass on to the Author's Plots. In respect, he had not often that Art and Management that Terence had, nor in all his Plays was so regular as he, tho' in several he was particularly so those I have chosen. But then his Scenes were commonly less languishing, his Incidents more surprising, and his Surprizes more admirable; undoubtedly he had more of the Vis comica, which I may translate Liveliness of Intreague, than Terence. His subjects were all more Simple than the others, but I am apt to believe that will be reckon'd but a very small Commendation on our Nation, who are but little Masters of such thin Dye, as they call it. His Narrations are more lively and sharp than those of Terence's and I think, every whit as natural and as well brought in. I am sure in some of 'em he can never be equall'd, as to his way of bringing 'em in. As for the General Beauties of the Stage, I refer the Reader to the Preface to Terence.

I am, Sir, Your Obedient Servant,

J. D.



## The Preface.

*modern Plays, I think, are never guilty of; only in our Monologues and Asides, our Affairs have got a custom of looking so full upon the Spectators, that it seems but one degree better. But our Author is not guilty of this in these three Plays, except in Amphitryon, and that by way of Prologue, nor of any other Faults but what, I believe, I have shewn in my Remarks. And these that I have here chosen, are no ways inferior to Terence's in matters of Plot and Intrigue, but in some respects superior, tho' not so elaborately wrought up, or always with that Niceness; so that these may undoubtedly prove excellent Models for our Poets Imitation, provided they observe Differences of Tastes, Humours, Ages, and Persons, and keep to those principal Beauties they already possess, some of which are undoubtedly above the Ancients. Only Terence will teach 'em one thing that Plautus does not, to wit, the great Cunning of working in Under-Plots, and still preserving the Unity of Action; for Plautus has none of them. As for the Necessity of Rules, the Objections against 'em, and the wonderful Perfection our Plays might arrive to by a more close Observance of 'em, I must once more refer my Reader to the Preface to Terence. It was principally upon the Poets Account, and for all such as are desirous of understanding and judging the Excellencies of Dramatick Poetry, that I translated these Plays. If it be objected, that the Poets, Critics, and Lovers, as well as Judges of Dramatick Poetry, do most of 'em understand the Original; I must deny the Truth of it, tho' several of 'em do: But if they did, these will be much more proper for their*

†

Design.

## The Preface.

Before I begin, by means of the Notes and Remarks, and the Reasons I lay down for the Translation of Terence, with a greater force in this Author, for there is a greater Obscurity, by reason of corrupted Copies, wrong Points, false Divisions of whole Acts and Scenes, besides a greater number of knotty and obscure Passages, than in Terence.

This was my principal, it was not my only Design of translating this Author, for I had all the way in eye the School boys, and Learners of the Latin Tongue. Therefore, upon that account, I have not only kept perfectly close to his Sense, but almost always to his Words too: a thing not only extream difficult to an Author, so frequently verbose, but oftentimes dangerous too. And for an Instance, I need not go any further than the very first Sentence of the Prologue to Amphuryon, which if I had made shorter, I could have made better. I can't forbear mentioning a Passage in the third Act of the same Play, which just now comes so my remembrance:

Non certo si sis sanus, aut sapias satis,  
Certe si impudicus esse arbitrare, te predicas,  
Certe ex te formidamus nec joco, nec serio  
Tibi saltem, nisi sit tibi hoc Antrixillimo.

Which I have translated, perhaps, too closely thus;   
 And you, my Wit, or Discretion, or  
 The greatest Fool in Nature, you'd ne'er  
 Suppose, either in Mirth or Earnest, with the  
 Name you believe and declare a Strumpet. I'm  
 confident many other Translators would not have been

## The Preface.

so scrupulously nice, but have made shorter work of it. But I have not only been so scrupulous in this Case, but I have likewise imitated all his Faults and Imperfections, whenever I cou'd do it without extream Injury to the Translation; I speak of his Puns, Quibbles, Rhimes, Gingles, and his several ways of playing upon words; which indeed were the Faults of his Age, as it was of ours in Shakespear's and Johnson's days, and of which Terence, as correct as he is, is not perfectly clear. Our Author's playing upon words are of that various nature, and so frequent too, I need not go far for a single Instance; which shall be in the fore part of the Prologue to Amphitryon:

*Iustam rem & facilem esse oratum à vobis volo.*

*Nam iuste ab iustis sum orator datus.*

*Nam iniusta ab iustis imperare non decet:*

*Iusta autem ab iniustis petere, insipientia fit:*

*Quippe illi iniqui sunt ignorant, neque tenent.*

Which I have translated thus: I desire nothing but what's reasonable, and feasible; for 'tis a reasonable God requires Reason from a reasonable People; but to require Roguery from reasonable People, is base; and to expect Reason from Rascals, is nonsense; since such People neither know Reason nor observe it. Our Author's Wit did many times consist in his playing upon Words, in a great quantity indeed, for a person who was so well able to exert after a more substantial way, of which we have many remarkable Instances. Besides his Quibbling, partly from his Carelessness and Necessities, he hath sometimes a vein of Trifling, which was but very indiffe-

rent

## The Preface.

rent; and on those places the Reader must make some allowance for the translation, and not expect more than the Matter will well bear. As for our Author's Jest's and Repartees, for what we know of 'em, I took a particular care in preserving their Force; and for the most part, I presume, I have done it in a great measure, sometimes by a lucky hit; or a peculiar happiness of our Tongue, other times by a little Liberty taken, and when all have fail'd, the Remarks have generally supply'd the Defect, a way I was forc'd to content my self withal in many places; the worse they were, they were frequently more difficult to preserve, therefore I thought it as well to slur over some few of the meaner sort. Several of his Jest's and bits of Satyr are undoubtedly lost to us, not only in respect of our Language, but also our Knowledge, and this sometimes makes his Sence a little obscure. And as the Sence of an Author ought to be his Translator's chiefest Care, so it has been mine; and tho' I cannot affirm, that I have kept to it in every passage, yet I believe I have often done it where a common Reader will think I have not, and I think it no commendation to my self to say I have hit it on many places where the Common Interpreters have miss'd.

After all, I dare not pretend to say, that this Translation equals the Original, for there is such a peculiar Virgin in this Author as well as Terence, that our Tongue seems incapable of, or at least it does so to me. For still if I were always read with the Original, it would make far more for me than otherwise. Therefore the Reader ought to look upon this as a Translation of an Author who had several Faults, and

## The Preface.

Such places, as the English must of necessity appear mean, being little better in the Original; and likewise as an Author of Antiquity, some of whose Customs and Manners will appear a little uncouth and unsightly, in spite of all a Translator's Care. I endeavour'd to be as like my Author as I could, especially in that which I reckon his distinguishing Character, to wit, the natural and unaffected easiness of his Style; and as this seems the most capable of imitation so I believe I have been more successful in this Particular than in any other: and that is the main Reason I have had so many Abbreviations, to make it appear still more like common Discourse, and the usual way of speaking. Perhaps I may be thought to have been too bold in that point, because I have had some that are not usual in Prose; therefore I don't set this way as a Copy for any one to follow me in, nor shall I use it myself in any other Piece. I have all the way divided the Acts and Scenes according to the true Rules of the Stage, which are extremely false in all the Editions of this Author, especially the Scenes.

To make this Translation the most useful that I could, I have made Remarks upon each Play, and those are of two sorts, the equally intermix'd. The first, to shew the Author's chief Excellencies, as his Contrivance and Management of his Plots and Incidents; the second, to discover several Beauties of Style and Wit, principally such as are not very clear, or cannot well be preserv'd in our Tongue; and those are likewise to vindicate my Translation. Several of these I must own my self oblig'd to Ma-

dam

## The Preface.

and Declare for, or at least the hint, the sense of  
and I should not have miss'd of in the prosecution of  
these Designs I aim'd at. I have borrow'd little or  
nothing from any other, for her's are far the best  
Notes I ever met with, tho' many of 'em were done  
more to show her Parts and Reading than for any  
real use; a thing which I shall never aim at. I have  
been forc'd in most of 'em to be extremely nice and ca-  
sious in penetrating into the bottom of the Author,  
for I find it far more difficult to discover a Beauty  
than a Fault. I might have enlarg'd upon 'em, and  
have made several more, with good grounds, but I  
thought it dangerous to say all that could be said;  
but instead of this I was forc'd much against my will,  
to dash out several of those upon Amphitryon upon  
the account of the Printer, but the rest are more  
full and complet.

My business would have permitted me, I should have  
written upon three more of our Author's Plays;  
and upon that Account, I have taken somewhat less  
time than was necessary for the translating such an  
extraordinary difficult Author; for this requires more  
than double the time of a Historian or the like, which  
was as much as I could allow my self. I made choice  
of these three Plays as well for their Modesty as  
Regularity; for above all things I would by no means  
give the least Encouragement to Lewdness or Obscenity,  
which grow too fast of themselves; and therefore  
I thought I could not choose better than after a  
Lady, Amphitryon had the Name, and never fail'd  
of a general Approbation; Epidicus was our Author's  
Favourite, and truly there is much Art in it, tho' it



## The Preface

*is a little heavy; and Rudens is in several respects a better Play than any of Plautus's or Terence's. I'm afraid Amphitryon will bear the worse in our Tongue, upon the Account of Mr. Dryden's, whose Improvements are very extraordinary; but considering Mr. Dryden's Management is of such a different Nature, this will still be as useful and as proper for my Design, or at least to School boys and Learners. I must do that great Man the Justice in saying, that he has not only much improved the Humour, Wit, and Design in many places, but likewise the Thoughts. I'll mention one, which just now comes into my mind. Alcmena in the Second Act complains thus: How poor and short are this Life's Pleasures; if once compar'd with the Sorrows we endure? 'Tis Man's Destiny, and Heaven's Pleasure, to mix our Joys with bitter Potions; and for some few Hours of Satisfaction, we meet with Ages of Ills and Troubles. Mr. Dryden, by the help of Blank Verse, and a little more room, has better'd it extreamly.*

Ye niggard Gods! you make our Lives too long:  
You fill 'em with Diseases, Wants, and Woes,  
And only dash 'em with a little Love;  
Sprinkled by Fits, and with a sparing Hand.  
Count all our Joys, from Childhood ev'n to Age,  
They wou'd but make a Day of ev'ry Year:

*And to carry it on further yet, and to make it appear more fine and clear, he says,*

Take back your Sev'nty Years, (the flint of Life)  
Or else be kind, and cram the Quintessence  
Of Sev'nty Years into twent Sev'nty Days:  
For all the rest is flat, insipid Being.

## The Preface.

I mention this the rather, because it may serve for one Instance of what Improvements our Modern Poets have made on the Ancients, when they built upon their Foundations. For we find that many of the best things of the Ancients are like Seeds, that, when planted on English Ground by a Skilful Poet's Hand, thrive, and produce excellent Fruit.

But I'm afraid this Preface has been too long and tedious for this small Piece; but the Press stays, and the haste I'm in will not permit me to make it shorter, or so much to review it; yet before I conclude, I must inform the Reader, that I had the Advantage of another's doing their Plays before me; from whose Translation I had very considerable Helps, especially in the Jest and Quibbles.

TO THE  
Ingenious TRANSLATOR.

S I R,

**Y**Our learn'd *Remarks* and just Translation shew  
Old *Rome's* Applause was to her *Plantus* due:  
From *Flaccus's* Censure you have set him free,  
Kindly reversing the unjust Decree.  
What *Horace* blam'd, the World by you is taught  
To have been the Age's, not the Author's Fault.  
But, oh, how hard the Task that you support,  
To make him Entertainment for a Court,  
Ev'n where he but design'd the Rabble Sport.  
From your rich Vein you feed his starving Wit,  
And match him where he cannot be out-writ.  
To gen'rous *Thought* you have improv'd what's mean,  
And kept the *Beauties* of each perfect Scene.  
Thus, when Mankind shall from the Grave arise,  
To be from Earth transplanted to the Skies,  
Our frailer Part a happy Change shall gain;  
The *Soul* its own immortal Force retain.

N. TATE.

OT

AM

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DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

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# AMPHITRYON.

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# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

## M E N.

Jupiter, *in Love with Alcmena.*  
Mercury, *in the Shape of Socia.*  
Amphitryon, *General of the Theban Forces.*  
Blepharon, *Pilot of the Ship.*  
Socia, *Servant to Amphitryon.*

## W O M E N.

Alcmena, *Wife to Amphitryon.*  
Bromia, *Servant to Alcmena.*

## M U T E S.

Theffala, *Servant to Alcmena.*  
Prisoners, Attendants, &c.

SCENE, Thebes, and the Street before Amphitryon's Door.

TIME, about Nine Hours, beginning at Two or Three of Clock in the Morning.

PRO

# PROLOGUE,

Spoken by *Mercury* in the  
Shape of *Socia*.

## GALLANTS,

**A**S y' ever hope for my Godships Assistance  
i' your Merchandise, Buyings, Sellings,  
and all other Things; that I make your  
Bus'ness and Accounts thrive abroad and  
at home, and well and largely augment your daily  
Profits for the present and future; that I ever bring  
ye good News for you and your Families, and be the  
Messenger o' nothing but th' extraordinary Advan-  
tage o' the Publick, (for y' all know how th' other  
Gods ha' giv'n and granted me the Preference as to  
News and Gain;) and lastly, that I confirm all  
with a perpetual Supply o' Riches; I require of ye a  
favourable Attention, and a just and impartial Gen-  
sure on our Play.

Now, Gentlemen, I shall let ye know whose Or-  
ders, and what Bus'ness brought my Worship hither,  
as also the Title I bear. By Jove's Orders I came,  
Mercury's my Title, sent hither by my Father to  
beg your Attention: Tho' he knows he might use his



## AMPHITRYON.

absolute Power, and is sensible o'the due Fear and Reverence y' ha' for him; yet still he commands me t' use nothing but gentle Expressions, and obliging Entreaties. For, the truth on't is, this Jove, whose Messenger I am, is as fearful a Fellow as some o' you, and no wonder if he be so, since his Father and Mother were both Mortals. Now I, his own Son, am a little infected w<sup>th</sup> my Fathers Cowardice; therefore I'm come in a very civil way t' offer ye Peace. I desire nothing but what's reasonable and feasible for 'tis a reasonable God requires Reason from a reasonable People; but to require Roguery from reasonable People, is base; and t' expect Reason from Rascals, is Nonsense; since such People neither know Reason, nor observe it. --- Pray, Gentlemen, listen to what I'm to tell ye. Your Wishes certainly ought to go along with ours; for, my Father and I were always Favourers o' you, and your Republick. How often, in other Tragedies, have I seen the Gods Neptune, Vertue, Victory, Mars, and Bellona bragging o' those Favours t' ye, which my Father the King of Heaven, has been the prime Founder of? But 'tun't my Fathers way, to hit grateful People i' the Teeth with old Kindnesses, but thinks all his Favours deservedly bestowed.

Now, Gallants, I shall first propose my Demand, then tell ye th' Argument o' this Tragedy. -- [He looks steadily on the Spectators] Why that Fraud now? --- Is't because I call it a Tragedy? Why I'm a God; I'll transform it, if ye please, out o' Tragedy into Comedy, and ne'er alter a Verse. Are ye willing or not? But what a blockheadly Question

# AMPHITRION.

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was that for a Deity to ask, as tho' he could be ignorant o' your Pleasures? I know your Minds to a Title; and I'll make it a Hodge podge, a Tragi-Comedy; for there's no Reason i' ha't all Comedy, when Kings and Gods are Actors in't. But how shall we do, now a Slave has the principal Part? Why, as I told ye before, 't shall be a Tragi-Comedy. Now, Gentlemen, Jupiter intreats ye by me, i' order the Guards i' inspect Pit, Box, and Gallery, and if they find any suborn'd to clap an Actor, to take his Cloak for a Pawn. But to those Actors, who shall make Parties to gain the Prize, either by Cunning, Letters, Messengers, or Themselves, or corrupt th' Edils to break their Oaths; Jove orders a Punishment equal to ones buying o' Votes i' the Government for himself or others. He says, 'tis Merits make Conquerors, not Ambition and Treachery; and why shou'dn't the Players Laws be as strict as the Magistrates? Merit's the best Mark for Ambition, not Favours; but he who does well, can want none, while he meets with impartial Judges. My Father likewise commands me to have Inspectors over th' Actors, that if any one has his Emissaries to Clap, or by his malicious Bungling hinders anothers Applause, he shall have his fine Cloths stripp'd o'er his Ears, and soundly lash'd. I wou'dn't ha' ye wonder now at Jove's troubling his Head about the Players; nay don't, good now! for he is to make me himself i' this Comedy. --- [He pauses.] Why make ye such a Wonderment? As tho' ye never heard of Jove's turning Player? A Tear ago, when the Players invok'd him in a pitiful Farce, he came to

B 3

their

*their Assistance; and certainly he will in a Tragedy. I tell y' agen, that Jupiter himself is to play his Part, and my Godship with him: Therefore, pray listen well to th' Argument o' this Comedy.*

*First, This City here is call'd Thebes; that House [Pointing to Amphitryon's House] is Amphitryon's, an Argive by Parents and Country, and marry'd t' Alcmena, Ele&tryon's Daughter. He's now General o' the Theban Army against the Teleboans; but before he went to the Campaign, he got his Wife wi' Child. (I'm sure y'all know my Father's Good Nature, his large Allowance upo' these Occasions, and how much he makes of a Sweet Bit.) It seems, his Mouth watering at Alcmena, unknown to her Husband, he borrows her upon Interest, fairly enjoys her, and gets her wi' Child too. Now, that ye may well understand the Mystery, she's now wi' Child by my Father and her Husband too. Jupiter's this moment at Bed with her, and for that Reason, this Night's made longer than ordinary, that he mightn't be stinted of his Pleasure; and he has call'd about so as to pass for Amphitryon. But, Gentle men, ye needn't be surpriz'd at the sight o' my fine Garb here, and m' appearing under the Form of a Slave; for tho' I bring y' an old Story, the Dress is new, and so shall my Dress be new too. For, as I said before, my Father's now within Doors; there behold Jupiter fairly turn'd into Amphitryon! All the Servants wou'd swear 'tis their Master, he has got such an excellent Knack at transforming himself. For my part, I ha' got my self the plain Shape o' Sc&cia, one of Amphitryon's Attendants at the Camp.*

# AMPHITRYON.

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*the better to carry on my Fathers Intreague, and prevent Servants Enquiries after my Person, when they see me so frequently up and down the House: But now they take me a Fellow-Servant and Comrade o' theirs, not a Soul asks me who I am, or from whence I came. My Father, this minute, lies melting in Joys, embracing his lovely Object, telling her pretty Stories of what pass'd i' the Camp, how bravely he put th' Enemy to the Rout, and what large Presents were made him; she, poor Lady, all the while taking the Gallant for th' Husband. The Presents t' Amphitryon we stole; and, ye know, nothing lies out o' my Fathers Reach. This Day Amphitryon comes home from his Army; and with him, his Servant Socia, whose Shape I wear. Now, to distinguish us easily, I ha' little Wings upo' my Hat, and my Father a Golden Tuft upon his, which Amphitryon knows nothing of. You know these Marks, but not one of the Family does. ----- [Discovering Socia at a great Distance.] Ha, Ha, yonder comes Amphitryon's Man Socia from the Port with his Candle and Lanthorn. I shall soon send his Worschip packing from these Quarters. He's a coming; I hear him. ---- You'll ha' rare Sport, Gentlemen, to see Joye and Mercury play their Parts.*

[He goes up to Amphitryon's Door,

## ACT I.

## SCENE I.

*Enter Socia at the further End of the Stage, with a  
Lanthorn in his Hand.*

*Soc. to himself.]*

**W**AS there ever a Bolder  
or Braver Hero than  
I? One that so well  
knows our Night-wal-  
kers Mettle, as to trust his Person without a Convoy at  
this time o' Night? — But in what a fine Pickle shou'd  
I be, if Mr. Constable and his Watch shou'd pick m'up  
and in wi' me to *Lobs-Pound*? Out o' which damn'd  
Kitchen, to morrow must I be dish'd up for the Whip-  
ping Post; and not ha' the Benefit o' the Layery to  
plead i' m'own Defence. My Lord himself cou'dn't  
save me, nor shou'd I perswade one honest Fellow to  
believe me innocent. Thus shou'd I have eight strong  
dock'd Rogues belabouring o' my poor Corps like  
many Smiths upon an Anvil; and this the publick Re-  
ception from the Magistrates at my first Entry. A pos-  
sibility of our Generals Politicks, to disturb a Man's Natur-  
al Rest, and force him from the *Port* at this fine Sea-  
son? Cou'dn't To-morrow as well serv'd his Turn? — Well,  
'tis a curst Plague to serve one of these Lords; espe-  
cially when he hurries a body Night and Day to no  
purpose, and not allow him a bit o' Time to sleep in.  
These great Folks lye always Lolling and Dozing them-  
selves.

selves, and think they've got a License to do what they please. They reckon Poor-mens Grease at Three Halfpence a pound, and caren't a Fart whether their Commands be reasonable or no. So this same Slavery's a damn'd thing; but I must be their Ass, to receive and bear all wi' Patience.

*Mercury list'ning.*] Troth I've most reason to complain for this Days Slavery: Free by Birth, yet degraded by my Father to this Employment. This Scoundrel, a Slave by Nature, ha' th' Impudence to complain, when I, a Slave but in Name, must bear as much. *[Aside.*

*Soc. to himself.*] Stay, 'tis just come into my Head to thank the Gods for my safe Arrival, and the Rewards they've bestow'd o' me. But, i' faith, if they ga' me my due Rewards, they'd set some sturdy Whores-bird to meet me and beat out half a dozen o' my Teeth: For, to say the Truth, I ha' been a kind of an ungracious Fellow to 'em.

*Mer.* This Fellow's a little singular; he fairly owns himself a Rogue however. *[Aside.*

*Soc. to himself.*] Well, I see things fall out otherwise than either I, or any other Citizen hop'd for; that is, I have us come home alive again, and Conquerors. Our Army's upon the March homewards, the bloody Campaign over, and th' Enemy routed and dispersed, who before had made so many wet Handkerchiefs in *Thebes*. We've storm'd their Town too by the Valour of our brave Boys, especially by th' Authority and Conduct o' my Lord *Amphitryon*, who divided the Booty, Lands, and Corn, among the Soldiers, and firmly settled our Sovereign *Creon* in his *Theban* Kingdom. My Honour's sent Express from the Port, to tell his Lady how bravely he has acquitted his Charge, and the Success o' these noble Qualities. — I'm studying what to say when I come in her Ladiships Presence. — Suppose I tell her some damn'd Wicker; why that's but m'old Dog-trick;  
for



for I'm sure, when they were hottest in Fight, I was hottest in Flight: However, I'll brag as tho' I had been i' the midst of 'em, and tell her all what I heard from other People. But first, I must consider w<sup>h</sup> my self what graceful Postures, and what Rhetorick t' accost her Ladiship with. — Thus then I begin. [*He sets down his Lanthorn, and bows.*] — Madam, At our first happy Arrival at th<sup>e</sup> Enemies Country, and the Disembarkment of our Troops, my Noble Lord Amphitryon immediately chose out the Flower of all the Nobility, as Envoys to the Teleboans, to declare his Pretensions: 'That if they'd freely, without any Constraint, deliver up their unjust Spoils, with th<sup>e</sup> Authors o' such outrageous Actions, and make Reparation for what they had dispos'd of; he'd immediately retire home with all his Troops, send th<sup>e</sup> Argives to their own Country, and leave all things in a peaceable and quiet Posture: But if they were so obstinate as to refuse these gracious Proposals, their Town must expect th<sup>e</sup> utmost Severities o' Fire and Sword.' At the Delivery o' this Message, according to my Lord's Orders, these haughty Men, proud o' their own Strength and Courage, very roughly treated our Envoys, telling 'em, 'They knew how to defend what they had got, by their drawn Swords; and therefore we had best speedily draw off our Troops from their Dominions.' Upo' the Receipt o' this rude Answer, Madam, my Lord advanc'd towards 'em with his whole Army. The Teleboans did the like with their Troops from the Town, accouter'd with the finest Equipage i' the World. After th<sup>e</sup> Approaches of these two numerous Armies, each Man and Officer in his proper Post, they drew up their Troops in Battalia, we after our own Way, and the Enemy after theirs. Next, Madam, the two Generals advanc'd to the Fronts of each Army, and there parley'd; agreeing to this Article, 'That the Vanquish'd shou'd deliver up their Cities, Lands, Gods, and Selves, to the Mercy o' the Conquerors.' Upon this, Madam, the shrill Trumpets sound, the spacious Valleys echo, the Soldiers shout on all sides, the Generals send their Prayers

to Jove, and every where encourage their Men; each single Man lays lustily about him, bright Weapons clash, great Lances shiver, Heavens high Arch bellows w<sup>th</sup> the Soldiers Clamours, a Cloud arises from the gloomy Breath of the Combatants, and wounded Wretches sink beneath the bloody Swords. — At last, Madam, Fortune was so favourable to our Wishes, as to make us Conquerors; th<sup>e</sup> Enemy dropping on all sides, we broke in, and fell upon 'em with dreadful Fury. Still not a Man turn'd his Back, or stir'd a foot out o' the Place he fought in; they chusing Death sooner than quitting their Posts, and fell where they stood, keeping their Ranks after Death. My Lord finding such Obstinacy, order'd the Cavalry o' the Right Wing to Wheel about and Charge; these he pour'd in upon 'em with horrible Onset, mangle and treading under foot these Impious Men, with prodigious Slaughter. —

Mer. Thus far the Rogues i' the right; for my Father and I were both present at th<sup>e</sup> Action. [Aside.]

Soc. going on. — In short, Madam, these resolute People fled for't; We took fresh Courage, pursu'd, and cut 'em all in pieces. My Lord Amphitryon fell upo' Pterelas their King, and cut off his Head with his own Hands. This Engagement lasted from Morning till Evening, (I ha' the more reason to remember't, for the De'el a bit o' Dinner got I that Day,) but the Night put an End to this bloody Contest. Next day came the Magistrates from the Town, all in Tears, submissively acknowledging their Misdemeanours, promising, 'To deliver up all Things, Sacred and Profane, their City, Wives, and Children, all at Discretion.' Last of all, Madam, my Noble Lord Amphitryon, as the prize of his undoubted Valour, was presented w<sup>th</sup> the great Golden Cup that Pterelas us'd to drink in. — All this will I tell my Lady. — [Taking up his Lanthorn.] I must now go and enter the House, and there execute my Lord's Commission. [He advances nigher to Mercury.]

Mer. Ha, Ha! he's making his Approaches; but I'll confront him. I mustn't suffer the Fellow to lodge within

within these Quarters to Night. Since I've taken upon me his Shape, I shall play fast and loose with him; and as long as I do resemble him in Body, truth, 'tis but decent I shou'd in Actions and Manners. Therefore must I turn a damnable subtle, fly Varlet, to cut him down at his own Play o' Roguery, and send him packing. — Hey day! what now? — He's a Star-gazing but I'll watch his Waters for him.

[*See to himself.*] Faith and Troth, if a Body may believe or know any thing, I think *Alcmena* went ript to Bed last Night, and is now in a dead Sleep. Why your der's *Charles Wain* i' the same Place still; the *Moon* has fixt her'd Step since she Rise; the *Rock and Spindle*, the *Running and Seven Stars* can't get down for their Lives; the *Signs* all obstinately keep their Posts; and the *Night* won't budge a bit for the *Day*.

*Mos.* Hold to't, Goddess *Night*, t' obey my Father's Commission as you've begun. You do a great God a great Service, and he'll greatly gratify yo for't.

[*See to himself.*] I think there never was such a long Night since the Beginning o' the World, except that Night I had the *Serapado*, and rid the Wooden Horse till Morning; and e' my Conscience that was twice as long. By the *Mackins*, I believe *Rhehu* has been playing the Good-Fellow, and's asleep too. I'll be hang'd if he ben't in for't, and has took a little too much o' the *Creature*.

*Mos.* Say ye so, Slave? What, treat Gods like your Selves? By *Jove*, have at your Doubles, Rogue, for *Scandalum Magnatum*. Approach then; you'll ha' but small Joy here.

[*Aside.*]  
[*See to himself.*] Where are your true Fornicators now, that can't sleep without a Wench? Here's a Night for 'em then; now they may take their full Swing of Whoring.

*Mos.* The Rogue has hit my Father to an Ace; for he has resolv'd t' have his full Swing of his dear *Alcmena* to Night.

[*Aside.*

*See.*

*Ad. to himself.* ] Well, now for my Lord's Message to my Lady. — *[ Goes nigher and discovers Mercury. ]* But who n' d'nc' is here by our Door at this time o' Night? I don't like his Looks. *[ Fearfully.*

*Mer.* This is the most cowardly Millhop. *[ Aside.*

*Soc.* Now I think better o' it, this may be some Rogue to steal my Cloak off my Back. *[ Aside.*

*Mer.* The poor Dog quakes; I'll have a little Sport with him. *[ Aside, making for a while.*

*Soc. turning on one side.* ] Good luck! how my Teeth chatter i' my Head? The Man infallibly stands here to give me a sound Welcome with his Fists. He has got somewhat o' good Nature I believe; and because my Lord keeps me waking, he'll sweetly lull me asleep with his Buffets. — O this mortal Body o' mine! Lord, what a brawney two-handed Dog it is! *[ Aside.*

*Mer. aside.* ] I'll raise my Voice a little, that he may hear what I say, and shake and tremble the more heartily. *[ Aside, seeming not to see Socia. ]* Rouse up, my stout Fists! you've half starv'd me this long time. Me thinks 'tis an Age since Yesterday you plunder'd four Men, and sent their Souls to Pluto. *[ Aside.*

*Soc. overbearing.* ] I'm wretchedly afraid then, he'll dissociate me to Quintus; and to the four Souls he sent to Pluto, I shall be made the fifth. *[ Aside.*

*Mer. aloud.* ] Sa, sa! this is the Way. *[ Holding up his Fists.*

*Soc.* He has got 'em both ready; now he's in his mischievous Posture. *[ Aside.*

*Mer. aloud.* ] He must ne're hope o' escape; — *[ Aside.*

*Soc.* Who, I wonder? *[ Aside trembling.*

*Mer. aloud.* ] — For that Mortal who approaches, by Force he eats my Mutton Fists. *[ Aside.*

*Soc.* Away with 'em, I ne're eat so late; besides I've sup'd, thank God. Good Sir, reserve that Dish, if you please, for better Stomachs. *[ Aside.*

Mer. Methinks this Filth weighs pretty well. *[Shaking his Head]*

Soc. I'm a dead Man. He's weighing out my Com-  
mons.

Mer. What if I neatly dress it with Opium Sauce?

Soc. That would oblige me, for I ha'n't had one wink  
o' Sleep this three Nights.

Mer. — But now my Blood is up, it knows no  
such Gentleness; one Glance of it changes a Man's  
Shape. —

Soc. Here's a Fellow will change me from Head to  
Foot, and set me on a new Skin.

Mer. — But a sound Buffet leaves no more Bones  
than a dress'd Eel.

Soc. Troth, he designs to Spitchcock me, I believe.  
Would Old Nick had these bloody-minded Fellows. If  
he spies me, I'm no more a Man o' this World.

*[Making softly for the Door]*  
Mer. *[snuffing]* Some stinking Fellow offends me to  
his Destruction. —

Soc. Waunds! I ha'n't let fly sure. *[Aside]*

Mer. — And he can't be far off.

Soc. Far enough lately. — This Man's the  
Devil. *[Aside]*

Mer. My Fingers itch to be at him.

Soc. If they're so hot for my sake, good Sir, cool 'em  
against the Walls first. *[Aside]*

Mer. *[listening]* Some Voice flies this way, —

Soc. What a Blockhead was I, that didn't clip the  
Wings out, since it flies so nimbly! *[Aside]*

Mer. — Which provokes me to carry his Asses Hide  
for him!

Soc. My Hide won't bear such Bundles. *[A little louder]*

Mer. I'll try ye with a Bundle of Cuffs.

Soc. Faith, Sir, I was so tir'd a Ship-board, I cou'd  
scarcely crawl hither; and now I'm Sea-sick. My Legs  
will hardly carry single, and you mustn't think they'll  
carry double.

Mer.

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*Mer.* Some body mutters there, I think. [*Sarlibly.*

*Soc.* Then I'm pretty secure; he sees me not. Who that same *Some Body* is, I can't tell; for I'll take my Oath I've no other Name but *Socia*.

*Mer.* Methinks this grating Voice comes from the Right.

*Soc.* I'm plaguely afraid he'll fall foul upo' my Bones instead o' my grating Voice. [*Aside, coming forward.*

*Mer.* Very well, my Gentleman comes nigher. [*Safely.*

*Soc.* Lord! How I tremble and quake every Joynt o' me. O' my Conscience, I cou'dn't tell what Part of the World I'm in, if any body should ask me the Question. Alas, I can no more stir than a Statue, I'm in such a Fright. My Lords Orders are all vanish'd in Smoke, and poor *Socia* with 'em. ——— However, I'll bare up to him briskly, and seem as valiant as I can, to try if that will save my Bacon.

[*Aside, going up to the Door.*

*Here they both meet, and joyn Discourse.*

*Mer.* Whither away, Sirrah? you that carry Fire your Lanthorn.

*Soc.* Who made you an Examiner? you that make no more Bones of a Man than an Eel?

*Mer.* Are ye a Servant, or a Gentleman?

*Soc.* I'll be both if I please.

*Mer.* Say so, i' Faith?

*Soc.* I do, Faith and Troth.

*Mer.* Sirrah, you'd be kick'd.

*Soc.* You lye, Sir, for once.

*Mer.* But I'll soon make y' eat your Words.

*Soc.* There's no Occasion for that.

*Mer.* I must know where you're going, who you belong to, and what's your Business?

*Soc.* I'm going home; I belong to my Master. ——— What are ye the wiser now?

*Mer.*



Mer. Sirrah, I shall stop that damn'd foul Mouth of yours.

Soc. 'Tis past your Skill, Sir. 'Tis kept as well as as clean as any Mans.

Mer. Still so quick? Pray what's your Bus'ness in this House?

Soc. What's yours, if you go to that?

Mer. 'Tis the King's Command, that Guard be kept here every Night.

Soc. He does nobly to guard our House when we're in the Field. — Prithee go and tell the People within, that one of *Amphitryon's* Officers is come home.

Mer. I know nothing o' your Office; but offer to stay a minute within these Quarters, Mr. Officer, and I shall affront your Office.

Soc. I say, I belong to this House, and am Servant here.

Mer. D'ye know what I expect? If you ben't gone, I shall exalt your Worship to the Honour —

Soc. Of what?

Mer. — Of being carry'd home upo' Mens Shoulders; for I'll warrant ye past walking, if I take a good Cudgel.

Soc. For all that, I affirm my self Servant to the House.

Mer. Mark me, you long for a sound Drubbing; and you sha'n't fail of it, if you don't vanish immediately.

Soc. D'ye pretend to keep me out o' my own House after such a Journey?

Mer. Your House, Sirrah?

Soc. Mine, I say.

Mer. Who's your Master then?

Soc. *Amphitryon*, General o' the *Theban* Forces, and *Melamand's* Husband.

Mer. Hah, What's your Tide pray?

Soc. *Socio* in our Language, Son of *Damn*.

Mer. Thou'rt come in an ill Hour, Monster of Impudence.

udence, with a parcel o' mix'd Knaveries, and patch'd Lies.

*Soc.* I came indeed wi' patch'd Cloaths, but not Lies.

*Mer.* That's another Lye, Sirrah, you came wi' your Feet, not wi' your Cloaths.

*Soc.* Right, seriously.

*Mer.* Now, seriously, take that for your Lye.

[Beats him.

*Soc.* Intruth seriously, but I won't.

*Mer.* Troth seriously, 'tis all one; and Faith seriously, 'tis fix'd, and not as you please, Sirrah.

[Beats him again.

*Soc.* Good Sir, be civil.

*Mer.* Ha' ye th' Impudence to say you're *Socia*, when I am he?

*Soc.* O, I'm kill'd.

*Mer.* This is but a part o' your Entertainment. — Who's Servant are ye now, Sirrah?

*Soc.* Yours undoubtedly; for your Fists ha' paid the Purchase. — [Mercury beats him still.] Murder! Good Neighbours help!

*Mer.* D'ye bawl, Jail-bird? — Speak, Sirrah, what came ye here for?

*Soc.* To cut out Work for your Fists, Sir.

*Mer.* Who are ye?

*Soc.* I tell ye, *Socia*, *Amphitryon's* Servant.

*Mer.* You'll ha' the more for that nonsensical Lye. — I say, Sirrah, I'm *Socia*, and you not.

*Soc.* Wou'd to Heaven you were; then you shou'd be soundly beaten, and I not.

[Softly.

*Mer.* partly bearing. ] Dog, d'ye mutter!

*Soc.* I'm as mute as a Fish.

*Mer.* Who's your Master, I say?

*Soc.* Who you please, Sir.

*Mer.* And your self; what Name ha' ye now?

*Soc.* None, till you please to bestow one.

*Mer.* I understood ye, *Socia*, *Amphitryon's* Servant.

C

*Soc.*

*Soc.* 'Twas my Mistake, Sir; I wou'd ha' said, So-  
ciated t' *Amphitryon's* Service.

*Mer.* I was certain we had ne're another Servant  
that Name. — You've lost th' Use o' your Senses, —

*Soc.* Wou'd you had lost th' Use o' your Fists. [*Aside*]

*Mer.* For I'm that *Socia* you personate.

*Soc.* Trince a little, Good Sir; and let's have a civ-  
Word or two, without Blows.

*Mer.* I agree t' a Suspension of Arms, if you've any  
thing to propose.

*Soc.* Not a Dram o' Proposals till the Peace be sign'd  
since you're so plaguely arm'd wi' those Cuffers.

*Mer.* Speak boldly, I'll not hurt ye.

*Soc.* May a Body trust ye?

*Mer.* D'y'e question it, Sirrah?

*Soc.* Suppose ye deceive me?

*Mer.* Then *Mercury* shall revenge it on *Socia*.

*Soc.* Now observe, Sir. Since I've leave to spe-  
freely, I am *Socia*, *Amphitryon's* Man.

*Mer.* At it again, Sirrah? [*Holding up his Fingers*]

*Soc.* Since the Peace is made, and th' Articles sign'd  
I affirm it to be true.

*Mer.* Rogue, look to your self.

*Soc.* You may act, Sir, as you please, as long as you  
are so plaguely arm'd wi' those Cuffers. Do your best  
but, by *Hercules*, I'll not bate y'an Ace i' this Point.

*Mer.* As long as I'm here, you mustn't think to make  
me any thing but *Socia*.

*Soc.* Nor, Faith, shall you make me any thing but  
*Amphitryon's* Servant. I'll be sworn, there's ne're any  
other *Socia* in our Family, that attended the General  
i'th' Army.

*Mer.* The Fellow's possest wi' Madness.

*Soc.* That's your Worship's Distemper. — [*He walks  
and studies by himself.*] What a murrain, Am not I  
*Amphitryon's* Man *Socia*? Didn't I come to Night on Ship-  
board from th' *Enboan* Port? Wasn't I sent hither by  
Lord

Lord? Don't I stand before our own doors? Isn't this a Lanthorn i' my hand? Don't I speak? Am not I awake? Wasn't not I soundly drubb'd just now? In good Faith, I was; and am most sensible o'that, witness my poor Chops. — But why aduce do I stand fooling thus? Why don't I get into our House?

[He makes for the Door.

*Mer. getting between.* ] How, your House?

*Soc.* Certainly true.

*Mer.* Certainly a Lye from the Beginning to th' End. I'm *Amphitryon's* Man *Socia*; for this Night our Vessel return'd from th' *Euboean* Bay. We Took King *Pterelas's* Town by Storm, intirely defeated the *Telamonians*, and *Amphitryon* cut off *Pterelas's* Head with his own Hand.

*Soc. aside.* ] I can scarce believe my Senses, when I hear him relate Things so: Troth he remembers every Thing ad unguem. — [To him] But tark ye, Sir, what was *Amphitryon* Presented withal?

*Mer.* The Golden Cup that *Pterelas* us'd to drink in.

*Soc. aside.* ] He has hir it again. — [To him.] But where's the Cup now, Sir?

*Mer.* In a Basket, seal'd with *Amphitryon's* Signet.

*Soc.* What are the Arms?

*Mer. Sol rising, with his fiery Chariot.* — D'ye lye po' the Catch, Rascal?

*Soc. aside.* ] He has mawl'd me with his Arguments, and I must provide me another Name. How a fire wou'd he see all this? I shall trap him at last; for the devil's in him if he tells what I did by my self i'the Tent, for not a Soul was there besides. — [To him.]

you be that individual *Socia*, How did you pass away our Time i'the Tent when both Armies were engag'd? — Tell me but that, and I yield.

*Mer.* There stood a Pipe o' Wine; from whence I shou'd out a Jack, —

*Soc.* Exactly right.

*Mer.* And swallow'd it down pure, as it came from the Grape.

*Soc.* O the Devil! He must ha' hid himself i' the Jack: Certainly so; for I drunk it without a drop of Water in't.

*Mer.* What now? Are ye satisfy'd you're none? *Socia?*

*Soc.* Will you prove it?

*Mer.* What need o' Proofs, when I'm he?

*Soc.* By *Jove* I'm he, and 'tis as true as the Gospel.

*Mer.* By *Mercury*, *Jove* won't believe ye a Tittle. And I'm sure he'll take my Word, sooner than your Oath.

*Soc.* Who am I, if I ben't *Socia*? Answer me that.

*Mer.* When I'm weary o' being *Socia*, you may be *Socia* again. But, now I'm he, I'll beat ye to mummy you scoundrel Dog, if you don't troop off.

*Soc.* *[looking round about him.]* By the Mackins, now I view his Phiz well, methinks I see the very same *Alcibiades* and *Meen*, I've often seen in a Glass, he's so damnable like me. The very same Hat, and Coat, for all the World; he has a plaguy Resemblance o' me. Let me see, Calfs, Feet, Height, Baldness, Eyes, Nose, Teeth, Lips, Jaws, Chin, Beard, Neck; in fine, right me all over. If his Back were but as well lac'd with some certain Scars, two Pease cou'dn't be more alike. — But now I recollect my self, know I'm undoubtedly the same Person as ever, know my Master, know the House, find that I've my Wit and Senses about me, I'll be hang'd if I believe a Word o' this Stuff. I'll know at a Venture. *[Offers at the Door.]*

*Mer.* Whither go ye, Sirrah?

*Soc.* Home.

*Mer.* Do; and were you mounted on *Jove's* Chariot in its full Career, it shou'dn't protect ye.

*Soc.* Mayn't I deliver a civil Message to my Lady?

*Mer.* To your own Lady, what you please; but no Message.

Message to mine. If ye once provoke me, I'll make all your Bones rattle i' your Hide.

Soc. I'll use my Legs first. — [Going off, the while he is speaking the rest.] Heavens ha' mercy upo' me! Where shou'd I lose this Shape o' mine. Did I leave my self behind me, or forget to take my self along wi' me to the Campaign? for, troth, this Fellow has got all the Shape I ever had. He has erected my Statue i' my Life-time; I'll be sworn no body will honour me so much after I'm dead and gone. — Well, I'll beat it back upo' the Hoof to my Lord, and tell him this strange Story. If he disowns me (as Heaven grant he may) I'll immediately throw off my Slaves Habit, and take upo' me that of a Free-man o' the Town.

*Exit Socia.*

SCENE II.

*Mercury addresses himself to the Spectators, and goes on with the Prologue.*

SO, Gentlemen, Things go rarely, and prosperously on our side. I've remov'd the greatest Obstacle, so that my Father may securely reap the Fruit of his Cuckoldom. — Now when this Fellow comes to tell his Master, That his Servant Socia drive him from the Door, he'll take it for a damn'd Lye, and believe the Rogue was ne're there, as he order'd him. Thus shall I bring them two, and the whole Family, into nothing but Mistakes and Confusion, till my Father have had his Belly full of his Mistress. But at last they'll come to a right Understanding of all Things, and Jove will bring his Mistress into as great Fa-



*your with her Husband as ever. For certainly, Amphitryon will be in a plaguy fret, and call his Wife Whore; but my Father will reconcile all Differences.*

*Now, Gallants, for something about Alcmena; for I've said little of her yet. This Day shall she be brought to Bed o' two Boys, one o' ten Months growth, th' other o' seven; the first by Amphitryon, the second by Jupiter; so the youngest Child will ha' the Superiority by his Father, and th' eldest th' Inferiority by his. D'ye comprehend the Mystery? -- However my Father's so tender of Alcmena, he'll ha' both come together, and both the painful Labours at one Lying-in; and likewise to prevent all Suspicions of Scandal on her side, and Cuckoldom on his. 'Tis true, Amphitryon, as I said before, will know all. But granting that, no-body will think the worse of Alcmena for't; for 'tis beneath a Deity to suffer a poor Mortal to bear the Blame of his own failings. -- Hold, I must shorten my Story; the Door goes; and here comes Amphitryon in Effigie, with Alcmena, a Wife he has taken up at Usury.*

### SCENE III.

*Enter Jupiter in Amphitryon's Shape, with Alcmena in her Night-Dress, big with Child; attended with Lights, &c.*

*Jup.* Farewel, my dear *Alcmena*: Pray be careful of the main Chance, and don't worry your self; you're gone your full time. I'm oblig'd to leave ye now.

and prithee take care o' the bringing up the Child.

*Alc.* What pressing Affairs can ye have, my Lord, to drive ye away in such haste?

*Jup.* Upon Honour, 'tis n't your Company, or any thing i'the House I'm weary of: But when a General's from his Army, Disorders will follow sooner than good Discipline.

*Mer.* Troth, my Daddy's the cleverest Impostor. How sweetly he smuggles the Lady? [*Aside.*]

*Alc.* Yes, indeed, I find what a wonderful Kindness ye have for your poor Wife.

*Jup.* Why, I love ye more than any other o' your Sex; won't that satisfy ye?

*Mer.* Faith, Father mine; if your Lady shou'd find out the Cheat, I'll be sworn you'd gladly change your *Love* to be plain *Amphitryon*. [*Aside.*]

*Alc.* I'd rather experience your Love, than fancy't. You leave me before you were well warm i' your Bed. You came to me at Mid-night, and presently after, you're gone; Is this kindly done?

*Mer. aside.* ] I'll to her, and tickle her up as my Father has done. — [To *Alcmena* bowing.] As I hope for Mercy, Madam, I believe there's not a Man under the Cope of Heaven so desperately loves his Lady, and so desperately lang'ishes as my Lord does.

*Jup.* Rascal, I know your Tricks, Out o' my sight. How dare you meddle in our Business, Rogue? If I take my Cane, I'll —

*Alc.* Let him alone, my Dear.

*Jup.* Speak another Word, Sirrah —

*Mer.* My first wheedling Complement succeeded but very indifferently. [*Aside.*]

*Jup.* For what you complain of, my Dear, introth you must not be angry wi' me. I left my Army *Incognito*, to fly to your Embraces, and be the first kind Messenger o' my Fortune i'the Publick, and of all that pass'd broad. Cou'd I ha' done this if I lov'd after an ord'nary rare?

*Mer.* Just as I said. How this stroaking cheers her.

*Jup.* I must return *Incognito* too; for if I'm once discover'd, the censorious World will say, I much prefer'd a Wife to the Publick.

*Alc.* 'Tis a doleful Departure for your *Alcmena*.

*Jup.* Pray don't spoil those pretty Eyes. I'll be back in a moment.

*Alc.* 'Twill be a long time to that moment.

*Jup.* 'Tis wi' vast Regret I go, and part from ye thus.

*Alc.* So it seems, indeed, by your coming and parting i'the same Night.

*Jup.* Why dost hold me? 'Tis high time now; for I must be out o'the City before Day-light. I' the mean time I present ye wi' this Golden Cup, the Reward o' my Success, and the very same that *Pterelas* drunk in whom I slew wi' my own hand. [*Gives her a Golden Cup*]

*Alc.* Now you keep close to your old Kindness.— By Heaven, a noble Gift, worthy o' the Giver.

*Mer. bowing.* ] A noble Gift indeed, and worthy o' the Receiver.

*Jup.* At it again, Rascal? Can I never beat y' into better Manners?

*Alc.* Pray, my Lord, ben't angry wi' poor *Socia* upon my Account.

*Jup.* I can deny you nothing.

*Mer.* This same Gallanting has put him damnably out of Humour.

*Jup.* Dost want any thing else, my Love?

*Alc.* Nothing, my Lord, but t'have ye love me absent as well as present.

*Mer.* Let's be going, Sir; 'tis just Break o' Day.

*Jup.* Go you before, *Socia*; I'll follow immediately.

*Exit Mercury*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

*Jupiter, Alcmena, and Attendants.*

*Jup.* Hast any thing more to ask ?

*Alc.* Yes, my Lord, your speedy Return.

*Jup.* It shall be. — I'll be wi' ye again before y'expect me : mean time, pray be satisfied.

*Exit Alcmena and Attendants.*

SCENE V.

*Jupiter alone.*

*Jup. looking up.* Now, Goddess Night, who has waited so long, I dismiss ye. Make room for the Day, to cherish Mortals with a bright and glorious Sunshine. —

*[Going off.]* This has been a longer Night than ord'nary ; I'll make the Day the shorter, and set one against th' other to bring Things to rights again. — I'll follow Mercury.

*Exit Jupiter.*

*The End of the First Act.*

ACT

## ACT II.

## SCENE I.

*Enter Amphitryon and Socia at the farther End of the Stage, with several Prisoners bound.*

*Amp. entering.]* Come Sirrah, follow me. [*Angrily.*]  
*Soc.* That I will, and close at your  
 Heels.

*Amp.* Thou'rt the most villanous Rascal!

*Soc.* Why, good Sir?

*Amp.* For venting such Stuff, that neither is, was,  
 or can be true.

*Soc.* Marry, Sir, you keep to your laudable Custom  
 o' never believing your own Servants.

*Amp.* Hæw, Sirrah, what Custom? — By Heaven  
 I shall snip that rascally Tongue o' yours.

*Soc.* I'm your Slave, Sir, and you may use me according  
 to your Pleasure and Conveniency. But I've spoke  
 nothing but Truth, and you can't make me eat my  
 Words.

*Amp.* You impudent Dog, didn't ye say you were  
 at home and here at the same time?

*Soc.* 'Twas nothing but truth, Sir.

*Amp.* The Devil! — take ye, or I'll kick ye to him.

*Soc.* I'm i' your Power, and must bear it if ye do.

*Amp.* Slave, dare ye put Tricks upo' your Master?  
 Ha' ye th' Impudence to face down that which never  
 Ma

Man saw, or can see? Is't possible for a Man to be here and there at the same time?

*Soc.* Faith, Sir, just as I tell ye.

*Amp.* The Devil lye ye for a Rogue.

*Soc.* How have I deserv'd this at your hands?

*Amp.* How, Rascal, when you make me your May-game?

*Soc.* If I did, I shou'd justly deserve it. But really, Sir, 'tis no Lye; I tell ye nothing but plain matter of Fact.

*Amp.* The Fellow's drunk, I think.

*Soc.* Troth, wou'd I were.

*Amp.* You've that Wish already.

*Soc.* I, Sir?

*Amp.* Yes, you. — Where ha'ye been drinking?

*Soc.* Not a drop have I drunk to day.

*Amp.* What manner o' Man was this —

*Soc.* Troth I told ye ha'r a score times. — I say, Sir, I *Socia* am now at home; (d'ye mind?) and the same numerical *Socia* am here too. Now, Sir, I think I've made Things as plain and clear as the Sun.

*Amp.* Plague! — Out o' my Sight.

*Soc.* Why, Sir?

*Amp.* Y'are infected.

*Soc.* Why d'ye think so? Truly, Sir, I'm pretry well in Body and Mind, thank God.

*Amp.* As sure as you're a Rogue, I shall make ye a little worse in Body and Mind, if I get once well in.

Come along, Rogue, you that abuse your Master wi' such Stuff as would make a Dog sick to hear it. Because you shamefully neglected your Business, you come impudently to jeer me with impossible and unheard of Stories, you Rascal. But I'll have every Lye mark'd our upon your Back.

*Soc.* This, Sir, is the greatest Plague in the World to a good Servant; whenever he tells his Master the Truth, he must ha't ramm'd down his Throat.

*Amp.*

*Amp.* How a plague could this be? Give me some reasonable Proof of your being here and at home too. I'd fain see that.

*Soc.* Really, Sir, I am both here and there too. A Body wou'd think it plaguy strange. But, I'll swear, it can't be more strange to you, than 'tis to me, Sir.

*Amp.* How d'ye mean?

*Soc.* I only say 'tis not more strange to you than me. For let me be hang'd, if this same *Me-Socia* believ'd word of it, till that same *I-Socia* beat it into my Head. He gave me such a particular Account of all that pass'd in the Army this Campaign; then he had got my very Shape and Name, so that two drops of Water are no more alike than t'other *I* to *Me*. — For when you my Lord, sent me betimes in the Morning from the Port, —

*Amp.* What then?

*Soc.* — I came to the Door a good while before arriv'd.

*Amp.* 'Sdeath what Stuff's this? — Are ye quite mad?

*Soc.* Just as you see me, Sir.

*Amp.* The Fellow's bewitch'd, and fallen into some ill hands, since I sent him away.

*Soc.* Ill hands indeed; for their Fists have maul'd me confoundedly. [Shews his Face swell'd]

*Amp.* Who beat ye so?

*Soc.* T'other *I* beat *Me*.

*Amp.* Sirrah, answer me nothing but what I ask. — First let me know who this same *Socia* is.

*Soc.* He's your Servant.

*Amp.* Mine? I've one too many by you; but ne'er had another Servant *Socia* since I was born.

*Soc.* But now, Sir, I promise to shew ye another *Socia* as soon as you get in, a Servant of yours, Son of *Damon*, of my Shape, and my Age. In fine, your *Socia* become double,



# AMPHITRYON. 29

*Amp.* These are all Riddles. — But saw ye my Wife?

*Soc.* I was not permitted to enter the House.

*Amp.* What hinder'd ye?

*Soc.* That same *He-Socia* I've been talking of; he who so belabour'd me.

*Amp.* What *He-Socia* do ye mean?

*Soc.* I tell ye *L*. How often must I tell it?

*Amp.* Hark ye, Friend, ha'n't you been sleeping the while?

*Soc.* Not a Wink, Sir.

*Amp.* Perhaps you saw this *Socia* in a Dream?

*Soc.* I ne're us'd to dream out my Master's Commands. Awake, I saw him; awake, I see you; awake, I talk; and awake I was, when that waking Dog beat me.

*Amp.* What Dog?

*Soc.* That *I-He-Socia*, I tell ye. Lord, can't ye understand me?

*Amp.* How a plague shou'd a Man understand this ridiculous Banter?

*Soc.* You'll immediately know —

*Amp.* What?

*Soc.* — Your other *Socia*, my Partner.

*Amp.* Follow me then; for first I'll ha' this Business clear'd. — See that all Things be brought from our Vessel as I order'd.

*Soc.* I'm as diligent and careful to obey you as possible. I have not swallow'd your Commands w<sup>th</sup> my Drink.

*Amp.* Pray Heaven, all this don't prove true.

## SCENE

SCENE II.

*Enter Almena, attended with Theſſala, on the  
other ſide of the Stage.*

*Alc.* How poor and short are this Life's Pleasures, if once compar'd with the Sorrows we endure? 'Tis Man's Destiny, and Heavens Pleasure, to mix our Joys with bitter Portions; and for some few Hours of Satisfaction, we meet with Ages of Ills and Troubles. I now experience it, and my self's a plain Witness of this: How short was this last Pleasure! I had the Privilege of one Night's Company with my Lord; and then, snatch'd away before the Morning. Methinks I'm the most desolate of Widows i'th' Absence o' the Man I love above all the World; and his Departure carries more of my Soul away, than his Arrival brought with it: However, this joys my Heart, to see him Victorious o'er his dreadful Foes, and laden with Honour; 'tis that I live upon. He's gone; but since he returns with deserved Glory, I'll patiently bear his Absence, with all the Firmness and Courage of a Woman; and shall think my Trouble well rewarded, in a Husband crown'd with the Name of Conqueror. For Valour's of all Rewards the greatest; preferable to all Things else; the sole Defender and Protector of our Liberties, Safeties, Lives, Estates, Parents, Countries, and Children. Valour carries all Vertues in it self, and all Perfections still attend the Valiant Man.

*Amp.* Heavens! how welcome shall I be to my *Al-*  
*mena's* Arms, where both our Loves are mutual; espe-  
cially after such a famous Victory, beyond all Expecta-  
tions, routing 'em in the first Battel by my own Com-  
mand and Conduct. Certainly she'll be very im-  
patient for my Return.

*Soc.* How, Sir? D'ye think my Spouse won't be every whit as impatient for mine?

*Alc. discovering them.* O, my Lord's come!

*Amp.* Keep close, Sirrah.

*Alc.* But why should he come back, when he seem'd in such haste? Was it only a Tryal? If his Design be to see how I could relish his Departure, truly he shall be welcome however.

*Soc. starting back.* O, good Sir, we had better return to our Vessel.

*Amp.* Why so?

*Soc.* We shall ha' nothing to eat here.

*Amp.* How came that into your Head?

*Soc.* Because Dinner's over already.

*Amp.* How so?

*Soc.* Why there's your Lady has din'd, by her Belly.

*Amp.* Po, Blockhead, I left her wi' Child when I went to the Campaign.

*Soc.* Then woe to poor *Socia*.

*Amp.* What's the matter?

*Soc.* I'm come home in the nick of time to be worry'd to death with drawing Water for her Bath; for, according to your Account, she's just upon laying down.

*Amp.* Pluck up a good Heart.

*Soc.* Do ye know what a Heart I've got? For if once I begin to manage the Bucket, Faith, Sir, I'm the very st Rogue upon Earth, if I don't draw out the Hearts blood of the Well.

*Amp.* Come along, I'll have another for that Employment; fear nothing.

*Alc.* I think, I shall better shew my Respects if I go and meet him.

[Here they meet, and join Discourse.]

*Amp. embracing Alcmena.* Oh, how I'm charm'd to find my *Alcmena* in these longing Arms! whom I count beyond Comparison in *Thebes*, and the World counts a Patern

Patern of all Vertue. — How has't been wi' ye, at this time? Did not ye long for my Return, my Dear?

*Soc.* I see no wonderful Signs o' longing. I'm sure no body can out-fawn a Dog.

*Amp.* I'm extremely glad to find ye so well, just upon your lying down.

*Alc.* In the Name of Goodness, my Lord, why should you play upon me thus? You complement as if you had not seen me lately, but were just come from the Army; and accost me like one long absent from his Wife.

*Amp.* True indeed; till now I had no sight of ye.

*Alc.* What makes ye say so?

*Amp.* 'Tis my Custom to speak Truth.

*Alc.* You don't do well to break so good a Custom. But is it for a Tryal of my Love? — Raillery apart, why so soon return'd? Was it some ill Omen, or Weather, that stay'd your going to your Army, as you lately told me?

*Amp.* Lately! How lately could that be?

*Alc.* Have ye any Design in that Question? — Very lately, just now, but a moment since.

*Amp.* Pray how is it possible, as you say, to be lately, and but a moment since?

*Alc.* D'ye think, my Lord, I'd so meanly trifle with you do, when you pretend you were not here, and leave me but just now?

*Amp.* She seems much discompos'd. [*Aside to Soc.*]

*Soc.* A little Patience, Sir, till she has slept out her sleep.

*Amp.* D'ye dream with your Eyes open?

*Alc.* No, by my Soul, I'm thoroughly awake; and without dreaming, tell you all that pass'd: For I find ye both, this Morning before Day-light.

*Amp.* At what Place?

*Alc.* Your own House.

*Amp.* I here was there.

Soc. Do't be too positive, Sir; our Vessel, perhaps, brought us from the Port, and we all asleep.

Amp. Ha' you got into the same Vein too? [*Angrily.*

Soc. What would y' ha' me do, Sir? Don't ye know th' old Saying, *Cross a Madman, and he's the Devil; but murder him, and 'tis as good as Physick.*

Alc. Hah, Rogue! —

Amp. Truly 'tis but reasonable to shew some Anger, since she ga' me so cold a Welcome. [*Aside to Socia.*

Soc. You'd as good piss in a Bee Hive.

Amp. Hold your Tongue. — *Alcmena*, answer me one Question.

Alc. What Question? Let's hear't.

Amp. Is't Madness or Pride that has infected ye?

Alc. How came such a Question into your Head, my Lord?

Amp. Because i' my former Journeys y' us'd to receive me as all other vertuous Wives do: But now I meet with a quite different Welcome.

Alc. As I hope to live, yesterday I receiv'd y' as a Wife ought, my Lord; enquir'd after your Health, kiss'd your hand, and met ye with a Kiss.

Soc. Did ye speak to my Lord yesterday, Madam?

Alc. And to you too, *Socia*.

Soc. My Lord, I was in hopes o' your Honour's having an Heir; but o'my Conscience your Lady's not with Child.

Amp. With what then?

Soc. With Fool.

Alc. Truly I've no such Distemper, as I hope for a safe Deliverance. — But if my Lord would but gi' ye your due, Mr. *Fortune-Teller*, you'd soon reap the mischievous Fruits o' your sawcy Predictions.

Soc. Yes, Madam, there are Fruits too, of Lying in Women, and Fruits too, to strengthen their Hearts, and keep 'em from swooning.

Amp. You see me here yesterday?

D

Alc.

*Alc.* I say I did, if you must needs ha't so often.

*Amp.* In a Dream, perhaps.

*Alc.* Nay, we were both awake as possible.

*Amp.* Mercy upon me!

*Soc.* What's the matter, Sir?

*Amp.* My Wife's mad.

*Soc.* She's melancholly, and that's the high Road to't.

*Amp.* When found ye the rise o' this Disease, *Alcmena*?

*Alc.* Upo' my Soul I ne're was better, and sounder i' my Life.

*Amp.* Why then d'ye pretend t' ha' seen me yesterday, when I put into Port but last night? There supp'd, and lodg'd all night i' the Vessel. I ne're set foot in *Thebes* since the *Telebuan* Expedition, till now we conquer'd.

*Alc.* 'Twas me you supp'd with, and me you lay with.

*Amp.* What say ye?

*Alc.* Nothing but truth.

(not)

*Amp.* By Heaven not i' this; in other things, I know

*Alc.* Betimes i' the morning you went to your Army.

*Amp.* How can all this be?

*Soc.* Very right; she tells her Dream as 'tis fresh in memory. — But, Madam, *Jove*, the Disperser o' such Prodigies, ought t' have had his Cake, or his Incense offer'd this Morning.

[Feeringly.]

*Alc.* How sawcily the Fellow snaps me up; and you suffer him.

*Amp.* Leave your prating, Sirrah. — You say I left ye betimes i' the morning?

[To *Alcmena*.]

*Alc.* Who else cou'd tell me the Particulars o' the Battel?

*Amp.* And heard ye o' that too?

*Alc.* Why truly 'twas you told me how you storm'd their chief Town, and slew King *Pterelas* wi' your own hands.

*Amp.* I tell ye so?

*Alc.* Yes, you; *Socia* heard ye.

*Amp.* Did you hear me tell any such thing, *Socia*?

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*Soc.* Where shou'd I hear't?

*Amp.* Nay, let her tell ye that.

*Soc.* Troth, Madam, I ne're was present at any such Relation, as I know of.

*Alc.* No wonder if he says as you'd have him.

*Amp.* Come hither, *Socia*; look o' my Face —

*Soc.* I do, Sir.

*Amp.* Now speak the truth without the least Flattery: Did you hear me tell her one word o' what she pretends?

*Soc.* Bless me! ha' you your Senses too, and ask such a Question? Faith, Sir, this is the first time I saw ye together.

*Amp.* Now, Madam, d'ye hear what he says?

*Alc.* Yes indeed, and know't to be false.

*Amp.* What, believe neither Servant nor Husband?

*Alc.* Neither; because o' such Evidence, and the certainty o' what I affirm.

*Amp.* D'y'affirm my Arrival yesterday?

*Alc.* D'ye deny your Departure this Morning?

*Amp.* I do; and protest this is my first Appearance.

*Alc.* Good now, and you'll deny you ga' me the Golden Cup too, which you say was there presented ye?

*Amp.* Upon Honour, I neither gave it nor said it. 'Tis true, I was so design'd, and am still. — But pray who told ye o' that?

*Alc.* Your self was both Teller and Giver.

*Amp.* Hold, hold, I beseech ye. — This is amazing, *Socia*, that she shou'd know o' my being presented with this Cup. Except you saw her, and told her all.

*Soc.* Let me be hang'd if I e're told, or saw her till now.

*Amp.* What Woman's that? [Looking on *Thessala*.]

*Alc.* Would y<sup>e</sup> ha' the Cup produc'd?

*Amp.* By all means.

*Alc.* It shall then. — *Thessala*, step into my Chamber for the Golden Cup my Lord ga' me this Morning.

*Exit Thessala.*



## SCENE III.

*Amphitryon, Alcmena, Socia, and Prisoners.*

*Amp.* Come this way, *Socia*. — [*They walk a little on one side.*] Really, if she has the Cup, the Mystery will be ten times greater to me.

*Socia* [*Socia takes out a Casket from under his Cloak.*]

*Soc.* Can ye suppose that, when I've got it here i' the Casket, I shal'd wi' your own Signet.

*Amp.* Is the Seal whole?

*Soc.* Look, Sir, to be sure.

[*Holding it up.*]

*Amp.* Just, as I sign'd it.

[*Looking.*]

*Soc.* Pray, Sir, must we deal wi' my Lady as a Person crack'd brain?

*Amp.* I faith, and so we had need. For upo' my word she's over-run with Extravagancies.

## SCENE IV.

*To them Thessala with a Golden Cup.*

*Alc.* What need o' Words? Here's Demonstration! look ye.

*Amp.* Pray let's see't. [*He takes it out and looks on't.*]

*Soc.* Come, view it well, you who so obstinately deny matter o' Fact; and be convinc'd before all the World! — Is n't it the same you were presented with?

*Amp.* O Heavens! Where are my Eyes? The very same upon Honour. I'm all in Confusion, *Socia*.

[*Returns the Cup.*]

*Soc.* Marry, here must be damnable Witchcraft, or the Cup's here still.

*Amp.* Come, break open the Casket.

*Soc.* Why shou'd I break it open? the Seal's firm; and makes well for us. — You, my Lord, has brought forth

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forth another *Amphitryon*; I, another *Socia*; now, if the Cup has engender'd too, we're all three double.

*Amp.* I'll ha't broke open, and look'd into.

*Soc.* Hold, Sir, look o' the Seal once more, that afterwards I mayn't be brought in for Burglary. *Amphitryon looks.*

*Amp.* Open it quickly; she'll run us down, and think us mad else.

*Alc.* Where think ye I shou'd ha' this, but from you who ga' me't?

*Amp.* That's my business to enquire into. [*Socia opens it.*

*Soc. starting.*] Heaven ha' mercy upo' my Soul?

*Amp.* What ails the Fellow?

*Soc.* The Cup's flown out o' the Nest.

*Amp.* What say ye?

*Soc.* Nothing but truth.

*Amp.* An unlucky truth to you, if it be gone.

*Alc.* Why here 'tis apparently. [*Holding it up.*

*Amp.* Who gave't ye?

*Alc.* The same who asks the Question.

*Soc.* You're upo' the catch, my Lord. You stole slyly out o' the Ship some back-way, with the Cup, presented it to my Lady, then privately scald'd up the Casker again.

*Amp.* Hah! you sooth her in her Madness too. — But once more, do y' affirm I was here yesterday?

*Alc.* I do; and, at our first Enterview, saluted each other, and met with a Kiss.

*Amp. aside.*] I cou'd ha' spar'd that Kindness. —  
[*To her.*] Proceed.

*Alc.* You bath'd your self.

*Amp.* What next?

*Alc.* Sat down at the Table.

*Soc.* Ha, ha, best of all! now Catechise her, Sir.

*Amp.* Don't interrupt, Sirrah. — On wi' your Story.

*Alc.* Supper was serv'd up, we sat down, and lupp'd both together.

*Amp.* At the same Table?

*Alc.* Yes.

*Soc.* Shame on't! I don't like that Entertainment.

*Amp.* Leave fooling.-- We sup'd together; what then?

*Alc.* You complain'd o' drowsiness; Supper was taken away, and together we went up to Bed.

*Amp.* Where did you lay?

*Alc.* I the same Chamber and Bed w<sup>th</sup> your self.

*Amp.* Ruin'd then!

*Soc.* What's the matter, Sir?

*Amp.* Stabb'd to the Heart?

*Alc.* What ails ye, my Lord?

*Amp.* Let me alone.

[Turning away.]

*Soc.* What's done t'ye, Sir?

*Amp.* I'm a miserable Man; basely dishonour'd by my Wife i' m' Absence.

*Alc.* In good earnest, my Lord, why this hard Censure from your Mouth?

*Amp.* Am I your Lord? Prithee don't gi' me a wrong Title.

*Soc.* A very pretty Bus'ness; if she has taken away his Manhood, and made him a Lady.

*Alc.* What have I done, to make y' use me thus?

*Amp.* You declare your Crimes, then ask me how you've offended.

*Alc.* Is't an Offence to lye w<sup>th</sup> m' own Husband?

*Amp.* W<sup>th</sup> me? Was there ever such prodigious Impudence? If y' had lost all Sense of Honour, sure you might ha' borrow'd o' your Neighbours.

*Alc.* Our Family was ne're guilty o' such Crimes; and if my Honour's Ruin by your Aim, you'll lose your Labour.

*Amp.* Bless my Soul!— Sure you know me, *Socia*.

*Soc.* Pretty well, Sir.

*Amp.* Didn't I sup last Night in your Vessel at th' *Esboan* Port?

*Alc.* I've sufficient Evidence to prove what I say.

*Amp.* Evidence, who are they?

*Alc.* Evidence I say.

*Amp.* What will they give in? — But, one's sufficient; for, here was no body but *Socia*.

*Soc.* Marry, I don't know what to make of all this, unless there be another *Amphitryon*, who in your Absence takes care o' your Business, and your Lady's too. I thought it plaguy strange to find a Deputy *Socia*, but i' faith a second *Amphitryon*'s a greater wonder. Certainly some Inchantments ha' been practis'd upo' your Lady.

*Alc.* By Heaven, and by all that's good, which Oaths to me are all sacred, I ne'er gave to any Man but you, the least Liberty that cou'd call my Honour in question.

*Amp.* Heaven make it true.

*Alc.* I affirm it is, but in vain, since you won't believe.

*Amp.* You're a Woman, and swear too boldly.

*Alc.* Innocence ought to be bold, and to vindicate it self with a Confidence, and Haughtiness.

*Amp.* Here's Boldness enough.

*Alc.* No more than becomes Vertue.

*Amp.* We've your word for that. [*Fearingly.*]

*Alc.* I don't, like others, esteem a little Dirt my Portion, but my Continency, and Honour, my Moderating my Passions, my Fear of Heaven, Duty to my Parents, Love to my Kindred, Obedience to my Husband, my liberal Bounty to the Good, and my Care over the Vertuous.

*Soc.* I' faith, if all this be true, certainly she's the very Map of Innocence.

*Amp.* I'm so strangely confounded, I scarce know where I am.

*Soc.* Certainly you must be my Lord *Amphitryon* still. But have a great care you don't get into the new Fashion; for here's nothing but *Metamorphoses* since our Arrival.

*Amp.* Madam, I'm resolv'd to search to the very bottom o' this Business.

*Alc.* Do't a Gods Name.

*Amp.* What say ye? — Answer me to this: Suppose I bring from the *Port*, your Kinsman *Naucrates*, who came over i' the same Vessel wi' me? If he disproves all your Assertions, what Treatment d'ye deserve then? What Plea will ye find to save your Divorce and Portion?

*Alc.* If I fail i' my part, I'll urge none.

*Amp.* Agreed. — *Socia*, Conduct these Prisoners into the House. — I'll away t' our Vessel, and bring home *Naucrates*. *Exit Amphitryon*

## SCENE V.

*Alcmena, Socia, Theffala, and Prisoners.*

*Soc.* Now we are by our selves, Madam, tell me seriously, whether I han't within Doors a Brother *Socia*, just like me for all the World?

*Alc.* Out o' my sight, Rascal, who art fit for nothing but thy Master.

*Soc.* I'll vanish at your Commands.

*{ Beckons the  
Prisoners.*

*Alc.* Bless me! 'tis very strange it shou'd come into my Lords Head t'accuse me thus wrongfully. Whate'er the Matter be, my Cozen *Naucrates* will clear all.

*Exeunt Omnes.*

*The End of the Second Act.*

ACT

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## ACT III.

### SCENE I.

*Enter Jupiter, addresses himself to the Audience, and goes on with the Prologue.*

Gentlemen, I'm still Amphitryon, and have a  
Servant Socia; who, when occasion serves,  
shall be Mercury again. My Lodgings are i<sup>th</sup> upper  
Garret, where I'm Jove as often as I please. But  
when e're I come down, I change my Garb, and become  
Amphitryon in a trice. --- It's for your sakes, Gen-  
tlemen, I'm come here now, to make the Comedy  
compleat; and at the same time to protect poor Alc-  
mena's Honour against her Husbands false Accusa-  
tions: For 'twould be a piece o' Baseness to suffer my  
Crimes to fall upon her Head. ---- Now will I re-  
assume Amphitryon's Person, and once more put the  
grand Sham upo' the whole Family: But then I'll  
clear all at last, assist Alcmena in due time, and at  
once have her deliver'd o' both mine and her Hus-  
bands Child, and that without any pain. ---- I or-  
der'd Mercury to be here immediately, and receive  
his Commands. --- Now I'll go to her.

### SCENE II.

*Enter Alcmena at the other End of the Stage.*

*Alc. to her self.* The House is grown odious to me;  
since my Lord accuses me o' Dishonestly, Shame.

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and Infamy. He denies plain Matters o' Fact, and claims against me strangely; he affirms what never was and blames me for what I'm innocent of; after all he thinks I'll tamely sit down and bear all. But as I'm a living Soul, he's mistaken; for I'll not suffer the unjust Scandal of Whore: No, I'll part first, unless he make me ample Satisfaction, and swears he repents of his unjust Accusation.

*Jup. coming nigher.* ] That I must do in good earnest if I ever hope for a kind Reception. For seeing my Tricks fall heavy upon *Amphitryon's* Head, and my Love proves injurious to this innocent Creature, I must expect some Anger and hard Words for what I'm innocent of too.

*Alc. to her self.* ] Oh! here's the Person who accuses his poor Wife o' Shame, and Infamy.

*[Here they meet, and join Discourse.]*

*Jup.* Madam, I'd willingly talk with ye. — *[She turns from him.]* Why do y' avoid me?

*Alc.* 'Tis my Nature to serve my Enemies so. *[Angry.]*

*Jup.* Bless me! your Enemies?

*Alc.* Yes truly, my Enemies; unless you'll pretend this is false too. *[She returns.]*

*Jup.* Now you're too nicely reserv'd. *[Offers to take her by the hand.]*

*Alc.* Pray let m' alone. — I'm sure had y' either Wit or Discretion, or weren't the greatest Fool in Nature, you'd ne'er hold Discourse, either in Mirth or Earnest, with the Woman you believe, and declare a Strumpet.

*Jup.* If I did, you're ne'er the worse, no not in my Opinion; therefore I return to beg your Pardon, my Dear: For no Torment has been so great to me, as the Apprehensions o' your Displeasure. — Why didst name such a thing? I'll clear all t'ye. Upon Honour, I ne'er mistrusted your Fidelity; I had only a mind to try your Temper, and how you cou'd bear what I said.

Two



'Twas all but a little harmless Raillery for sport-sake;  
ask *Socius* else.

*Alc.* But why wasn't my Cozen *Naukrates* brought  
hither, as you pretended, to prove you he're were here  
before?

*Jup.* What's spoken in Jest, my Dear, ought never  
to be taken in Earnest.

*Alc.* I'm sure there was enough to make my heart ache.

*Jup.* Dear *Alcmena*, by this fair Hand, let me beg,  
and intreat ye, to forgive, forget, and be pacify'd.

*Alc.* M<sup>y</sup> unspotted Honour's above all Scandal; and  
since you've own'd me free from all base Acts, I would  
be as free from all base Suspitions. — Farewel, keep  
your own Things, and let me ha' mine. Pray send  
my Women after me, & accompany me. [*She weeps.*]

*Jup.* Sure y' ar' n't mad?

*Alc.* If you will not, I'll go alone; my Vertue shall  
be my Companion. [*She offers to go.*]

*Jup.* Pray stay; I propose this Oath to your Discre-  
tion. — I do sincerely believe my Wife to be most Vertuous;  
which if I falsifie, may *Jove's* eternal Wrath fall upon  
*Amphitryon's* head.

*Alc.* Ah, his Mercy rather.

*Jup.* I hope 'twill prove so; for I'm sure I've truly  
worn. — Now I hope you're satisfy'd.

*Alc.* I am.

*Jup.* I'm glad of 't. — A Man in his life-time, meets  
with a thousand such Accidents as these, sometimes  
pleasures, othertimes Troubles, by and by Fallings out,  
then Reconciliations again. But whenever these little  
Love-Quarrels happen, and those made up, the pleasing  
Passion's doubl'd.

*Alc.* Your ill Words might well ha' been spar'd, my  
Lord: but if you make me such Satisfaction, I ought  
to forget all.

*Jup.* Pray order all my Sacred Vessels to be got rea-  
dy, to perform those Vows I made i'the Campaign, if  
I got safe home again. *Alc.*

*Alc.* I will.

*Jup. to the Servants within.* Send out *Socia* there, must send him for *Blepharon*, our Ships Pilot, t'invite him to Dinner. — But not a mouthful shall *Socia* go and here'll be rare sport when I come to grapple with *Amphitryon*, and send him packing. [*Alc.*]

*Alc.* I wonder what he's talking of t' himself. — the Door goes. — Here comes *Socia*.

### SCENE III.

*Enter Socia to them.*

*Soc.* O, my Lord, I'm ready : if there be occasion, I'll obey your Commands upo' me, and I'll obey 'em.

*Jup.* You're come in good time.

*Soc.* Pray, Sir, is't Peace or War between ye? — I'm glad to see ye both in a peaceable Posture, and t' a great Satisfaction to me. Truly 'tis a good Servant Duty to sympathise with his Master, to be as he is, let as he looks, be sad when he's sad, and merry when he's pleas'd. — But, good Sir, tell me; is there an amiable Accommodation?

*Jup.* You jeer now; you know we were only laughing.

*Soc.* In laughing, said ye? I faith, I thought ye never more in earnest i' your Life.

*Jup.* I've satisfy'd her, and made my peace.

*Soc.* Excellent, intr'oth.

*Jup.* I've a Sacrifice to make, according to my Vow.

*Soc.* I perceive as much.

*Jup.* You must go to *Blepharon*, the Pilot of our Ship, and desire him, from me, to be here at the Ceremony and take a Dinner wi' me.

*Soc.* I'll be back again before you can think me there.

*Jup.* Well, make haste then. *Exit Socia*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Jupiter and Alcmene.

*Alc.* Shall I go in, my Lord, and help to get Things ready as occasion shall serve?

*Jup.* By all means, Madam; and prepare all Things well as you can.

*Alc.* Come in as soon as you please, and you'll find nothing out of order.

*Jup.* Very well! this is like a loving Wife.

*Exit Alcmene.*

SCENE V.

Jupiter alone.

So, both Lady and Servant over-reach'd, in taking for *Amphitryon*: Mistaken to some purpose! —

Immortal *Socius*, be ready at hand, (you hear me you're absent) and don't fail o' finding some Art to drive away *Amphitryon* when he comes: Remember,

I'd ha' ye trifle away the time with him, while conform my self to this same borrow'd Wife. Don't deceive me, but serve me according to my Intentions; be sure be in readiness t' assist me, the mean time I'm sacrificing to my self.

*Exit Jupiter.*

*The End of the Third Act.*

ACT

## ACT IV.

## SCENE I.

*Enter Mercury at the further End of the Stage, running in great haste.*

**R**oom here! Clear the way! All the World make room! and let not a Soul be so desperately mad as to stop my Journey —

*He addresses himself to the Spectators, and finishes the Prologue.*

**T**Roth, Gentlemen, why shou'dn't my Deityship gi' me the same Priviledge o' threatning the Mob, when they stand i' my way, as the Slaves in Comedies have? Their vast haste is only for a Parcel safely arriv'd, an old Fellow upo' the fret, or but I, Jove's Messenger, and sent by his Command ha' more reason to call for room, and clear all before me. — My Father he calls, I follow; his Word is my Law, and I obey him with all the Submission a dutiful Son. I sooth him in his Wenching, encourage him, pimp for him, counsel him, and rejoice with him; and whene're he receives a Pleasure, proves ten times as much to me. Do's he long for a Girl? He do's well and wisely to satisfy his longing; a Thing all wise Men ought to observe, provided it be safe. Now 'tis my Father's Will and Pleasure I impose upon Amphitryon: Troth I do't nobly.

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*I'll do't immediately, Gentlemen, before your Faces. I'll whip on a Chaplet, pretend to be drunk, and get my self above. From thence I'll send him with a Vengeance, as soon as he approaches, and make him dry drunk, I'll warrant him. Next, Socia must go to Pot; and be condemn'd for what I did. But what's that to me? 'Tis my Bus'ness to obey my Father's Commands, and observe his Pleasure.---* [Looking about.] *O yonder comes Amphitryon. I shall make admirable Sport with him, if you'll please to favour me with your Silence.---* *I'll in, and adorn my self like a Drunkard: Then I'll ascend th' House, and from thence do his Bus'ness for him.* *Exit Mercury!*

## SCENE II.

*Enter Amphitryon at the further End of the Stage, out of Breath.*

*I cou'dn't meet wi' Naucrates at his Vessel for my Life, nor at home neither, or so much as a Soul i' the City who had seen him. I've been hunting for him through every Alley, among th' Armorers and Perfumers, at the Change, the Shambles, the Race-Ground, the Markets, th' Apothecaries and Barbers Shops, and at all the Temples in Town. I'm wearied off my Legs, and no Naucrates to be found high nor low.---* *I'll e'en go home, and make a further Enquiry o' my Wife, to find out this Person that dishonour'd my Bed i' my Absence. 'Tis more than Death to me to let the Bus'ness thus hang in suspense.---* [He goes to his door, and tries to open it.] *They've secur'd the Doors; very fine! This is like the rest o' their Tricks; but I'll make 'em hear me.---* [He knocks.] *Open the Door! Soho, within there!---* [Knocks louder.] *No body i' open the door?*

SCENE

## SCENE III.

*Mercury appears above, crown'd with a Garland, and pretending to be drunk.*

*Mer.* Who's at the Door?

*Amp.* 'Tis I.

*Mer.* I; what I?

*Amp.* I, I tell ye.

*Mer.* Sure the Devil and his Dam has possess'd ye, bounding at our Doors. [Knocking again]

*Amp.* How?

*Mer.* So, as to make y' a poor Rogue as long as you're a day to live.

*Amp.* Socia!

*Mer.* That's my Name indeed; except you think I've lost my Memory. — What's your Bus'ness?

*Amp.* Rascal, ha' ye th' Impudence t' enquire after my Bus'ness?

*Mer.* Yes marry have I. — Why, you Blockhead, you've almost thrown the Door off the Hinges. Do you think our Doors are made at the publick Charge? — What makes ye stare so, Bufflehead? What's your Business, I say? And who are ye?

*Amp.* Varlet, how dare y' ask such a Question? The curld branded Rogue! As I'm a living Soul, I'll drive ye to some tune for all your Sauciness?

*Mer.* Certainly you must ha' been a prodigal Dog your time.

*Amp.* Why so, Sirrah?

*Mer.* Because I your old Days you're forc'd to come begging to me for a Beating.

*Amp.* Thy Back, Slave, shall soundly pay for all that.

*Mer.* Then I shall sacrifice —

*Amp.* What?

*Mer.* Something to your Worship's Pace.

*Amp.* \* You, Jail-bird? — If I live and do well, I'll hang y' up by the heels, wi' your Skin stripp'd o'er your Ears, and make a Sacrifice o' you. — Out o' your Castle, you cursed Rascal.

*Mer.* Poor Phantom, dost think to fright me wi' big Words? — But if you don't take ye to your Heels quickly, or offer to knock, or touch the Door with a finger, I'll hit ye such a douce o' the Chaps wi' this Tile, as shall dash out your Teeth and Tongue together.

*[Holding up a Tile.]*

*Amp.* Damn'd Villain, Will ye shut m' out o' m' own House? and keep me from knocking at m' own Door? I'll make the Doors fly presently. *[He bounces at the Door.]*

*Mer.* D'ye persist, Sirrah?

*Amp.* Yes, Rogue.

*Mer.* Have at your Corps then. { *He throws down a Tile upon him.*

*Amp.* Cursed Slave, throw upo' your Lord and Master? If I do once lay hands on ye, I'll make ye a perpetual Example t' all Rogues.

*Mer.* Y' ought to get your Brains clear'd, y' old Fool!

*Amp.* Why, Sirrah?

*Mer.* For calling me your Servant.

*Amp.* What if I do?

*Mer.* Then you'd better be hang'd; for I own no Master but *Amphitryon*.

*Amp.* *aside, looking upon himself.* ] Sure I ha'n't lost my Shape? I'm startl'd at *Socia's* denying me. But I'll try him further. — *[To him.]* Hark ye, tell me, whom do I seem? Is't not plain that I'm *Amphitryon*?

*Mer.* *Amphitryon*? A Mad-man rather. Didn't I tell ye, Old Fool, that your Brains shou'd be clear'd, when I ask'd others who y'are. — Begone, I advise ye, and make no Disturbance here, for my Lord *Amphitryon's* just come home from the Campaign, and retir'd with his Lady to Bed.

*Amp.* What Lady?

*Mer.* *Alcmena.*

E

*Amp.*



*Amp.* But what Man is't?

*Mer.* How often must I tell ye? — My Lord *Amphitryon*. Trouble us no further.

*Amp.* Who do's he lye with?

*Mer.* Have a care your fooling wi' me don't bring an old House upo' your Head.

*Amp.* Nay, good *Socia*, tell me that.

*Mer.* Now you're a Peg lower. — With *Alcmena* then.

*Amp.* Lye with her?

*Mer.* Ay, I think so; and upon her too.

*Amp.* I'm a lost Man.

*Mer.* What he calls Loss, is clear Gains. For, to let out ones Wife, is as good as farming out a barren piece o' Ground to good Husbandmen. [*Aside*]

*Amp.* *Socia*!

*Mer.* What a plague mean ye by *Socia*?

*Amp.* Don't ye know me, Slave?

*Mer.* Yes, for an impertinent quarrellsome Coxcomb.

*Amp.* Still i' that vein? — Am not I thy Master *Amphitryon*?

*Mer.* Some *Tom a Bedlam*, I think, not *Amphitryon*. How often must I tell ye so? Would ye hear't once more? My Master *Amphitryon's* now at Bed with *Alcmena*. — Stay here any longer, I'll send him out with a Devil's ye.

*Amp.* That I'd fain see. — Pray Heaven my publick Services be'n't rewarded wi' loss o' Country, House, Wife, Family, and Shape too. [*Aside*]

*Mer.* I'll send him t'ye; but i' the mean time rest a while. For I believe the Sacrifice is ready, and they'll to Dinner presently. But if you chance to be impertinent, you'll go nigh to be sacrificed your self.

[*Mercury retires*]

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## SCENE IV.

*Amphitryon alone, walking discontentedly about his Door.*

Heavens bless me! What strange Madness has seiz'd upon our Family? What Prodigies have I seen since this last Journey? Now I'm apt to credit the old Fable as true, that in *Arcadia*, th' *Attick* People were transform'd into savage Beasts, so that their Parents and Friends cou'd never know 'em after. — [He stands in amaze.

## SCENE V.

*Enter Blepharon and Socia at the further End of the Stage, talking together.*

*Ble.* — How's this, *Socia*? 'Tis the strangest Story I ever heard. Did ye meet with another *Socia* at the Door just o' your own Shape, say ye?

*Soc.* Yes. — But hark ye, Sir; since I've spawn'd another *Socia*, and my Lord another *Amphitryon*, who knows but you may another *Blepharon*. Wou'd to Heaven you were but as well convinc'd, at th' Expence of a swell'd Chaps, broken Teeth, and an empty Belly as I am. For t'other *I-Socia*, that am yonder, swindg'd me, and made a poor Rogue o' me.

*Ble.* Prodigious, I swear! — But let's mend our Pace tho', for yonder's his Lordship staying for us; and truly my Stomach begins to wamble.

*Imp. to himself.*] — But why do I mention Foreign Prodigies; since we're told stranger Stories of our City's Founder? This mighty Prince, in quest of *Europa*, slew the dreadful Monster, from whose scatter'd Teeth sprung Arm'd Troops, in order rang'd, where Brothers killed Brothers to Death. After all, *Epeus* saw the great Person and his Wife, crawl about in Serpents

Shapes. All this was great *Jove's* Will, and the Decree of Fate. The best of our Family have had their noble Exploits rewarded with dire Misfortunes. 'Tis my Destiny, and I must sustain these Shocks o' Misery, and take off these unsufferable Potions. —

*Soc. Mr. Blepharon!*

[*Fearfully.*]

*Ble. What?*

*Soc. My Mind misgives me plaguely.*

*Ble. Why.*

*Soc. Look ye; yonder he walks before his Door, waiting like a Parasite to bid his Lordship Good-morrow.*

*Ble. 'Tis only to catch himself a Stomach.*

*Soc. Very ingeniously contriv'd: So he has secur'd his Doors for fear it shou'd come too soon.*

*Ble. You're i' the jeering Vein.*

*Soc. Nor yet i' the snarling. — Observe a little, if you please. — He's talking to himself, if I knew what 'tis; and I believe he's hammering at some plaguy Business. — I'll listen to his Discourse. — Stand still a while.*

*Amp. to himself.] — O how I fear that the Gods shou'd bereave me o' th' Honour o' this Victory. I find my whole Family posselt with strange Extravagancies. Then my Wifes Disloyalty and Infamy goes to the heart o' me. But the Cup quite startles me; for 'twas as well Seal'd as possible. — How can it be? My Wife relates all the Particulars o' the Battel, particularly that *Pterelas* was slain by m' own Hands. — Ho, ho, I've found out the Trick at last. This was all *Socia's* Roguery, who but just now had th' Impudence to shut m' out o' my own House; —*

*Soc. overbearing.] So, my Name's brought up, but with a plaguy harsh Sound. — Pray let's keep off a little while, till his whole Passion be discharg'd.*

*Ble. How you will for that.*

*Amp. to himself.] — But cou'd I but lay hands o' that Rascal, I'd teach him to deceive, abuse, and hate for his own Master.*

[*Very angrily.*]

*Soc.*

Soc. D'ye hear him, Sir?

Ble. Yes.

Soc. The Storm is just breaking upo' my Shoulders---  
We must go up to him; for you know th' old Saying---

Ble. I know nothing o' your Sayings; but I've a  
nigh guessing at your Sufferings.

Soc. 'Tis an old Proverb, *That an empty Belly and a  
slack Guest, makes one as mad as the Devil.*

Ble. Very true, we'll meet him immediately. ---  
My Lord *Amphitryon*!

Amp. 'Tis *Blepharon's* Voice. I wonder what's his  
Business wi' me. However, he comes very luckily to be  
a Witness o' my Wifes Baseness. ---

[ *Here they meet and joyn Discourse.* ]

How now, *Blepharon*; what ha' you to say to me?

Ble. Has your Honour forgot you sent *Socia* t' our  
Vessel this Morning t'invite me to Dinner?

Amp. I ne're so much as thought of 't. --- But where's  
that Villain?

Ble. Who?

Amp. *Socia*.

Ble. There he is.

[ *Pointing to him.* ]

Amp. Where?

Ble. Just before ye. --- Don't ye see him?

Amp. Passion blinds me, and this Rascal has distra-  
cted me. --- I'll sacrifice ye, you Dog; you mustn't  
think t' escape. --- [ *Offers at Socia, Blepharon holds  
him.* ] Prithee let me come at him.

Ble. Hear a little, I beseech ye.

Amp. Speak, I do hear. --- [ *He breaks loose, and  
strikes Socia.* ] Take that, Sirrah.

Soc. Why this Usage, Sir? --- Ha'n't I been quick  
enough? --- If I had got *Pacolet's* Horse, I couldn't  
ha' came sooner.

Ble. Hold, good Sir; we came as great a Pace as we  
cou'd.

Amp. A Hare's or Snails pace, 'tis all one; I'm re-  
solvd

solv'd to beat the Rascal as long as he can stand. —  
*Imprimis*, for the House-top; — *Item*, for the Tile; —  
*Item*, for shutting me out; — *Item*, for your mocking  
 me; — *Item*, for your sawcy Tongue; —

[*Beats him at each word.*]

*Bl.* What has he done, Sir?

*Amp.* Done, quoth a? — He shut the Door upo  
 me, and shamefully abus'd me from the House-top.

*Soc.* I, Sir?

*Amp.* Yes you, who so insolently threatn'd me if I  
 offer'd to touch the Door. — Dog, d'ye deny't too?

*Soc.* Why shou'd n't I? Here's a sufficient Witness to  
 justify't; the same you sent m' in all haste t' invite to  
 Dinner.

*Amp.* Who sent ye, Impudence?

*Soc.* You, Sir.

*Amp.* When, I pray?

*Soc.* Just now, very lately, but a moment since; when  
 you and your Lady were reconcil'd within.

*Amp.* The Fellow's bedevil'd sure.

*Soc.* I defie the Devil and all his Works. — You or-  
 der'd me to clean all the Vessels, for you had a Sacrifice  
 t' offer: and then you sent me for this Gentleman, to  
 take a Dinner wi' ye.

*Amp.* Let me perish, if e'er I set step within  
 Doors, or sent him any where. — Where did ye  
 leave me last, Sirrah?

*Soc.* At home wi' your Lady; from whence I hasten'd  
 to the Port, invited him as y' order'd me, and here we  
 are. I ne're had one Glimpse o' ye since then.

*Amp.* Impudent Dog, wi' my Wife? — Now you  
 mustn't think t'escape my Hands. [*He offers at him.*]

*Soc. avoiding him.]* Mr. Blepharon! —

*Bl.* Good my Lord, spare him for my sake, and  
 hear me.

*Amp.* Well, speak your Pleasure.

*Bl.* He has been telling o' me wonderful strange Sto-  
 ries.

ries; and perhaps some Juggler or Sorcerer, has bewitch'd your Family. Y' had best make a strict Enquiry into the Business, and not use the poor Fellow like a Dog, before you know a jot o' the matter.

*Amp.* Come then, let's enter the House; I must ha' ye for a Witness i' my Wifes Case.

*They move towards the Door.*

SCENE VI.

*Enter Jupiter from Amphitryon's House.*

*Jup. appearing at the Door.]* Who's that made our Doors fly after such a vengenable rate? Who dares cause such a Riot before my House? If I catch him, I'll sacrifice his Soul to the *Theban* Ghosts. — [*He comes forward.*] Nothing goes well wi' me to day: I left *Blepharon* and *Socia*, to hunt up my Cozen *Naucrates*; him I can't find high nor low; and t'other two I've quite lost. — O here they are. — I'll go to 'em to know how Matters stand.

*Soc.* O, Mr. *Blepharon*, that's my Master that comes from the House; 'tis this is the Sorcerer.

*Ble.* Bless me! what do I see? — This isn't *He*, but th' *Orber*. And if this be *Amphitryon*, troth that can't, unless he be double.

*Jup.* Here's *Blepharon* and *Socia* together: I'll begin with them first. — [*They meet.*] Are ye come at last, *Socia*? I begin t' have a Stomach.

*Soc. to Belphearon.]* Didn't I tell ye this was the Sorcerer?

*Amp.* No, that's he, my *Theban* Neighbours, that has corrupted my Wife, and heap'd Dishonour upo' my Head.

*Soc. to Jupiter.]* My Lord, your Stomach may be empty, but I'm sure I'm come wi' my Belly full o' Cuffs.

*Amp.* Still t' char Humour, Rascal.

*Soc. to Amphitryon.]* Get ye to the Devil, ye damn'd Sorcerer.

*Amp.* Call me Sorcerer, Slave? [Strikes him.]

*Jup.* How dare you ha' th' Insolence to beat my Servants?

*Amp.* Thine?

*Jup.* Yes mine.

*Amp.* You lye, Sir?

*Jup.* Go in, *Socia*, and hasten the Dinner; while I make an Example o' this Fellow.

*Soc.* I go, Sir. — [To himself, going off.] I fancy th' Interview between *This-Amphitryon* and *That-Amphitryon*, will be just as civil as that between *I-Socia* and *Me-Socia*. Well, the time they're squabbling abroad, I'll in and ransack the Kitchin, lick all the Platters clean, and suck my sweet Face with all the Liquor I can find.

*Exit Socia.*

## SCENE VII.

*Jupiter, Amphitryon, and Blepharon.*

*Jup.* Dare ye gi' me the Lye?

*Amp.* Yes that I dare, thou cursed Corrupter o' my Family.

*Jup.* For that Affront, I'll throttle ye.

[Takes him by the Collar.]

*Amp.* [striking at him.] Oh, oh!

*Jup.* You shou'd ha' had more Forecast then.

*Amp.* [struggling.] Help, good *Blepharon*.

*Ble.* They're so alike, I can't tell which side to take; but I'll part the Fray as well as I can. — Pray *One-Amphitryon*, don't murder *T'other Amphitryon*. — Good now let go.

*Jup.* Call ye him *Amphitryon*?

*Ble.* Why not? He was formerly single, now he's become double. Tho' indeed you're the *Man*, he's still the *Person*: therefore pray let go.

*Jup.* [letting go.] Well then. — But in earnest d'ye take him for *Amphitryon*?

*Ble.* Faith both of ye.

*Amp.*



*Amp.* Heavens bleſs me! Where got ye that Shape o' mine? [*Aside.*] But I'll pump him. — Are you *Amphitryon*?

*Jup.* Are you he that deny't?

*Amp.* I am; ſince there's ne're another *Amphitryon* in all *Thebes*. —

*Jup.* But me, I grant ye; and, *Blepbaron*, be you Judge.

*Ble.* I'll clear the Buſineſs by Tokens, if I can. — Do you answer firſt then. [*To Amphitryon.*

*Amp.* With all my heart.

*Ble.* What Orders did ye gi' me before the Battel wi' the *Taphians*?

*Amp.* When the Veſſel was ready, not to part from the Stern a moment, —

*Jup.* — Because if our Army were routed, I might ſecure m' own Retreat.

*Amp.* I order'd ye beſides, t' have an Eye to the great Bag o' money I left wi' ye.

*Jup.* How much?

*Ble.* Hold a little, Sir; that's a Queſtion for me to ask. — Do you know the Sum?

*Jup.* Yes, it amounted to fifty *Attick* Talents.

*Ble.* Right to a Farthing. — How many pieces of Gold were there? [*To Amphitryon.*

*Amp.* Two thouſand.

*Jup.* And twice as many Brals.

*Ble.* You've both nick'd it. — Certainly one o' ye muſt ha' been enclos'd i' the Bag.

*Jup.* But obſerve Sir; to clear all, this right hand ſlew *Pterelas*; I receiv'd his Spoils; his Drinking-Cup I had in a Casket; I gave't my Wife, and this day did I bath with her, ſacrifice with her, and lye with her.

*Amp.* That Word ſtabs me. I'm almoſt diſtracted: I ſleep and dream wi' my Eyes open, and periſh wi' my Health and Senſes about me. — Certainly I am that *Amphitryon*, *Gorgopbon's* Grand-child, General o' the *Thebans*, *Creon's* Friend, Conqueror of the *Teleboans*, o' th' *Acar-*

*Acarnanians, and Taphians, and by my Courage flew their King. There I made Cephalus Governour, the great Deionens's Son; and —*

*Jup.* — There by my Valour, defeated those Ravagers, who had kill'd *Electryon*, and my Wife's Brothers; wasted *Achaia, Etolia, and Phocis*; and scour'd th' *Ionian, Aegean, and Cretian Seas* from their Privateers.

*Amp.* Bless me! I can't believe my self, he has so high upon every Pencilio. — What say you, *Blepharon*?

*Ble.* There's one Proof behind; if that be made out, ye must certainly be double.

*Jup.* O, you mean the Scar o' my right Arm, caus'd by the Wound *Pterelas* ga' me.

*Ble.* The same.

*Amp.* Well thought on.

*Jup.* D'ye see? — look here. [*Uncovers his Arm.*]

*Ble.* Uncover both o' ye, that I may see. { *Amphitryon*

*Jup.* We have; now look. { *on uncovers*

*Ble.* Heavens, what do I see? Both mark'd i' the same Arm, i' the same Place, and exactly with the same Scar, a little reddish just like a late Wound. The Proofs are equal, the Determination unfix'd, and I can go no further. \* — You two must decide the Business between both, for my Affairs call me away. — Never did I see such a strange sight i' my born days.

*Amp.* Good *Blepharon*, don't leave me in distress, but be my Counsellor a while.

*Ble.* Adieu. — What signifies a Counsellor when he knows not which side to plead of?

*Jup.* I'll go in. *Alcmena* cries out.  
*Exeunt Blepharon and Jupiter severally.*

## SCENE VIII.

*Amphitryon alone.*

Ruin'd for ever! Abandon'd by my Friends and Counsellors. But by Heaven, this damn'd Impostor shall not

shn't abuse me unreveng'd, whoe'er he be. I'll immediately to the King, and acquaint him with the whole Business. As I hope to live, I'll severely punish this Hellish Sorcerer, who has play'd such villanous Tricks w<sup>th</sup> my whole Family. — [*Looking round about him.*] But where is he? — O my Soul, gone in; and I believe, to my Wife. — Did *Thebes* e'er produce a greater Wretch? — What Course can I take? All the World deny me, and make a Mock o' me as they please. 'Tis fix'd at last; I'll break in upon 'em, and the first living Creature I meet, whether Maid or Man, Wife or Stallion, nay Father or Grandfather, I'll murder upo' the Spot. Tho' mighty *Jove*, and all the Gods, shou'd interpose, I'd perfect my Design. Now I'll enter the House. —

*He goes to the Door; it thunders; he shakes, and falls into a Swoon.*

*The End of the Fourth Act.*

It Thunders and Lightens between the Acts.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

*Enter Bromia in a great Fright. Amphitryon in a Swoon upon the Stage.*

**A**LL my Hopes and Means o' Safety are fled; and I've nothing to support my drooping Spirits, since all Things, even Seas, Earth, and Heaven, seem to conspire to overwhelm and ruin me. — Away upo' me! What shall I do? I've seen so many Prodigies

Prodigies within. — O wretched! ready to swoon;  
 O for a little Water, my Heart chills and faints away,  
 my Head akes, my Ears and Eyes fail me, and I'm  
 the saddest shiftelefs Creature upon Earth; such strange  
 Things befell my Lady. — For when she was going of  
 her Labour, she invoc'd the Gods. Lord, what Voices  
 and Noifes, what Clashes and Flashes; how suddenly,  
 how frequently, how terribly it thunder'd! Every Soul  
 fell flat at the Greatness o' the Claps. At the same time  
 a mighty Voice was heard, crying, *Alcmena, Succour's*  
*at hand, shake off all dread; the great King of Heaven's*  
*come to you and your Family's Protection. Rise all, who fell*  
*at the terror o' my Voice.* At that I got up; and the House  
 appeared so very bright, that methought 'twas all in  
 Flames. My Lady she call'd me, which rais'd new  
 Fears, suspecting her Safety. I went in all haste to  
 know her Pleasure; where I found her happily deli-  
 ver'd o' two Boys, and that without the least Suspicion  
 or Knowledge of any of us. — But what's here? What  
 old Gentleman's this who lies before our Door? Is he  
 Thunder-struck by *Jupiter*? — Really, I believe 'tis  
 so. — Bless me, he seems dead! — I'll go find who  
 'tis. — O, 'tis my Lord *Amphitryon*. — [*She stirr-*  
*ing him.*] My Lord!

## SCENE II.

*Amphitryon comes out of his Swoon.*

*Amp. stirring a little.* ] Alas!

*Bro.* Rise, Sir.

*Amp.* Ruin'd!

*Bro.* Gi' me your hand, my Lord. [*She takes hold of him*

*Amp. looking up.* ] Who's that?

*Bro.* Your Maid *Bromia*.

*Amp. rising up.* ] I tremble all over; *Jove* has so stunn'd  
 me. — I'm just as tho I had been at Hell. — What  
 came y' out?

# AMPHITRYON.

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*Bro.* We, poor Souls, were in as great a Fright as you, we saw so many Prodigies within Doors.—Alas, my Lord, I ha'n't yet recover'd my Senses.

*Amp.* Come, let's talk wi' ye. — Do you indeed know me for your Master *Amphitryon*?

*Bro.* Yes, Sir.

*Amp.* See that you be certain of't.

*Bro.* I am.

*Amp.* She's th' only unmad Person o' my Family.

*Bro.* Indeed, my Lord, we're none of us mad.

*Amp.* I'm sure my Wifes base Disloyalty has made me so.

*Bro.* I'll soon change your Opinion i' that point, my Lord; and in few Words shew ye most apparent Proofs and Tokens, of both your Lady's Goodness and Fidelity. — First, you must know, she's brought to bed o' two Boys.

*Amp.* How, o' two Boys? *[More concernedly.]*

*Bro.* Yes, Sir.

*Amp.* Heavens be favourable! —

*Bro.* Let me speak, and I'll tell ye how tender the Gods ha' been o' your Lady and the whole Family.

*Amp.* Speak then.

*Bro.* When my Lady began to go of her Labour, and perceiv'd th' Approach o' th' usual Pains; with her Hands wash'd, and Head cover'd, she implor'd th' Assistance o' the Gods. Immediately it thunder'd so dreadfully, we first thought the whole House wou'd ha' fallen. Then every thing shin'd so gloriously, as if they were made o' Gold.

*Amp.* Pray ease me a little, now you've deceiv'd me enough. — What follow'd?

*Bro.* I the mean time, your Lady was deliver'd, and only without any Pains, for not a Groan, or the least Complaint, was heard to come from her.

*Amp.* I'm glad o' that, whate'er she has deserv'd at my Hands.

*Bro.*

*Bro.* Those things apart, and hear the rest. — After her Delivery, she gave us both the Children to wash. We took 'em, and the Boy that fell to my share, was so big, and withal so vastly strong, that we couldn't bind him in his Blankets.

*Amp.* These are Wonders indeed; if all be true, I do not question my Wifes particular Assistance from above.

*Bro.* You'll say there are greater behind. — After he was laid in his Cradle, two hugeons great Serpents came rolling down the Water-Spout into the Chamber, both rearing up their Heads —

*Amp.* Lack a day!

*Bro.* You needn't fear any thing. — The Serpents casting their Eyes about, and spying the Children, immediately made for the Cradles. Upon this, I drew 'em up and down, backwards and forwards, terribly afraid o' the Children, and my self too, they pursued 'em so fiercely. When the Child, I told y'of, saw this, he immediately started out of his Cradle, fell furiously upon 'em, and suddenly grasping each Serpent in his Hand, —

*Amp.* 'Tis wonderful strange. — This is such a dreadful Business, as sets me a shaking all over. — But what's next? Proceed.

*Bro.* — He destroy'd both the Serpents at once. In the mean time, my Lady was call'd with a loud Voice by —

*Amp.* Whom?

*Bro.* — *Jove*, the great King of Heaven and Earth, who openly declar'd he had layn wi' my Lady i' your Absence, and how that very Child who slew the Serpents was his; th' other, yours.

*Amp.* In good troth, I like this well enough, to be Sharer wi' *Jove* himself in his good Fortunes. — Go in, and get all the Vessels ready for a Sacrifice quickly, that I may thank him for his Favours with a great many Victims.

*Exit Bromia.*

SCENE

## SCENE III.

*Amphitryon alone.*

I'll immediately to the Divine *Jove*, consult him in what's fittest to be done; and tell him the whole Business from the Beginning to the Ending. — [*He is going off, and it thunders again.*] But what's the meaning of this tho? — How dreadfully it thunders! — Heavens bless me!

## SCENE IV.

*Jupiter descends in a Machine, in his own proper Shape.*

*Jup.* Courage, Prince *Amphitryon*; I'm come at last to calm all yours and your Families Troubles. Shake off all Fears. Enquire nothing o' Divines and Prophets, for I, great *Jove*, can better tell of past and future Things than they. — First, I enjoy'd *Alcmena*, by which she prov'd wi' Child; you had left her wi' Child too, when you went into the Campaign; of which two, she is brought to bed at once. That one that sprung from me, by his renown'd Acts shall gain immortal Honour. As for *Alcmena*, receive her to your former Favour. She has n't deserv'd the least Reproach you gave her; for she cou'dn't resist my Power. — Now I'll return to Heaven.

*Jupiter ascends.*

SCENE



## SCENE V.

*Amphitryon alone.*

I'll obey your great Commands, and humbly be  
the Performance o' your Promises. — I'll now to my  
Wife, and let old *Tiresias* alone. —

[ *He turns to the Spectators.* ]

Gallants, for Honour's Sake, and Great *Jove's* Cause,  
We hope you'll crown us with one loud Applause.

*Exit Amphitryon*

*The End of Amphitryon.*

REMARK

# REMARKS

## UPON

### AMPHITRYON.

**T**HE *Subject* of this Play is the most *single* that can possibly be, it being only the Birth of *Hercules*, and likewise the most noble of all the Comedies of the Ancients; not only for the bringing forth of such a Hero, but also for its Attendance by no less than two Gods, and with Thunders and Lightnings. This *Subject*, tho' great, is naturally very barren, especially if compared with many others; but this makes the Poet's Art appear still greater, in finding *Incidents* sufficient for a whole Play, when he had so little matter to work upon; and in the natural Management of *those*, he is admirable.

## The PROLOGUE.

**T**HE *Prologue* is spoken by *Mercury*, not only because he was the most proper Person to say and relate such Things as the Poet had most occasion for; but likewise, because it wou'd not have been so *probable* for another Person to have been abroad at that time of Night.

66 *Remarks upon Amphitryon.*

Pag. 3. lin. 17. &c. *By Jove's Orders I came, Mercury's my Title, sent hither by my Father to beg your Attention.*] Mercury, being in Disguise, and not in a Machine, as soon as he cou'd take breath after his long-winded Sentence, he tells the Spectators who he is. For tho' from that Sentence, they might pretty well guess at him, (more perhaps from his Office than his Oratory) yet the Poet takes care to make every thing perfectly clear, and intelligible, to the Spectators; that, above all things, they might never be at a Loss as to the Plot.

Pag. 5. l. 3. *And I'll make it a Hodge-podge, a Tragi-Comedy.*] *Faciam ut commixta sit Tragico-comœdia.* This is the only Play among the Ancients, that was call'd Tragi-Comedy; and this but in jest neither. But Plautus meant no such thing as we do by our Word Tragi-Comedy, as appears by the four following Verses: For always among the Ancients, the Representation of Kings and Great Mens Actions, made a Tragedy, and those of Common Persons, Comedy, whether the Catastrophes were prosperous or not, in either. If I had translated it, a Tragical-Comedy, perhaps it might have been higher the Author's Design, and as agreeable to the Comical Humour of him who spoke it.

Ibid. l. 8. &c. *I order the Guards to inspect Pit, Box, and Gallery, and if they find any suborn'd to clap an Actor, to take his Cloak for a Pawn.*] *Ut conquisitores singuli in subsellia eant per totam caveam, spectatoribus; si cui fautores delegatos viderint, uti iis in caveâ pignus capiantur toga.* The Romans were so great Encouragers of Plays, that they constantly order'd a Reward for him who play'd his Part best, which was paid him by the Edils, who were sworn to do Justice; and this often caus'd great Contests and Parties among 'em. I translated, *Conquisitores*, Guards; *Subsellia*, and *totam caveam*, Pit, Box, and Gallery; and *Toga*, Cloak, because they are the same in effect. I always take the like Liberty in such Cases, and that without any Design of changing the Scene to London.

Ibid

# Remarks upon Amphitryon. 67

Ibid. l. penult. &c. *A year ago, when the Players in-  
vok'd him in a pitiful Farce, he came to their Assistance.*] *Eti-  
am histriones annò cùm in proscenio hic Jovem invocà-  
runt, venit: auxilio eis fuit.* Some read it, *Nannio cùm in  
proscenio*, supposing it an Allusion to a Play call'd *Nan-  
nium proscenium*, from a famous Courtizan of that name:  
But this is very doubtful; and tho' questionless, it is a  
sharp Reflection upon some Play in those times; yet,  
on what, is uncertain. What Liberty is taken in the  
Translation, is only to make the *Satyr* of it more intel-  
ligible.

Page. 6. l. 5. *First, this City is call'd Thebes; &c.*] Here  
begins a Narration of all that was done before the open-  
ing of the Stage. This was *Plautus's* way in the rest of  
his *Prologues*, a thing which *Terence* never did; and  
truly *Plautus* is not to be commended for this; for it  
may seem to argue a want of Dexterity in doing of it  
by the *Authors* Mouths. But since the *Prologue* is no  
part of the Play, all being intire and compleat without  
it; and if these Narrations foretel nothing, like those of  
*Euripides*, their principal Fault then is, their being  
wholly *Impertinent*.

Page. 7. l. 15. &c. *Now, to distinguish me easily, I ha' lit-  
tle Wings upo' my Hat, and my Father a golden Tuft upon  
his.*] This is a second Instance of *Plautus's* Care of pre-  
venting all manner of Obscurity, or Confusion, in the  
Spectators; and tho' it is here done with no great Ad-  
dress, (since 'tis all in a *Prologue*) yet it may serve for  
a hint of the great Exactness of the Ancients in this  
Point; whereas the Moderns fail in nothing more than  
this; and by that means often miss of Success in their  
greatest Beauties.

F a

ACT

## ACT I.

## Scene the First.

Pag. 8. l. 8, &c. Out o' which damn'd Kitchen, no mor-  
row must I be dish'd up for the Whipping-Post. ] *Inde  
cras ē proutuaria cellā depromer ad flagrum.* The Joak of  
this cannot easily be preserv'd in our Language; which  
chiefly consists in the double Signification of the Word  
*Depromo*, which is either to *Draw*, or to *Take*, or else a  
proper Term in Cookery, such as, to *Dish*, to *Serve up*,  
or the like.

Pag. 10. l. 7, &c. Madam, at our first happy Arrival  
at th' Enemies Country, &c. ] Here begins an admirable  
Narration of a Battel; excellent, first, for the perfect  
Compleatness of the Description in so few Words, with  
an Air of Grandure, which makes it more diverting  
in a Servants mouth; but more especially, for the ex-  
traordinary Address of the Poet by finding such an in-  
genious Pretext for letting the Spectators know a thing  
so very necessary for their understanding the Plot, and  
that by the mouth of a single Person; so, both seriously  
informing, and comically delighting 'em the same time.  
If any object, that the Language is too good for a Ser-  
vant; it may be reply'd, that *Socia* says not a word but  
what he heard from others, and what he says now, is  
only to have his Speech perfect.

Pag. 12. l. 21, &c. Except that night I had the Strapo-  
do, and rid the Wooden Horse till Morning. ] *Nisi rem  
unam, verberatus quam pependi perpetuum.* Slaves, when  
they were beaten, were often hung up by the Legs or  
Hands, and kept in that Posture for a considerable  
while. For the Liberty I have taken, see the latter  
part of the fourth Remark upon the Prologue.

Pag. 13. l. 6. This may be some Rogue to steal my Cloak  
off my Back. ] *Illic hoc hominē denuo vult pallium detexere.*  
The

The Word *Detexere*, is a Weavers Term, signifying to Put on to the Loom, and the like. Now *Socia* seeing *Mercury* in a remarkable Posture, with his hands lifted up, he pleasantly intimates as tho' he had stood ready to take his Cloak, and new weave it for him; but this is not easily preserv'd in our Tongue. I believe it wou'd have done better, and nigher to the Author's Design, if I had translated it, *I'm afraid this Fellow has some great Business with my Cloak.*

*Ibid.* l. 24. *Dissociate me to Quintus.* ] *Quintus* *siam* *è* *Sosia*. The Jest of this, in the Original, is much greater than in the Translation: For it was usual among the Romans, to call their Sons by the Names of *Primus*, *Secundus*, *Tertius*, *Quartus*, *Quintus*, *Sextus*, &c. according to their Births; as likewise their Daughters by the Names of *Prima*, *Secunda*, *Tertia*, *Quarta*, &c.

Pag. 14. l. 21. *Far enough lately.* ] *Verum* *longè* *hinc* *ab-* *suit*. As *Madam Dacier* observes, it is *Socia* that says this, and not *Mercury*, as it is in all the common Books.

Pag. 15. l. 19, &c. *Whither away, Sirrah? you that carry Fire i' your Lantern.* ] *Quò* *ambulas*, *tù*, *qui* *Vulcanum* *in* *cornu* *conclusum* *geris*? I do not see how the Comicalness of this Passage can be preserv'd in our Tongue.

*Ibid.* l. 27, &c. *Sirrah, you'll be kick'd.* *Soc.* *You lye, Sir, for once.* ] *Verbero*. *So* *Adentis* *nunc* *jura*. The Jest here is wholly lost in the Translation, which consists in the double meaning of the Word *Verbero*; which is either a Noun, signifying, *A Slave that deserves to be beaten*; or a Verb, signifying, *I beat you*. Now *Mercury* us'd it in the former Sense, and *Socia* took it in the latter; and tho' it be but an ordinary Jest, it was agreeable enough to *Socia's* Character.

Pag. 16. l. 1, &c. *Sirrah, I shall stop that damn'd foul Mouth o' yours.* *Soc.* *'Tis past your skill, Sir. 'Tis kept as well and as clean as any Mans.* ] *Ego* *tibi* *istam* *hodie* *scele-* *ram* *comprimam* *linguam*. *So.* *Hand* *potes*: *bene* *pudice* *que* *asservatur*. This is exactly of the same Stamp with the last; playing upon the double meaning of the Word

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*Comprimo*, which signifies, to *Stop, Stay, or Repress*; as likewise, *to lye with a Woman*. It was us'd in the former Sense by the first, and taken in the latter by the last; and has nothing of that ill meaning which the Commentators and others imagine, they being most certainly in the wrong. I have more successfully translated, or rather imitated, this than the last, by making the Opposites, *Foul and Clean*, as he had done *Comprimo* and *Pudice*; especially since, *I'll stop your foul Mouth*, is as common a Phrase among us, as *Comprimere linguam* was among the Romans.

Ibid. l. 19. *I shall exalt your Worship to the Honour.* *Feciam ego hodie te superbum.* Some think that the Word *Superbum*, here signifies *Death*, and *Auferere*, immediately after, *being carry'd in a Coffin*, or the like; and others think *Superbum*, a great *Swelling*, by the Blows he would give him. But the way that I have done it, seems to me to be much the more natural Sense, and to have the most Wit in it.

Pag. 17. l. 4, &c. *You came w<sup>th</sup> your Feet, not w<sup>th</sup> your Cloaths.* *Certe pedibus, non tunicis venis.* This, in itself, is one of the meanest Jests in the Play; but considering that *Mercury* had to deal with a mean, parriling, quibbling Fellow, who wrested all his Words to a wrong Meaning, (particularly his *Verbera* and *Comprimo*) and one whom he was to banter all the ways he cou'd, it seems proper enough in this place.

Pag. 21. l. 8, &c. *He has erected my Statue & my Lifetime; I'll be sworn no body will honour me so much after I'm dead and gone.* *Vivo fit, quod nunquam quisquam mortui faciet mihi.* This is Wit in all Languages.

*Scene the Second.*

This Scene is a Part of the Prologue; for which our Poet is not to be excus'd, not only for placing it here, and so confounding the Spectators Attention by mingling their Concerns with the Actors, but likewise



foretelling in it, the *Catastrophe*, which ought to have been carefully conceal'd from them. The first of these Faults, to wit; his mingling the Actors and Spectators Concerns, he is several times guilty of in other Plays, and when it is not by way of *Prologue* neither; but the latter, he is guilty of no where but in his *Prologue* to *Picnicur*, that I remember.

Pag. 22. l. 12. *My Father's so tender of Alcmena.*] *Alcmena hujus honoris gratia, pater curavit.* As Madam Dacier observes, this *Tenderness* is in respect of her *Health* and *Body*, and not of her *Reputation*, as the Word *Honoris* seem to imply.

### Scene the Third.

Pag. 23. l. 1. *Take care o' the bringing up the Child.*] *Verum quid eris natum, talito.* It seems very odd to us, that *Jupiter* shou'd leave such an impertinent useless Command with *Alcmena*; but in those days nothing was more common, than the exposing of their Children, so that this Order was very proper at that time; and the Word *Talito* alludes to that very Custom.

Ibid. l. 14. *If your Lady shou'd find out the Cheat.*] *Ille si istis rebas se sciat operam dare.* It is a great doubt among the Interpreters, whether this *Ille* means *Juno* or *Alcmena*; therefore I have done it in as general Terms as my Author has.

### Scene the Fifth.

Pag. 25. l. 8. *This has been a longer night than ordinary.*] Many Learned Men have mistaken this long Night for that of *Hercules's* Begetting, and so have thought this Play had continued nine or ten Months; whereas this, most evidently, is that immediately before his Birth; our Poet not going according to the common Fable, as they suppos'd he did.

## ACT II.

THE first *Interval* is fill'd up with *Socia's* returning to the *Port*, to tell his Master *Amphitryon* all the strange Things he had seen.

## Scene the First.

It ought to be observ'd, that the whole time of this *Scene's* acting, *Amphitryon*, *Socia*, and the *Prisoners*, are moving towards the Front of the Stage, and *Amphitryon's* Door; which may well enough be, considering the Vastness of the *Roman Stage*, being 180 Foot in the Front. This *Scene* cannot be represented with nigh the Probability upon our small Stage.

Pag. 28. l. 23. *The Fellow's bewitch'd; and fallen into some ill hands.* ] *Huic homini nescio quid est mali malâ obiectum manu.* Our Phrase, *Ill Hands*, has the same meaning that *Malâ manu* has here, which signifies those *Witches*, or *Sorcerers*; therefore *Socia's* Jest, immediately following, is as effectual in the Translation as in the Original. I added the Word *Bewitch'd*, to make it still more clear.

## Scene the Second.

Pag. 31. l. 16, &c. *Why there's your Lady has din'd, & her Belly.* *Amp. Po, Blockhead, I left her w<sup>th</sup> Child when I went to the Campaign.* ] I am apt to believe, that the Jest of *Socia's* would scarcely pass Master upon our Theatre, tho' in a *Farce*; yet still it serves to keep up the Character, and carry on the Humour of a mean Slave, such as *Socia* was. But what is most remarkable, is, that this insipid Jest shoud be a Preparation to the *Main Incident*, and there is but one more in the whole Comedy except in the *Prologue*, which in reality is no part of the Play. If the Matter of a Preparation be ridiculous, it oftentimes the Poet's Art and Cunning, tho' I know not whether I may say it w<sup>th</sup> so here.

## Remarks upon Amphitryon.

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Pag. 33. l. 34, &c. *Yes, Madam, there are Fruits too, of Lying in Women, and Fruits too, to strengthen their Hearts, and keep 'em from Swooning.* ] *Enimvero pregnantis oportet & malum, & malum dari, ut quod obrodas sit, animo si male esse acciperis.* The Wit (or whatever the Reader please to call it) of this Passage, consists in *Socia's* playing upon the ambiguous Word *Malum*, which *Alcmena* had spoken just before; and this signifies either a *Mischief*, or an *Apple*; therefore nothing, that I know of, in our Language, cou'd answer it so well as *Fruits*, which may be taken in either good or bad Sense.

### Scene the Fourth.

Pag. 38. l. 5. *You complain'd o' Drowsiness.* ] This is the middle of a remarkable *Narration*, which is, by pieces, scatter'd through this and the Second Scene. The Poet ingeniously contrives here, to tell the Spectators of many considerable Matters, and yet, all the time, seems to have no manner of *Design* for any such thing, but a quite different one. This sort of Address is always to be admired, and as much to be imitated.

*Ibid.* l. 21. *A very pretty Business; if she has taken away his Manhood, and made him a Lady.* ] *Hæret hæc res: siquidem hæc jam mulier facta est ex viro.* This is right *Socia* again, playing upon the Word *Vir*, which *Amphitryon* had just upbraided his Wife with, signifying both *Husband*, and *Man*. Here, by luck, the Word *Lord* has preserv'd the Jest as well.

*Ibid.* l. 13. *I never gave any Man but you, the least Liberty, &c.* ] *Uti mihi extra annum te mortali nemo corpus corpore contigit.* *U* *Plautus* has made *Alcmena* speak here according to her high Quality, as I doubt not but he has; it plainly appears, that our way of expressing Things in this nature, is more modest, clean, and genteel, than theirs usually was.

A C T

## ACT III.

**T**HE second *Inter-act* is fill'd up with *Amphitryon* going to search for *Naucratus*.

## Scene the First.

This Scene is still but a part of the *Prologue*; and it be a great Fault to confound the Spectators Conception with the *Theatrical Action*, and such as cannot be vindicated; yet at the same time, it ought not to be forgot, that the *Prologue* is never any part of the Play, as I serv'd before.

Pag. 41. l. 3. *My Lodgings are i'th' upper Garret. I superiorem qui habito cenaculo.* If this Passage be consider'd as spoken immediately to the Spectators, it is very comical; for whether he be look'd upon as real *Jupiter* or as a poor Player and Slave, whose Lodgings were always in the Garret, it agrees exactly with him. But it is almost lost in our Tongue, even tho' a better Word than *Garret* were us'd.

## Scene the Second.

*Ibid.* l. penult. &c. *The House is given odious to me since my Lord accuses me o' Dishonesty, Scurrility, and Infamy.* The Poet had a very great Occasion for *Alcmena's* appearing at this time, both for the Reconciliation, and the notable Consequences thereof: But see what an ingenious Pretext he finds for her coming there at this time, as likewise he has, at the two other times she appears, when both the Hour and Place might have made it very improbable for a Woman of her Rank and Quality. Whenever this Rule is not observ'd in a Play, nothing seems more forc'd and unnatural, or nothing more botch'd and bungl'd.

Pag. 43. l. 9, 10. *Let me beg, and intreat ye, to forgive me.*

forget, and be pacify'd.] Oro, obsecro, da mihi hoc veniam, ignosce, irata ne sis. This Place, among many others, may be an Instance of my binding my self so scrupulously to my Author's Words, even when they have just the same Signification, which often makes a Translation the worse, as, perhaps, in this place. But whenever such be made to run well, it does not only show the Translator's Skill, and the Copiousness of our Words or Expressions, but likewise is very useful to teach young Scholars both Languages at once.

Ibid. l. 13, 14. Eusebius, keep your own Things, and let me be mine.] Valeas, tibi habeas res tuas, reddas meas. This was the constant Form of Words us'd at a Divorce, and consequently the Beauty of it must be lost in our Language.

Page 44. l. 2. But I must send for Blepharon, our Ships Pilot, & invite him to Dinner. — But not a mouthful shall Socia get; and here'll be rare sport when I come to grapple with Amphitryon.] Jupiter's sending for Blepharon, was an excellent Preparation of the Poet's, to cause all that Sport which happen'd in the Fourth Act, and to bring about the Catastrophe more dextrously; but still he took care to have a fair Pretence for so doing. His foretelling something of this sport, in another place, wou'd have been a Fault, but here it serves purely to raise the Audience's Expectations; and nothing makes a Play succeed better than doing of that well.

### Scene the Fifth.

Page 45. l. 1. ut. The mean time I'm sacrificing to my self.] Here ends the Third Act, which is contrary to all the common Books, which make it end a Scene after. Here is manifest Cessation of Action upon the Stage, when in the other there is none.

ACT

## ACT IV.

THE third *Interval* is fill'd up with *Amphitryon* looking for *Naucrates*, *Socia's* for *Blepbaron*, with *Jupiter's* and *Alcmena's* Sacrificing.

## Scene the First.

The greatest part of this *Scene*, makes the last Part of the *Prologue*, or at least, it is so much of that Name as properly enough to be call'd by that Name, though it be not placed before the Play, as the Word *Prologue* in the most strict Sense, implies.

Pag. 46. l. 7, &c. *Their vast haste, is only for a Vase safely arriv'd, an old Fellow upo' the Fret, or so.*] This and a Line or two before, was design'd by *Plautus* for a Satyr upon some of the *Play-Wrights* of his time, whose chiefeft Beauties, it seems, consisted in a Slave's running in vast haste with some such News as before mentioned, and throwing down all he meets; so making the Spectators laugh by such means, when they could not be better.

## Scene the Second.

In this little *Scene*, there is a great deal of Art of a Poet, by making *Amphitryon* so particularly tell the several places he had been at, to look for *Naucrates*; for if it had been otherwise, the Spectators might all have wonder'd that *Socia* did not meet him, since he was gone but a little before to the same place; and their Meeting wou'd have spoil'd the whole Plot. This is an excellent Instance of the exact *Probability* that the Ancients observ'd; and what is still remarkable, is, that tho' at another time it wou'd have been undecent, and unlikely for a Man of his Quality to look himself at so many places, yet now it was highly probable, since he was extremely overcome with Rage and Jealousie.

## Scene the Third.

Pag. 48. l. 21. *Thou cursed branded Rogue.*] *Ulmorum*  
*cheranus.* That is to say, One whose Back had consum'd as  
 much Brush-Wood as Hell cou'd. A Verbal Translation,  
 in this place, wou'd have sounded wretchedly. Perhaps,  
 Thou Plague to the Whipping-Post, might have done as  
 well as any.

Ibid. l. antepenult. &c. *Then I shall sacrifice—* Amp.  
*What?* Mer. *Something to your Worship's Paste.*] *Sacrificio*  
 Am. *Qui?* Me. *Quia enim te mactō infortunio.* The  
 of this Passage consists in *Mercury's* playing so comi-  
 cally upon the Word *Mactō*, which is a proper Term  
 us'd in Sacrificing, and, in that place, the same with  
*Facere aucto*, and *Augeo*; and whereas it is usually join'd  
 to *Honore*, and the like, he merrily joins it to *Infortunio*,  
 for it is in *Terence's Phormio*. This cannot be preserv'd in  
 our Tongue; yet this Translation does in a great mea-  
 sure answer the Design.

Pag. 49. l. 1. *You, Jail-bird?*] *Tui me mactes, car-*  
*ceris?* All from this, to nigh the End of this Act, is  
 generally suppos'd to have been done by another hand;  
 whether it be so or no, I shall not offer to deter-  
 mine. However, it is undoubtedly very ancient, and  
 the Plot and Incidents as well carry'd on as *Plautus* himself  
 could have done; and I believe that those Persons who  
 are able to prove it not his by the difference in *Stile*,  
 will be less able to do it by the difference in *Spirit* and  
*Humour*.

Ibid. l. 20. *You ought to get your Brains clear'd.*] *Bac-*  
*chus te exercuisse oportuit.* This is spoken in Reference  
 to *Drunkenness*, or rather indeed *Madness*, which *Mercury*  
 has to *Amphitryon's* Charge; and therefore the Word  
*exercuisse*, about 18 Verses after, in that place, seems  
 pretty enough translated, *Tom a-Bedlam*.



*Scene the Fifth.*

It is pleasant to observe how naturally the Comical Incidents in this Scene, spring from their Preparations in the second and third Scenes of the third Act.

Pag. 51. l. 19. *But why do I mention Foreign Prodigies, &c.* All this Monologue is of a right Tragical Strain; the Passion truly just and natural; and the Thought as ingenious and moral. It seems to be writ exactly with the same Spirit as that Monologue in the beginning of the second Scene of the second Act.

*Scene the Sixth.*

Pag. 55. l. 11, &c. *Nothing goes well w<sup>th</sup> me to day. I left Blepharon and Socia, to hunt up my Coxen Naucrettes; him I can't find high nor low, and 'other two I've quite lost.* Many have mistaken the Design of this Place, and have thought it was spoken by Amphitryon, or that something had been left out; whereas Jupiter speaks this only to puzzle and confound Amphitryon, Blepharon and Socia, and so carry on his Design the better.

*Scene the Seventh.*

Pag. 56. l. 17. *For that Affront, I'll challenge ye.* It may seem very indecent for Jupiter and Amphitryon to scuffle at this rate, and not rather to have drawn their Swords; but this agrees exactly with that Character which Mercury in the Prologue gives of this Play, which he calls it *Tragi-Comedy*. Besides, drawing of Swords might have prov'd too Tragical.

Pag. 57. l. 15. *Because if our Army were routed, I might secure m<sup>y</sup> own Retreat.* The Application of this Passage is very Satyrical, considering this Play was acted before the Romans, whose Generals were never us'd to practice such ways. The Sharpness of the Reflection is considerably lost upon our Stages.

Pag. 58. l. 22. *And I can go no further \*.*] *Quid agam*  
*scio.* Here ends all that which goes by the Name of  
*appositions.*

## ACT V.

THE fourth Interval is fill'd by *Amphitryon's* being in  
a Swoon upon the Stage, and *Alcmena's* Labour.  
This Interval is very peculiar; and I don't know ano-  
ther Instance of this nature among the Ancients, but in  
the *Medea* of *Euripides*: So that an *Act* is finish'd whenever  
the Stage is without *Action*, whether there be an *Actor*  
there or no.

### Scene the First.

Pag. 59. l. ult. *Mercy upo' me! What shall I do? I've*  
*seen so many Prodigies within.*] The Poet had a particular  
occasion for *Bramio's* appearing at this time; therefore  
he has found a very fair Pretext for bringing of her there,  
*wit, the great Fright she was in within Doors*, which  
reason she more particularly alledges in the next Scene.

Pag. 60. l. 6, &c. *What Voices and Noises, what Clashes*  
*and Flashes? How suddenly, how frequently, how terribly*  
*thunder'd!*] *Strepitus, crepitus, sonitus, tonitrus; ut su-*  
*per, ut propero, ut valide tonuit?* It seems, among the  
Ancients, when'er *Jupiter* appear'd like a God, it was  
ways with Thunder and Lightning. Since this is a  
part of a rumbling Passage in the Original, I have also  
made it so in my Translation.

l. 24. *My Lord!*] Here ends the first Scene. Now  
any shou'd blame me for making a Distinction of Scenes  
when the same Persons are still upon the Stage; I reply,  
that the very same Thing that made the Distinction  
of *Acts*, as *Amphitryon's* Condition did, must undoubt-  
edly make the Distinction of Scenes.

Scene

*Scene the Second.*

Pag. 61. l. 16. *First, you must know, she's brought to bed o' two Boys.*] This is the Beginning of a pleasant and lively *Narration*, which is attended with all its due Circumstances; to wit, the Place as well as the Party proper for the Relation; the Person necessary to hear it, and, above all, the *Design* of relating it, which was *The Vindication of Alcmena's Honour*. All these Circumstances are not only to make it *probable*, but also to keep the Spectators from supposing it made for their *Information*; which, tho' it is the principal *Design* of all *Narrations*, yet nothing ought more industriously to be conceal'd from them, than such a *Design*.

*Scene the Fourth.*

*Jupiter's descending here, agrees exactly with Horace's Rule, Nec Deus interfit, nisi dignus vindice nodus insidet.* For a God cou'd never come upon a better *Design*, or in a better Time, to satisfy either *Amphitryon*, or the Spectators.

*Scene the Fifth.*

Pag. 64. l. 4. *And great Jove's Cause.*] *Jovis summa causa.* The Romans believ'd that this Play made much for the Honour of *Jupiter*; therefore, afterwards, it was commonly Acted in Times of publick Troubles and Calamities, to appease his Anger.

*The End of the Remarks upon Amphitryon.*



# Dramatis Personæ.

## M E N.

Periphanes, *an old Rich Gentleman of Athens, and Father to Stratippocles.*

Apecides, *Another old Gentleman, his Neighbour.*

Stratippocles, *A Young Gentleman, Son to Periphanes, and belonging to the Army.*

Cheribulus, *Another Young Gentleman, his Friend and Companion.*

Epidicus, *The cunning Servant to Periphanes, and Stratippocles.*

Thesprion, *Armour-Bearer to Stratippocles.*

A Captain, *Of Rhodes, a Braggadocio.*

A Banker, *Of Thebes, of whom Stratippocles had taken up Money.*

## W O M E N.

Philippa, *A Woman of Epidaurus, kept by Periphanes in her young Days.*

Thelestis, *Belov'd by Statippocles, who buys her at the Camp.*

Acropolitis, *A Musick-Girl, belov'd by Stratippocles, and by him set free in his Absence.*

A Musick-Woman, *that passes for Stratippocles's Mistress.*

## M U T E S.

*Servants, Attendants, &c.*

SCENE, *Athens, in the Street. On one Side of the Stage, stands Periphanes's and Apecides's Houses; on the other, Cheribulus's House.*

TIME, *About Five or Six Hours, beginning at Six or Seven a Clock in the Morning.*

## ACT I.

## SCENE I.

*Enter Thesprion, wrapt up in his Cloak, in great haste ;  
and immediately after, Epidicus, who catches hold of  
him.*

*Epi.* Stay, young Man.

*Thef.* Who's that puls me by the Cloak, when  
I'm in such haste.

*Epi.* A Friend.

*Thef.* So it seems. But you're a plaguy impertinent  
one.

*Epi.* Open your Eyes, *Thesprion*.

*Thef.* *turning about*] Bless me ! *Epidicus*, is't you ?

*Epi.* You may trust your Eyes for once.

*Thef.* O, good morrow t'ye.

*Epi.* And a good Day to you. Well-come home  
with all my Heart.

*Thef.* Well, and what next ?

*Epi.* Why next, Boy, I'll present ye with a Treat,  
according to th'usual Custom.

*Thef.* Upon Honour then——

*Epi.* What ?

*Thef.*—I'll accept of't, if you do.

*Epi.* Well but how d'ye ? How fares your Corps ?

*Thef.* My Face is a Sample o' that.

*Epi.* Now I have ye, rare Rogue ! thou'rt got to be  
fatter, and in better plight than ever.

*Thes.* Ay, Thanks to this thriving Hand— *{holding up*

*Epi.*—Which ought t'ha' been cut off long *{his Hand, since.*

*Thes.* Pshaw, I'm grown more honest than formerly.

*Epi.* How so?

*Thes.* Because I steal more openly.

*Epi.* A duce on ye, for setting such plaguy large Strides. As soon as I laid Eye on ye at the Port, I ran like a Race-Horse, but cou'd n't come up wi'ye for my Guts, till now.

*Thes.* Po, you're a puny Town-Chitterlin.

*Epi.* You're a hectoring Camp-Bully, I know.

*Thes.* 'Tis a little scurrilous, but speak your Pleasure.

*Epi.* Ha'ye been well e're since you went, what say ye?

*Thes.* Off and on—

*Epi.*—The Wooden Horse, you mean. O, I hate that damn'd Variety most mortally.

*Thes.* Why, I told ye nothing but Truth.

*Epi.* Come, answer me me sincerely.—What's become of our Master's Son? How does he do?

*Thes.* Lusty, and strong as *Hercules*.

*Epi.* Now you've told me the joyfullest News i'the World: But where is he?

*Thes.* He came along wi'me.

*Epi.* How so? unless you brought him home i'your Knapsack, or else in your Pocket.

*Thes.* O hang ye.

*Epi.* Or you:—I must examine you; hear me, and you shall be heard i'your turn.

*Thes.* The very Words of a Judge, in truth.

*Epi.* It becomes my Gravity.

*Thes.* You don't pretend to be *Lord Chief Justice* d'ye?

*Epi.* Why, d'ye know a more honourable Person i' Town than I?



*Thef.* But, Old Boy, you want one Accountment to your Office.

*Epi.* Prethee what's that?

*Thef.* Your Beadles, with their Staffs for your Honour's Pate.

*Epi.* You're a damn'd Rogue. But what's your Answer?

*Thef.* To what Question, pray?

*Epi.* What's become o' my Master *Stratippocles*'s Arms?

*Thef.* Faith, fain into th' Enemy's Hands.

*Epi.* His Arms?

*Thef.* They went away with a Whip.

*Epi.* Don't ye banter now?

*Thef.* Troth, I'm in earnest. They have 'em in possession.

*Epi.* Mary, 'twas a plaguy Business.

*Thef.* Po, *Achilles*, and others ha'done the same before him. I'll warrant ye 'twill redound to his Honour.

*Epi.* As how, I beseech ye?

*Thef.* For following such noble Examples.

*Epi.* Troth, I believe *Vulcan* made his Arms for him; they were so plaguy quick in going over to th' Enemy. If our Son o' *Theris* has lost his, the kind *Nereids* will bring him more. But then he must be sure to supply th' Armorers w' Stuff and Materials, if e'r he hopes to be plunder'd every Campaign.

*Thef.* Come, adone w' this Discourse.

*Epi.* That's as your Worship pleases.

*Thef.* Leave impertinant Questions.

*Epi.* But tell me, where's my Master *Stratippocles*?

*Thef.* There's a certain reason why he daren't come w' me.

*Epi.* Prethee what is't?

*Thef.* He has no desire to be seen of his Father.

*Epi.* Why so?

*Thef.* I'll tell ye.—He has brought out o' the Plunder,

a young Captive Lass, fair and sprightly, who seems of a good Family.

*Epi.* What's this I hear?

*Thef.* The same that comes from my Mouth,

*Epi.* What did he buy her for?

*Thef.* Because he had a mind to her.

*Epi.* And how many Minds has this Creature got? I'm sure, before he went to the Campaign, he left me in charge to buy him a Musick-Girl, he lov'd, of a certain Slave-Merchant, and I've executed his Orders.—

*Thef.* Just as the Wind blows, my Friend, so you must furl your Sails.

*Epi.* Alas! I'm broke all in pieces!

*Thef.* How; why so?

*Epi.* But——what did this Lass cost?

*Thef.* Little enough.

*Epi.* That's none o' my Question.

*Thef.* What then?

*Epi.* How many Pounds?

*Thef.* So many [Holding up his Fingers.

*Epi.* What, a hundred Pounds?

*Thef.* Which he took up of a Banker at Thebes, and gives him above a Groat i' the Pound Interest for every Day he has it.

*Epi.* Lamentable!

*Thef.* The Banker's come over with him, and demands the Mony.

*Epi.* Bless me? I'm ruin'd to the Devil and all.

*Thef.* How so? What's the matter, my Friend?

*Epi.* He has lost me.

*Thef.* Who has.

*Epi.* The Gentleman who lost his Arms.

*Thef.* But why so?

*Epi.* Why, he was continually dunning me wi' Letters from th' Army, to—[Aside] But mum for that. 'Tis better for a Slave to set his Ears on work, than his Tongue; that's the wisest course by half.

*The.*

*Thef.* Troth, I can't imagine why you tremble so. Poor *Epidicus*, thou'rt in a sad pickle: guilty o' some damnable bus'ness i' my Absence, and thy very looks betray thee.

*Epi.* Prethee, don't tease me so.

*Thef.* I'll be gone then.

*Epi.* Stay, you shan't go yet. [*He holds him.*]

*Thef.* Why, not yet?

*Epi.* But is he really in love with the Girl he bought?

*Thef.* A pretty Question!—up to the Ears, Man.

*Epi.* Then my poor Back must smart for't.

*Thef.* He loves her better than ever he did you.

*Epi.* And let the Devil love you.

*Thef.* Prethee leave that subject, — He charg'd me not to go home to his Fathers, but directly to *Charlus* — he's here, till he came there himself.

*Epi.* Why so?

*Thef.* Because he wou'd n't so much as meet, or see his Father, till he had clear'd all with his Banker.

*Epi.* This is Hell upon Earth!

*Thef.* Now let me go and meet him.

*Epi.* What will th' old Man say, when he comes to know o' this? However, let's fall nobly, without Swords in our Hands.

*Thef.* Fall how you please, what's that to me?

*Epi.* I'll not fall singly; I shall desire the same Civility o' you too, as one Friend wou'd of another.

*Thef.* Wou'd Old Nick had you and your Projects too.

*Epi.* Go then, if you be in such plaguy haste.

*Thef.* If it be so, I ne'r met with a more easie parting.

[*Exit Thespion.*]

G 4

SCENE

## SCENE II.

Epidicus alone.

He's gone, and now thou'rt alone: thou seest in what a sweet Condition thou'rt in, Mr. *Epidicus*; and without speedy Relief, thou'rt undoubtedly blown up. So many tottering Ruins, and such vast Loads o' Mischiefs come tumbling upo' my Head, that 'tis impossible to subsist without a thousand Props. And yet I can't find one to help to sustain this confounded Shock. — What a Rogue was I 't' impose upo' th' Old Man wi' my damn'd Tricks, and make him believe he had redeem'd his Daughter, when 'twas only a Musick-Girl, his Son's Miss, whom he order'd to buy when he went to the Camp. But now my Gentleman, to please his Humour, has pick'd up another there, and my Skin must pay the purchase: For when our old Fox comes once to smell out the Roguery, I shall be flea'd alive. Therefore have all your Wits about ye. — Projecting's to no purpose; for my Brains are all Confusion. — [*He looks upon himself*] *Epidicus*, thou'rt an errant Ass. — [*In another Tone*] But why so scurrilous, my Friend! — Because, Fool, thou'st left thy self to the wide Word. — Why, what won'd y' be madd? — Why that Question to me? — Because formerly y' use to be so plaguy cunning at advising. — What? — What, I say? — I must to work upon something. — But I'm too backward in meeting my Gentleman, to know how matters stand. — [*Discovering Stratippocles and Cheribulus*] O here he comes, i' the dumps too, with his Friend *Cheribulus*. — I'll move on one side, to hear their Discourse wi' more ease.

[*He stands on one side a little.*]

SCENE

## SCENE III.

*Enter Stratippocles and Cheribulus, at another part of the Stage.*

*Stra.* Thus I've told ye the whole Story, *Cheribulus*; and given ye a full Account o' my Troubles and Love.

*Che.* Sure, *Stratippocles*, thou'rt very childish for one o' thy Age and Courage. What, asham'd o' thy Bargan, Man, when she's one of a good Family? Who a duce can blame thee for this?

*Stra.* All those who envy'd me, ha' declared themselves m'Enemies upo' this Account; tho' truly to her Chastity, I ne'r offer'd the least Violence or Incivility.

*Che.* This is a Vertue, in my Opinion, a degree above any common moderation in Love.

*Stra.* Po, Words will give no ease to a Man in pain: He's the Friend, whose Actions supply one in a puzzling Case, and at a pinch.

*Che.* How wou'd y' ha' me help ye?

*Stra.* By lending me a hundred Pounds, to pay off the Banker I had it of.

*Che.* Really if I had it, you shou'dn't ask me twice.

*Stra.* What am I the better, when your Liberality lies wholly in Words, and nothing at all in Deeds.

*Che.* Why, Faith, every day I'm teaz'd, and worried to death with a parcel o' Duns.

*Stra.* I'de sooner see such Friends starve in Prison than live in a Palace.——Well, I must borrow *Epidicus's* help, tho' I pay dearly for th' use of t; but I shall send him to *Bridewel* with his Skin stript o're his Ears, if he doesn't procure the hundred Pounds as soon as the last Word's pronounc'd.

*Epi. aside.* I'm in a hopeful Condition: He promises well, and I don't question his performance, if the least.

least. So then, my Back shall be nobly treated, and all at free Cost.—I'll e'n board 'em.—[Goes to them.] My dear Master, no Man's more joyful at your safe Arrival than your humble Servant *Epidicus*.

*Stra.* [turning about] Where's he?

*Epi.* Here, Sir——I'm glad to see you well in Town agen.

*Stra.* I don't question but y'are, as much as my self.

*Epi.* Have ye been well all this time, Sir.

*Stra.* In Body, but not in Mind.

*Epi.* Why, Sir, I perform'd my Duty, and observ'd your Commands, to a tittle. I've bought up the Girl you sent so many Letters about.

*Stra.* You've lost your Labour i' that.

*Epi.* Lost, how, Sir?

*Stra.* Because at present, she neither charms, nor pleases me.

*Epi.* Then what occasion was there for so many repeated Commands, and Letters?

*Stra.* I lov'd her then, but now my Heart's otherwise engag'd.

*Epi.* Faith 'tis very hard, t'have one's Services so ill rewarded. My best Endeavours are turn'd against me, by the sickleness o' your Passion.

*Stra.* I wasn't *Compos mentis*, when I writ those Letters.

*Epi.* Must I atone for your crazy Tricks; and my Back pay the price o' your Indiscretion?

*Stra.* What's all this prating? I've occasion for a hundred Pounds down o' the Nail, which must be paid to the Banker with all Expedition.

*Epi.* Pray, where shall I ha't? Of what Banker shoud I take it up?

*Stra.* Where you please. But if I ha'n't the Money before Sunset, ne'r expect to see home agen, but strait to Bridemill you go.

*Epi.*

*Epi.* You, Sir, can talk o' these things unmov'd, without dread or danger. I'm right sensible o' m' Executioners, and the pain of a good Beating.

*Stra.* How then? Wou'd you see your Master make way with himself?

*Epi.* Not so neither.—I'll first run the hazard, as bold as it is.

*Stra.* Now I like ye: Thour't a brave Fellow in-troth.

*Epi.* I'm resolv'd t' undergo what you'd ha' me.

*Stra.* What will ye do with the Musick-Girl you bought then?

*Epi.* I'll warrant ye, I'll ha' some Invention, some Expedient, or some Trick to save all at last.

*Stra.* Faith thou'st a fruitful Noddle, to my Knowledge.

*Epi.* I know a rich *Euboean* Captain, with Mony at Command, who when he comes to know o' your buying of this, and your bringing home th' other, he'll earnestly be at ye, to take her off your Hands.—But where's the Girl you brought wi' ye.

*Stra.* She shall be forth-coming.

*Che.* What stay we here for?

*Stra.* Let's to yours, and there make a jolly Day on't.

[*Exeunt Stratippocles and Cheribulus.*]

S C E N E IV.

*Epidicus alone.*

Go in. The mean time, in these Brains must I have a Committee o' the whole House, to consider of Ways and Means for the raising o' Supplies to carry on this vigorous War.—Well, Friend *Epidicus*, look well to thy hits; for this is a plaguy sudden Bus'ness. The De'el a bit o' time's here for dozing, or delaying; for



a swinging Battery must be rais'd against th' old Mans Pockets.——In then, *Epidicus*, and keep thy young Master from stragling here, least his old Father shou'd chance to snap him up.

[*Exit Epidicus after them.*]

*The End of the First Act.*

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.

*Enter Apeicides and Periphanes.*

*Ape. entering.* **T**Is a common failing in most People, t' use Modesty when there's no occasion for't; and when there's most of all, they lay't aside. What need ye be asham'd o' marrying one of a good Family, tho' of mean Fortune; especially one, as you believe, you had your Daughter by, that's now at home?

*Per.* I dread my Son's Reproaches.

*Ape.* Edod, I thought the Remembrance o' your last Wife, had frightened you from Matrimony; for you ne'r can look upon her Grave, but y' offer Thanks for her Departure: And truly you've reason, since y' had the good luck t' out-live that cross Piece.

*Per.* O, I was a second *Hercules* i' the time of her Reign. His Combate with the *Amazonian* Queen, was nothing to what I endured.

*Ape.* Troth, the Money did well however.

*Per.* Ay marry, if I could ha' had it alone.

SCENE

## SCENE II.

*Epidicus appears at Cheribulus's Door.*

*Epi. to Stratippocles and Cheribulus within.]* St' St' !  
Silence ! Courage, my Lads. Nothing but signs o'  
good luck. Then I've a plaguy sharp Lancet to breath  
the best Vein i'th' old Man's Purse.—[*Coming from  
the Door.*] O yonder's he.—Both th' old Bables as I  
could wish, before *Apecides's Door*. Now will I turn  
Horse-leech, and suck out the Hearts Blood o' these old  
Fools, who pass for the prime Pillars o' the State.

*Ape.* Marry him as soon as you can.

*Per.* I like your Advice.

*Ape.* I heard he was intangl'd with a Musick-Girl,  
but who I can't tell.

*Per.* Ay, that goes to the Heart o' me.

*Epi. overhearing them.]* In good Faith, I've th' Assist-  
ance, Bounty and Love of all the Gods. For th' old  
Men ha' now open'd a Passage for my Tricks to make In-  
cursions, and snub 'em o' their Mony.—About it then,  
Friend *Epidicus*, wrap thy short Cloak about thee, and  
pretend t'ha' been looking the whole Town for th' old  
Man: Do all with a jerk.—[*He throws his Cloak about  
him, and seems in vast haste.*] Bless my Soul ! what  
would I give to meet wi' my Master *Peraphanes* at home.  
I'm tyr'd off my Legs, wi' searching all the Town over  
for him, at the Surgeons, the Barbers, the Race-  
Ground, the Market, the Perfumers, the Armorers,  
and all the Bankers i' the Town.—I'm quite hoarse  
with asking, and was nigh breaking my Neck a hun-  
dred times for haste.

*Per. Epidicus !*

*Epi.* Who calls *Epidicus* ?

*Per.* I'm *Periphanes*.

[*Sarclily.*

*Ape.*

*Ape.* And I, *Apeccides*.

*Epi.* And, troth, I'm *Epidicnu*.——O, Sir, I've met ye both i' the best time i' the World.

*Per.* What's the matter?

*Epi.* Hold.——Pray give me a little time to breath in——

*Per.* Well, take time then.

*Epi.* O my Heart!——Let me take breath——

*Ape.* Come, rest your self.

*Epi.* Now observe.——All the Troops that were marching to *Thebes*, are discharg'd, and sent home.——

*Ape.* Who told you so?

*Epi.* I affirm it to be true.

*Per.* On your own Knowledge?

*Epi.* Yes, Sir.

*Per.* How came you to know't?

*Epi.* Because I saw the Streets as full o' Soldiers as they cou'd pack, with all the Arms, and Horses.——

*Per.* This is extreordinary indeed.

*Epi.* Then they had a mort o' Prisoners, with Boys and Girls, some two, some three, and others five a piece. The People they all came thronging about 'em; every Body crowding to see their own Sons.

*Per.* I faith, nothing cou'd be better.

*Epi.* Then I believe the whole Corporation o' Courtizans i' the City came in all i' their Finery, to meet their Gallants, and charm 'em with their presence: And, what was most observable, a great many of 'em wore Nets under their Scarfs. When I had got to the Haven, there I found her, attended by four several Musicians playing——

*Per.* Who, *Epidicnu*?

*Epi.* She who your Son so many Years lov'd, and dy'd for; and is in a fair way to ruin his Riches and Reputation, his own self, and your Worship's self. She stood waiting for him at the Haven.

*Per.*

*Per.* Damn'd Jilt!

*Epi.* She was richly dress'd in her gold Lace, so neatly! so trimly! so modish!

*Per.* How a duce was she dress'd then? With a Cloak, or a Robe, or had she a Milliner's Shop upon her back? There's variety enough.

*Epi.* A Woman carry a whole Shop upon her back?

*Per.* Where's the Wonder? You may daily meet these Creatures i' the Streets with Houses and Lands upo' their backs. When their Sparks are assess'd for the Taxes, they've no Mony; but freely pay their Contributions when they're tax'd by their Whores. What a confounded Jargon o' names do these Jades rake up every Year for their Habits? There's your light Mant platted, your Stiff-bodied-Gown, your Loose-Gown, your Night-Gown, your Riding-Gown, your Imbroider'd, and Speckl'd Gowns, Pane'd Works, and Plum'd Works, Petticoats, Hoods, Scarfs, Tours and Top-knots, Fingle-Fangles, and Gold-Bobs, withall the Colours o' the Rainbow, and Figures of all the Flowers, Birds, Beasts, Fishes, Flies, and Monsters, i'th' Universe. Nay some o' their Dress'es make 'em look like Monkeys.

*Epi.* What are those, Sir?

*Per.* Your damn'd Night-Rails.—— This plaguy Catalogue o' Names, often make their poor Cullies Pockets smoak for't.—— But on wi' your Story.

*Epi.* There stood two Women behind me, discoursing to themselves; upo' which, I gave way a little, and made as tho' I took no notice o' what they said. I cou'dn't hear every word perfectly, yet I'm sure I can't be mistaken i' the main.

*Per.* I'd fain know what it was.

*Epi.* Said one o' these Women to th' other,——

*Per.* *interrupting*] What?

*Epi.* Patience, Sir, and you'll hear all.—— After they had cast their Eyes upo' your Son's Mistress. Good now, said one, *What strange luck has this Creature,*  
*I have*

*I*'have her Gallant immediately pay her Ransom? Her Gallant, said th' other, why who's he? At that she nam'd young Stratippocles, rich Periphanes's Son.

*Per.* *aside.* As I live, I must run my Country.—  
[*To Epidicus.*] but what's this you tell me?

*Epi.* Nothing but the truth, Sir.—Upon hearing o' this Discourse, I began to creep nigher, and nigher to 'em, by degrees, as tho' I had been forc'd that way by the crowd.

*Per.* Very well.

*Epi.* But, said th' other agen, how know ye this? Who told ye so? Why, said she, there came a Letter to day from Stratippocles to her, so let her know he had taken up the Money of a Banker at Thebes, had it in his Hands, and was bringing it home for that purpose.

*Per.* So then.—All's lost. [*Aside.*]

*Epi.* She said, she had it from her own Mouth, and saw the Letter.

*Per.* How shall I do i' this case? I must ha' your advice, Neighbour.

*Ape.* We must find out some effectual, and cunning Expedient; for, troth, I verily believe, he'll be here shortly, if he ben't already.

*Epi.* Might I presume, t' instruct ye, I'd shew ye such a clever way as you'd both approve of, or I'm much mistaken.—

*Per.* And what's that, honest *Epidicus*!

*Epi.* And you'll say 'tis pat for the purpose.

*Ape.* Why d'ye keep us in suspence then?

*Epi.* Because you, who are wisest, ought to be heard first; I, afterwards.

*Ape.* Po, let's hear't.

*Epi.* No, you'll laugh at me.

[*Fawningly.*]

*Ape.* Faith, but we won't.

*Epi.* If ye like this Project, you may follow't; if not, another may be sought for. For my part, I'm neither Inventor, nor Promoter of't, any further than to serve you.

*Per.*

*Per.* I thank ye for that—Prithee let's hear your Contrivance.

*Epi.* 'Tis to chuse a Wife for your Son immediately, and take a swinging Revenge upo' this Mulick-Wench he's now upon freeing, and so strangely debauches him : Then t' order Matters so as to make her a Slave as long as he lives.

*Ape.* That's right as can be.

*Per.* I'd do any thing to have it speedily brought about.

*Epi.* Why, truly, now's the time to do't, before he comes home : 'Twill be to Morrow before he comes to Town, and not to day.

*Per.* How know ye that?

*Epi.* Very well, Sir. I saw one that came from him, who said he wou'd be here to Morrow Morning.

*Per.* Well, but go on : What must we do next?

*Epi.* This is my Opinion ; that you ransom this Mulick-Girl, as tho' you had a mind to her, and was mightily stricken with her your self.

*Per.* And what of all that?

*Epi.* What? You may buy her out o' your Son's Hands, before he returns, and pretend 'tis to give her her Freedom.

*Per.* Well, I understand ye.

*Epi.* When you've once got her into your Hands, you may remove her t' any by Place from the City, if you think it so convenient.

*Per.* I'm clearly o' that mind.

*Epi.* What say you, Sir!

[To *Apeides*.]

*Ape.* What shou'd I? 'Tis a notable cunning Contrivance, I think.

*Epi.* By this means, you'll cut off all your Sons hopes o' marrying her ; and bring him to compliance at pleasure.

*Ape.* Thou'rt a cunning Rogue, and pleasest me strangely.

H

*Epi.*



Epi. Sir, what you're about, requires expedition.

Per. Very true, indeed.

Epi. I've a Trick too, that the Merchant shan't smell your Designs.

Per. Let's hear't.

Epi. So you shall.—Observe.

Ape. *Aside to Periphanes.*] This is the craftiest Son of a Whore.

Epi. I'm affraid we shall want one to pay the Mony for this Wench. For 'twon't be so convenient for you to go your self.

Per. Why so?

Epi. Lest the Merchant suspect you buy her upo' your Sons account,——

Per. Very right.

Epi. ——To hinder him of his Mistress; and so his Suspensions may chance to cross your Designs.

Per. Where shall we find one proper to manage this Business?

Epi. This Gentleman is the fittest i'the World. He understands a Bargain, to a Tittle, and has the Law at his Fingers ends.

Per. Epidicus, I gi'ye Thanks.

Epi. And I'll endeavour to deserve 'em: I'll find out the Master o' the Musick-Girl, carry the Mony with the Gentleman, and bring her to ye.

Per. What's the lowest price of her?

Epi. The lowest price? Perhaps you may get her for a hundred Pounds. But if you send too much, it shall be return'd faithfully. There can be no Cheat in't; and your Mony won't lye dead ten days, I'm sure.

Per. How so?

Epi. Because there's another young Spark has a Month's mind to this Wench, a *Rhodian* Captain, vastly rich, a stout Soldier, a terrible Fellow, and a grand *Braggadocio*. He'll certainly take her off your Hands, and pay ye ready Mony with all his Heart. Do but venture



venture upon her, and you may gain the Lord knows what by the Bargain.

*Per.* Heavens grant I may.

*Epi.* Don't question it.

*Ape.* Will you go in, Sir, and bring out the Mony? I'll away to the Piazza; and be sure, *Epidicus*, do you meet me there.

*Epi.* Don't ye go from thence, before I come.

*Ape.* I'll stay for ye there.

*Per.* Come in, *Epidicus*.

*Epi.* Go in, Sir, and draw over your Mony, I shan't make 'ye stay.

[*Exeunt Apecides and Periphanes severally.*]

### SCENE III.

*Epidicus alone.*

Hang me, if I believe there's e'r a piece o' Ground in all our Country yields half so well as this old Fellows Bags. For tho' they be ne'r so well secur'd and seal'd up, sweep says my Worship with as much Mony as he pleases. But, Faith, I've a plaguy Scruple that th' old Man shou'd find out the Roguery on't, and stick as close to my Back as an old Rook to a rich Cully. One thing puts me to my last Trumps; that is, to know which Musick-Girl I had best shew *Apecides*.—O I ha't? my Head.—Th' old Man order'd me this Morning to find up a Musick-Girl to sing for him at his Sacrifice. I'll soon produce one, and teach her her Lesson; how to carry on the Cheat handsomly t' our old Gentleman. Now I'll in, and receive the Mony o' this old silly Put.

[*Exit Epidicus.*]

*The end of the Second Act.*

## ACT III.

## SCENE I.

*Enter Stratippocles, and Cheribulus.*

Stratip. **S** Death, I'm torn asunder, and eaten up with  
[*entering*] th'Expectation of all *Epidicus's* fine Pro-  
mises.——It torments me strangely; and I'd gi' the  
World to know whether there be any Hopes or not.

*Che.* For all *Epidicus's* great Helps, y'ought to seek  
out elsewhere: For I could ha' told ye before-hand,  
you weren't to expect any thing from his Brain.

*Stra.* I'm a miserable Man, in earnest.

*Che.* 'Tis childish i'you, to vex your self so.

*Stra.* As I'm a living Soul, if I once lay hands on  
him, 'tshall ne'r be said that a pitiful Slave abus'd his  
Master without Punishment.——But what wou'd ye  
have him do, who has no Mony; when you, who has  
so much at command, won't part with a Penny, to keep  
a Friend from sinking?

*Che.* Upo' my Word, if I had it, I wou'd with all  
my Heart. However you needn't fear, but you'll meet  
wi' something, by some ways, some means, from some  
Place, or from some Body; and you've still some hopes  
o' sharing i' my good Fortune, when I meet with't my  
self.

*Stra.* Po, hang such sneaking Fellows.

*Che.* What's your Fancy in giving me this Language?

*Stra.* Because your Tongue ran all upo' your silly  
somethings, your some means, your some Places, and your  
some Bodies, which are all nothing to the purpose. I'll  
not

not weary out m'ears any longer wi' this Stuff; nor expect any more Help from ye, than from one that's ne'r thought of.

[*Angrily.*]

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Epidicus on the other side of the Stage, with a Bag of Money.*

Epi. to Periphanes, *within.*] Well, Sir, you've perform'd your Part; now must I mine. After this care's over, you may set your Heart at rest. — [He comes from the Door] Condemn'd every Cross; and no hopes of a Reprieve. — [He takes some of it out] Faith, 'twas a plaguy alluring Eye. — Trust m'agen, old Fool; 'tis an ancient Trick entail'd upon our Family. — Gods! what a glorious, prosperous, and lucky Day was this? But I'm plaguy backwards in carrying this rich Prize into Harbour, Delays are very dangerous i' this case. — But what's yonder? the two Sparks, my Master, and Cheribulus. — Well, what now? — Here, Sir, take it, if you like it. [To Stratippocles,

*Stra.* How much is there?

[He takes it.

Epi. Enough, and more than enough; something over-plus. I've got above twenty Guinea's more than you owe to your Banker. You see, Sir, as long as I can please, and oblige you, I'm sufficiently prodigal o' m'own Back.

*Stra.* Your Back, why so?

Epi. By making your Father guilty o' Bag-slaughter.

*Stra.* What a duce is that?

Epi. Nay, I don't mind your old and common Phrase, *Hold up his Hand at the Bar*, but I make him hold up his Hand at the Bags. For I've already paid off the Slave-Merchant, wi' m' own Hands, for that Girl who goes for your Sister, Now I've hit upon a way, to put another

then Trick upo' your Father, and do you a good turn into the Bargain. I had this Discourse wi' th' old Man, and perswaded him all I cou'd, to hinder you from getting this Musick-Girl, when you came home, \* by buying her himself, before-hand; and so to remove her to some by-place. Now will I top another upon him, that shall do his business as well every jot. \*

*Stra.* Rare Rogue!

*Epi.* She shall be here in a Moment, and pass for your Mistress.

*Stra.* I understand ye.

*Epi.* Your Father has commission'd *Apecides* to act i' this Business, to see the Bargain be secure. He now stays for me at the Piazza.

*Stra.* Well enough.

*Epi.* Now you see, the *Wit's out-witted*; for your Father has trusted his Mony to my Discretion. He's making Preparations for your Wedding, as soon as you come home.

*Stra.* Nothing can persuade me to that, but the Death of the dear Creature I brought wi' me.

*Epi.* I've another piece o' Policy on foot too. I'll to the Slave-Merchant's privately, and desire him, if any Enquiry be made whether he had receiv'd the Mony for a Musick-Girl, to say, *Yes*; and, instead of the threescore and fifteen Pounds, to name six score Guineas: For the first Sum I had, but three days before, paid him wi' m'own Hands for that Girl who goes for your Sister. Then will this old Rogue ignorantly swear that he receiv'd the Mony for the same Girl who came along wi' you.

*Stra.* Y'out-do *Matchivel*, for Policy.

*Epi.* I'll go get some plaguy cunning Baggage, and grease her well i' the Fist; she shall pretend to be the same Party that's bought, and so make admirable Sport wi' both th' old Fools. *Apecides* himself shall conduct her to your Father.

*Stra.*

*Stra.* Excellently contriv'd.

*Epi.* Well, I'll teach her how t'act her Part to a tittle, and send her full-fraight wi'my Tricks. ——— Hold I'm a little too tardy ; y' have made me lose Time. Ye both know the Management o'the bus'ness ; now I'll be marching.

[*Exit Epidicus.*]

S C E N E. III.

*Stratippocles and Cheribulus.*

*Stra.* Good luck attend ye.

*Che.* 'Tis a plaguy Dog at doing Mischief.

*Stra.* I'm sure his Contrivances ha' brought me off at a deadly Pinch.

*Che.* Now let's go in again.

*Stra.* Ay, and with a much lighter Heart than I came out. By the Courage and Conduct of *Epidicus*, I'm safely arriv'd at the Camp wi'this rich Booty.

[*Exeunt ambo.*]

*The end of the Third Act.*

H 4

ACT

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 ACT IV.
 

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## SCENE I.

*Enter Periphanes alone.*

**T**Here's no such need for a Man t'have a Glass to see the Features of his Face in, as t'observe the very depth of his Discretion, and the Passions of his Mind. The well viewing o' these, will bring him to reflect how he passed away his Time in his young Days. My self experience it, by this fretting for my Son, as tho' his Crimes were so heinous, and not the Sin o' my Youth as great. Faith, we old Men do doat sometimes; and certainly this Mirrour wou'd be of excellent use.—— But here comes my Friend *Apecides*, wi' my Son's Prize.

## SCENE II.

*Enter Apecides, and a Musick-woman finely dress'd, with her Instruments.*

*Per.* O, wellcome home wi' your Merchandize.——  
How is't?

*Ape.* You see the Heavens smile on ye.

*Per.* They've a promising Countenance.

*Ape.* Ay, all things promise well, and succeed too.——  
Y' had best order some Body to carry her in.

*Per.* *going to his Door.*] So ho! within there.——

SCENE

## SCENE III.

*Enter some Servants to them.*

*Per.* Conduct this Woman in.——[*One of the Servants takes her by the Hand*] But d'ye hear?

*Serv.* What's your Pleasure, Sir?

*Per.* Have a special care she ben't coupled wi' my Daughter, nor let her be seen by her. D'ye mind me? I'll have her into that little Room by her self.—— There's vast difference between th'Education of a young Maid, and a Curtizan.

*[Exeunt Servants with the Musick-woman.]*

## SCENE IV.

*Apeicles and Periphanes.*

*Ape.* Spoken like a Man of Skill and Prudence. One can't be too careful of his Daughter's Honesty.—— Faith, we nick'd the time for snapping this Girl out o' your Son's Clutches.

*Per.* Why so?

*Ape.* Because I heard one say, he saw him but just now.

*Per.* I dare swear, he was just ready for his Bargain.

*Ape.* Ay, Faith, sure enough.—— Without doubt you've an admirable Servant, of great Value, and worth his weight in Gold. The poor Musick-Wench ne'r so much as dreamt o' being sold to you, he carry'd off the bus'ness wi' so much Mirth and Gayety.

*Per.* I wonder i' my Heart how he did it.

*Ape.* He flamm'd her off with a pretence o' your making a Sacrifice for your Son's safe arrival.

*Per.*



*Per.* That was well carry'd on.

*Ape.* He made her believe he brought her only to serve at th'Office, you was t'have at home. All the while, I did as tho' I was a silly Clod-pated Ass, that cou'dn't say *Bo* to a Goose. [*Laughing.*]

*Per.* You cou'd do no otherwise.

*Ape.* I've a bus'ness of Importance at the Court: I must go and assist a Friend there.

*Per.* Prethee, let's ha' your Company as soon as you're at leisure.

*Ape.* I shall be back in a little Time.

[*Exit Apecides.*]

## S C E N E. V.

*Periphanes alone,*

There's nothing like a good Friend always at ones Elbow. Then all your bus'ness is done for ye, with holding up your Finger. Now had I trusted the management o' this bus'ness to a Man o'less skill, and fewer Brains, I shou'd ha'been finely bob'd, and my Son might well ha'made me his laughing Diversion.

[*Discovering the Rhodian Captain at a Distance*] What silly fellow's yon, who comes tossing and brandishing his Cloak so? But 'tis ridiculous f'me to blame others for a Folly I was so guilty of my self i'my young Days: when I was a Soldier o' Fortune, if I once set in, I us'd to deafen all Ears wi'the Stories o'my great Acts.

S C E N E

## S C E N E VI.

*Enter the Rhodian Captain, strutting, and walking very stately, with his Servants.*

Cap. *to one of his Servants*] Have a care, Sirrah, you don't slip one House without enquiring for *Periphanes the Platean*; and presume not to come i<sup>n</sup> my presence before you've sped.

Per. Suppose, Spark, I shew you the Person you want, what Thanks shall I deserve at your Hands?

Cap. I've atchiev'd that by my great and mighty Valour, that all Mankind ought to gi<sup>ve</sup> me Thanks.

Per. But, young Soldier, this is no proper place to publish your Achievements in, as you intend. For when a Man comes to brag of his Exploits before his Betters, they make but a poor shabby Figure.—But if you want *Periphanes the Platean*, I'm he.

Cap. What he, so fam'd in his Youth at Kings Courts, who purchas'd an Estate with his single Sword?

Per. The same, the bare naming of whose Exploits, would make you take ye to your Heels, and run like a Devil.

Cap. By *Hercules*, I more want a Man to relate mine to, than one to tell me his.

Per. I tell ye, Spark, this is no fit Place; therefore you'd best pitch upon another Man, to pack off your Trumpery to.

Cap. By your leave then; to let you know what I come for, I understand you've bought my Mistress.

Per. *aside*] Ho, ho! Now I know my Gentleman; the very Captain *Epidicus* told m<sup>e</sup> of.—*[to him]* 'tis very true, my little Soldier; I did buy a Woman.

Cap. Then I've a Word or two to say t<sup>o</sup> ye, if it be no trouble t<sup>o</sup> ye.

Per.

*Per.* Faith, I can't tell that, till I hear what 'tis.

*Cap.* Then 'tis to let me have her, and I'll pay ye honestly for her.

*Per.* A Bargain.

*Cap.* But why shou'd I mince the matter? I intend to give her her Freedom, and make her Partner i' my Bed.

*Per.* I'll make but two Words wi' ye. She cost me above sixscore Pounds, and for an hundred and fifty, you shall have her, and do what you please with her; provided you'll take her away wi' ye, and rid the Country of her.

*Cap.* Will ye sign, in good earnest?

*Per.* To those Articles, I will.

*Cap.* You've made an excellent Campaign on't.

*Per.* *to the Servants within*] So ho, there! bring out this last Musick-Girl.——You shall have all her instruments into the Bargain.

## S C E N E VII.

*Enter the Musick-woman, with her Instruments, attended.*

*Per.* Here, Sir, take her, if you please.

*Cap.* *Staring on her*] What a strange Frolick is this? Why these under hand Tricks tho? Why don't y' order the Musick-Girl to be brought out?

*Per.* Why, this is she; I've no other.

*Cap.* Po, you can't put Tricks upo' Travellers. Why don't ye produce her that's call'd *Acropolistis*?

*Per.* I profess, this is she.

*Cap.* But I profess, 'tis not: P'shaw, dy'e think I don't know m' own Mistress?

*Per.* I declare this is the very same that my Son was so much stricken with.

*Cap.* But it is not the same.

*Per.* How! not the same?

*Cap.*

Cap. No.

Per. Where a Devil did she come from then? As I hope to live, 'tis the same I bought and paid for.

Cap. 'Twas foolishly bestow'd, and a plaguy blunder this.

Per. Certainly it must be she; for I sent m'own Servant to buy her, one who's acquainted wi'my Son's Amours.

Cap. Hah! then, Old Gentleman, your own Servant has bubl'd ye confoundedly.

Per. What! bubl'd me?

Cap. Nothing, but only a suspicion. I see this Musick-girl is topp'd upon ye for th'other. Poor Old Fellow, thou'rt notoriously and damnably gull'd.

Per. I'll find her out where ere she be.——Farewel Bluff.

[Exit the Captain and his Servants.]

## S C E N E VIII.

*Periphanes, and the Musick-woman.*

Per. *walking on one side of the Stage.*] So, so! thou'rt a brave Fellow, *Epidicus*, a brave Fellow, in troth; and hast got the day. Thou'rt a Man every inch o' thee; and hast led me by the Nose, as if I had been the meekest Nilcompoop i' the World.——[To Her] Hark ye, did'nt *Apeides* buy ye to day, o' the Slave-Merchant?

Mus. I ne'r hear'd o' the Man till now; besides, I'm past being sold, and have had my Freedom above this five Years.

Per. Why came ye hither then? [Angrily.]

Mus. I'll tell ye, Sir.——I was brought hither to sing at a Sacrifice, an old Gentleman was t' offer.

Per. *aside.*] I must own my self the poorest Sot in all the

the Town and Country.——[*To Her.*] But d'ye know *Acropolitis*, the Musick-Girl?

*Mus.* As well as my self.

*Per.* Where dwells she?

*Mus.* I can't tell at present, since she had her Freedom given her.

*Per.* How, her Freedom? Who gav't her? I'd fain know that, if you cou'd tell me.

*Mus.* Sir, what I know my self, I'll tell ye.——I hear'd young *Stratippocles*, rich *Periphanes's* Son, took care to get her freed in his absence.

*Per.* 'Sdeath, I must run my Country if all this be true.——'Tis notorious now, that *Epidicus* has squeas'd my Pockets most intollerably. [*Aside.*]

*Mus.* This is what I was told.——Please ye to command me any further?

*Per.* Yes, to get ye to the Devil as fast as you can, or out o' my sight. [*He snatches one of her Instruments.*]

*Mus.* You'll gi' me my Instrument first?

*Per.* No, neither your Fiddle nor Bagpipes neither.——  
[*He takes her other Instruments.*] Be gon in a moment, as you hope to sleep in a whole Skin.

*Mus.* Well, I'll go; but I'll make the Devil to do, when I come back.

[*Exit Musick Woman in a rage.*]

## S C E N E IX.

*Periphanes gives the Instruments to his Servants, who leave him alone.*

What's to be done now? Shall I who ha' sign'd so many Warrants and Edicts, suffer this Rascal to go unpunish'd? Were I to lose as much more, I'd sooner do't than pardon this palpable Affront, and notorious Villany. They've expos'd me t'all the World.——

But

But I was a Fool to think my self inferior to *Apeides*, who bares the reputation of inventing o' Laws, and settling o' Rights. He highly applauds his own Discretion; but without doubt th' Axe must be preferr'd to the handle.

[*Walks about discontentedly.*]

SCENE X.

*Enter Philippa, at a good distance.*

Phi. *to her self.*] Sure there's no sort of Affliction, or Misery i' this World, but what I've undergone; so many Troubles fall upo' me at once, which overwhelm, and tear me all in pieces. Poverty, and Fears possess my Soul, and I've no ground for hopes.—My poor Girl's fallen into th' Enemies Hands; and I can hear no tale or tidings of her.

Per. What Stranger can that be, who's so mightily full o' Fears, and heavy Complaints? [*Aside.*]

Phi. *to her self.*] They said, *Periphanes* dwelt somewhere hereabouts.

Per. She talks o' me: I fancy she wants Lodgings. [*Aside.*]

Phi. *to her self.*] I'd willingly hire a Porter, to shew me either the Man or his House.

Per. Certainly I must know her. I've seen that Face before, but I can't tell where.—Is't she, that I imagine or no? [*Aside.*]

Phi. *to her self.*] Bless me! I must ha' seen that Man before now. [*She stands still.*]

Per. Sure enough 'tis the poor Woman of *Epidaurus*, I had formerly to do with, ——— [*Aside.*]

Phi. *to her self.*] The Case is plain, 'tis he that first enjoy'd me at *Epidaurus*.

Per.

*Per.* ——— And there had that Daughter by her, who's now at home wi' me. *[Aside.]*

*Phi.* *to her self.*] What if I go up to him?

*Per.* I don't well know whether I had best go see if it be she or no. *[Aside.]*

*Phi.* *to her self.*] If it shou'dn't be he, as so many Years make me suspect, ———

*Per.* Length o' time makes me doubt o' the Person, and fills my Head wi' Scruples. For fear it shou'd prove otherwise, I must go cunningly to work. *[Aside.]*

*Phi.* *to her self.*] ——— Then I must use all a Woman's Shifts.

*Per.* I'll e'n up to her. *[Aside.]*

*Phi.* *to her self.*] I'll fall into Discourse with him.

*[Here they meet, and join Discourse.]*

*Per.* Good morrow t' ye, Mistress.

*Phi.* I thank ye, Sir, both for me and mine.

*Per.* How then, Mistress?

*Phi.* A good day to you, Sir. There's your Compliment return'd, you intrusted me withal.

*Per.* I don't blame your Fidelity. Or indeed have I any Acquaintance wi' ye?

*Phi.* If I ben't mistaken i' the Person, Sir, I can rub up your memory o' former Acquaintance.

*Per.* Where did I ever see you?

*Phi.* That's an unreasonable Question.

*Per.* Why so, Mistress?

*Phi.* Because you'd ha' me put a Gloss upo' your Memory.

*Per.* You're very sharp.

*Phi.* No wonder for a Woman.

*Per.* I dad, better and better? ——— D' ye remember me?

*Per.* Very well.

*Per.* In Epidaurum, ———

*Phi.*



*Phi.* Ah, that Word has brought me to life again.

*Per.*——In your young days, how I relieved yours and your Mother's Wants.

*Phi.* Are you he, whose Love brought me so much Sorrow?

*Per.* I am.——How dost thou do?

*Phi.* Very well, and the better to see you so.

*Per.* Your Hand, my dear. [*He takes her by the Hand.*]

*Phi.* Take it; and with it, the most sorrowful, and miserable Woman alive.

*Per.* What makes ye so sad?

*Phi.* My poor Daughter, I had by you,——

*Per.* What of her?

*Phi.*——Since she's grown up, is lost: Fallen into th' Enemies Hands. [*weeps.*]

*Per.* Cheer up and be satisfied, I have her at home, safe and sound. As soon as my Servant told me she was taken Prisoner, I immediatly produc'd the Money, and redeem'd her. He acquitted himself well and wisely i'this business; tho' he's a damnable Rogue in other things.

*Phi.* Pray let me have a sight of her, if you'd ha'me live.

*Per.* *going to his Door*] Ho Canthara! Bid my Daughter *Thelestis* come out; for here's her Mother.

*Phi.* Now my Spirits begin to revive.

## S C E N E XI.

*To them enter Acropolistis the Musick-Girl.*

*Acro.* Why did you send for me out, Sir Father?

*Per.* To see thy nown Mother, Child.——Go and meet her, and give her a Kiss. [*to Phillippa.*]

*Acro.* What Mother?

*Per.* She there, that's ready to dye for want of ye.

I

*Phi.*

*Phi.* Who's that you'd ha' me kiss?

*Per.* Your Daughter.

*Phi.* What this?

*Per.* Yes.

*Phi.* What kiss this Creature?

*Per.* Why not, since she's your own Daughter?

*Phi.* Sure you've lost your Senses.

*Per.* I?

*Phi.* Yes you, Sir.

*Per.* Why so?

*Phi.* Because I neither know this Creature, have had any Acquaintance, or so much as laid Eye on her till now.

*Per.* I know whence comes your Mistake; she has got other Cloaths and Dresses, since you had her.

*Phi.* All Creatures ha'their several ways of knowing their Young. But I declare I never knew this.

*Per.* *aside.*] Heavens bless us all! What strange thing is this? Have I made my House a Bawdy-house? have I brought Strangers into't, who have suck'd up my Morn'g? — Pray why did you kiss me, and call me Father? Why stand ye like a *Adam-chance*? What are ye tongue-ty'd?

*[to Acropolistis very angrily.]*

*Acro.* What wou'd y' ha' me say?

*Per.* She declares she's none o'your Mother.

*Acro.* If she won't, she may let it alone. By *Jago*, I'll be my Mother's Daughter in spite of her Teeth. 'Tis n't fair Play to force her to be my Mother, whether she will or no.

*Per.* But why a plague did ye call me Father?

*Acro.* That's your Fault, not mine. Did I e'r call you Father, till you call'd me Daughter? And if she call'd me Daughter, I'd give her the Title o' Mother: But she disowns me for a Daughter, and I'll cast her off for a Mother. In short, I'm not to blame; I've only said as my Master *Epidicus* taught me.

*Per.*

*Per.* Undone ! I've pull'd an old House upo' my Head.

*Acro.* Have I offended ye in any thing ? *[Aside.*

*Per.* By Cocks nowns, call me Father again, and I'll break your Neck, you damn'd Bitch Whore.

*Acro.* I'll obey ye, Sir. When e'r you've a Mind to be my Father, you may ; if not, do as you please.

*Phi.* What ? Did you buy her, thinking she had been your Daughter ? What tokens had you for't ?

*Per.* None.

*Phi.* What made ye believe her to be our Child ?

*Per.* I had it from my Rogue *Epidicw.*

*Phi.* Tho your Servant has been mistaken, I hope you know her again.

*Per.* Know her, how shou'd I ? when I ne'r saw her but once since she came into the World.

*Phi.* I'm in a wretched condition *[She weeps.*

*Per.* Prethee, Woman, leave weeping ; go in and chear up. I'll warrant ye find her out somewhere or other.

*Phi.* 'Twas a young *Athenian* Gentleman that bought her.

*Per.* I'll find him out : Be satisfied. Go in, and guard this young *Skipton*, the Devil's Grand-child.— I'll leave all Works to go hunt out this Dog *Epidicw.* If I catch him, I'll put him past playing any more Rogues Tricks.

*[Exeunt severally.]*

*The End of the Fourth Act.*

## A C T V.

## S C E N E I.

*Enter Stratippoches at one part of the Stage, and Epidicus at another.*

Stra. to **T**His Banker vexes me strangely, that he *himself*. doesn't come for his Mony, nor bring the Girl I bought at th' Army.——But hold, yonder comes *Epidicus*. What's the matter with him, that he looks so damnable fowly on't?

*Epi. to himself.*] If *Jove* shou'd come down, he and his eleven Gods together, they cou'd n't save poor *Pilgarlick* from going to Pot. I saw m' old Master, at a distance, buying some Manicles, and *Apecides* with him. Now I more than Fancy, that these Fellows are searching for my Rogueship. They've certainly smelt out the bus'ness, and discover'd all my damn'd Tricks.

*Stra.* How dost thou, m'old Implement?

*Epi.* Wretchedly, *Jove* knows.

*Stra.* What's befallen ye?

*Epi.* Prethee, gi'me something, and equip me for a March, before I be snap'd up. For the two old Cullies are just at my heels, with their swinging great Kill-Devils for Execution.

*Stra.* Pshaw, ne'r flinch, Man.

*Epi.* Troth, no more I shou'd n't, had I any hopes o' relief.

*Stra.* I'll secure thee, my Lad.

*Epi.*

*Epi.* Faith, these old Dogs will secure me better by half, if they catch me.—But what young Lads comes yonder, with that reverend old Gentleman ?

S C E N E II.

*Enter the Banker, with Thelestis, at a good distance.*

*Stra.* 'Tis the Banker, wi'the Girl I bought at th' Army.

*Epi.* Is yon she ?

*Stra.* Is n't she just as I told ye? Mind her.

*Epi.* Is't indeed ?

*Stra.* View her well, *Epidicus* : Nothing but Charms from Top to Toe.——Is n't she? Observe, look : There's a delicate piece o' Painting for ye.

*Epi.* You foretel as delicate a Piece upo' my Back ; which old *Apellos* and *Zeuxes* will both draw with their birching Pencils.

*Stra.* *to the Banker.* ] Strange ! I admire at your coming so slowly : a Fellow wi' wooden Legs wou'd ha' been here in half the Time.

*Bank.* Why, truly, I staid all this Time for her.

*Stra.* Nay, if 'twas her Pleasure, you came fast enough o' Conscience.

*Bank.* Come, come ; dispatch me, and tell m' out the Mony, that I mayn't make my Company stay for me.

*Stra.* 'Tis told already.

*Bank.* Take this Bag, and put it in [*Gives him a Bag.*

*Stra.* Wisely contriv'd ! Stay a Minute, and I'll bring y' out the Mony.

*Bank.* Pray be quick.

*Stra.* 'Tis within here.

[*Exit Stratippocles.*

## SCENE III.

*Epidicus, the Banker, and Thelestis.*

*Epi.* Do my Eyes fail me, or not? Isn't this *Thelestis*, *Persphanes's* and *Philippa's* Daughter, begot at *Epidaurus*, and brought up at *Thebes*? [Softly.

*The.* over-hearing him] Who can this be, that knows mine and my Parents Name?

*Epi.* Don't ye know me?

*The.* Not for the present.

*Epi.* Can ye call to mind, how one Birth-day o'yours, I brought ye some Golden Bracelets?

*The.* I do, Friend.

*Epi.* Besides, a Crescent, and a Gold Ring?

*The.* Art thou he?

*Epi.* Yes indeed; and yon Gentleman's your Brother, by the same Father, tho by another Mother.

*The.* Pray, is my Father alive?

*Epi.* Yes, and now you may set your Heart at rest.

*The.* If all this be true, the Gods ha' done for me beyond m'Expectation.

*Epi.* Nay, 'tis no advantage for me to deceive ye.

## SCENE IV.

*To them enter Stratippocles, with a Bag of Money.*

*Stra.* giving it to the Banker] Here's your Money, Mr. Banker: Just an hundred Pounds. If you find any bad Money in't, I'll change it.

*Bank.* Very well, Sir.——Your Servant, Sir.

[Exit Banker.

SCENE

## SCENE V.

*Stratippocles, Epidicus and Thelestis.*

*Stra.* to *Thelestis*] Now, my Dear, thou'rt mine.

*The.* Thy Sister, on good troth, as you'll soon find—  
Brother you're happily met.

*Stra.* Has she lost her Senses?

*Epi.* Not for calling you Brother.

*Stra.* What a shame, am I transform'd into a Brother, the Time I cou'd go and come back?

*Epi.* Be thankful, and receive your good Fortune without any Noise.

*Stra.* O Sister, you've lost me as soon as found me.

*Epi.* Hold your Tongue, Child. By my Art, I've secur'd your Mistress, the Musick-Girl, for ye at home; and by the same Art and Contrivance, have ransom'd your Sister.

*Stra.* 'Tis true, *Epidicus*.

*Epi.* Go in then, and order a Bath to be got ready. I'll tell ye the whole Story at more leisure.

*Stra.* Come this way, Sister.

*Epi.* *going towards Cheribulus's House*] I'll send *Thestion* over t'ye. ——— But pray remember, if th'old Man be in wrath, for you and your Sister to be o' my Side, and sweeten him up all what you're able.

*Stra.* That will be easie to do.

*[Exit Stratippocles and Thelestis.]*



## SCENE VI.

*Epidicus alone, by Cheribulus's Door.*

Good *Thesprion*, get the back way to our House, and help to plead for me. 'Tis a plaguy Bus'ness, tho I'm less afraid o'th' Old Fellows than before.—[*He goes from the Door*] Well, I'd best go in tho, and take care o'these New Comers. At the same time, I'll tell my Master *Stratippocles* all I know o'this business. I'll not flee for the matter, but am resolv'd to stay at home. The Old Man shall ne'r say, I had th'impudence to challenge my Master at running.—I'll enter then; I've stay'd too long already.

[*He is going off, but spying Periphanes and Apecides, he starts, and retires on one Side, observing them.*]

## SCENE VII.

*Enter Periphanes, and Apecides, with Bonds, &c. Apecides limping at a distance behind.*

*Per. entering*—Has n't this Rascal damnably impos'd upon us, for Men of our gravity?

*Ape.* 'Sbudikins, you've almost walk'd me off my Legs tho.

*Per.* 'St, silence! Let me alone to catch the Rogue.

*Ape.* I tell ye, Neighbour, you'd ten times better pitch upon another to go wi'ye, instead o'me: For by hobbling after ye so long, I've got such horrible Swellings o'my Knees that I'm quite founder'd.

*Per.* What a devilish Company o' Tricks has this Rogue plaid us to day? I'm sure he has squeas'd  
out

out the Heart, Blood, and Guts o' my Purse.

*Ape.* A Curse on him, for me; troth, I believe he's the Devil's Match-Lighter, who burns all that touch him, and Scorches all that come nigh him.

*Epi. peeping out*] Pshaw, I've a dozen Gods at command more than Heaven will afford one, to stand up, and fight for me. I've got my Guards and Supplies within doors, for all my Rogueries. I laugh at m'Enemies Preparations.

*Per.* Where, a Duce, shall I find this Rascal?

*Ape.* Excuse my Attendance, and seek him i' the bottom o' the Sea, for me.

*Epi. shewing himself*] Why d'ye look for me, Sir? Why all these Pains? or why shou'd ye weary the Gentleman? Here I am. D'ye think I was running away; leaving the House; or so much as avoiding your presence? I don't beg ye to spare me. Won'd ye fetter me? I'm ready for ye. You've got your Instruments; I saw ye buy 'em. What stay ye for? About it, Sir.

*Per.* Strange! the Fellow calls for Punishment first.

*Epi.* Why don't ye bind me, Sir?

*Ape.* Faith, this is the most inveterate Rogue!

*Epi.* Truly, good Mr. *Apecides*, I don't desire you to interceed for me; you needn't trouble your self.

*Ape.* That's easily granted, Mr. *Epidicus*.

*Epi. to Periphanes*] Why stay ye, Sir?

*Ape.* For your advice, good Sir.

*Epi.* 'Tis my advice, not yours, that you bind me presently.

*Per.* That's not my desire.

*Epi.* No, Sir?—Bind me.

*Per.* I'd rather examine ye without it.

*Epi.* You'll get nothing out o' me.

*Ape. to Periphanes*] The Dog is preparing some back stroke for ye: What new Engine he has set a going I can't tell.

*Epi.*

*Epi.* Po, you lose Time, as long as I'm at Liberty.  
Tye me up, I say, and bind me as hard as you can.

*Per.* I tell ye, I'd rather examine ye as you are.

*Epi.* And I tell ye, you'll get nothing out o' me.

*Per.* What shall I do wi' this Fellow?

*Ape.* What shou'd ye? Humour him for once.

*Epi.* Thou'rt a rare Man, Mr. *Apeides*.

*Per.* Let's see your Hands { *Epidicus holds out his*  
then. { *Hands.*

*Epi.* Ay, with all my Heart. — Come, bind 'em  
strait; and don't spare me a { *Periphanes binds his*  
bit. { *Hands.*

*Per.* Now judge ye, if they ben't done well.

*Epi.* Very well. — Now, Sir, examine me. Ask  
me what Questions you please.

*Per.* *Imprimis*, Rogue, upo' what Assurance did you  
say that Slave was my Daughter, that was bought three  
Days ago?

*Epi.* My Pleasure, Sir: that Assurance.

*Per.* How? upo' your Pleasure, Sirrah?

*Epi.* Yes; and I'll lay any Wager wi' ye that she  
is —

*Per.* My Daughter, when her Mother disowns her?

*Epi.* If you be sure she's none of her Mother's Daugh-  
ter, lay your Guinea against my Penny.

*Per.* That's all Trick. — But who is this same  
Woman?

*Epi.* Not to mince the matter, she's your Son's Mi-  
stress.

*Per.* Didn't I gi' ye threescore and fifteen Pounds, to  
redeem my Daughter?

*Epi.* I own it, Sir; and wi' that Mony I bought this  
Musick-girl, your Son's Mistress, instead of her. —  
In that Bus'ness, I finger'd away threescore and fifteen  
Pounds.

*Per.* But what made ye top this last Musick-girl  
upo' me?

*Epi.*

*Epi.* Truly, Sir, I confess it; and found it proper for my Design.

*Per.* Then what's become o'the Mony I deliver'd t'ye?

*Epi.* I'll tell ye, Sir,—I gav't neither to a Miser, nor a Prodigal, but e'n to your own Son *Stratippocles*.

*Per.* How dare ye do that?

*Epi.* 'Twas my pleasure, Sir.

*Per.* What a cursed impudent Dog is this?

*Epi.* You insult over me as tho' I were your Slave.

*Per.* I shall be glad when y' ha' got your Freedom.

*Epi.* And I deserve it now.

*Per.* You deserve it, firrah?

*Epi.* Go in, and see; I'll soon convince ye that I do.

*Per.* What's the meaning o'this?

*Epi.* You'll see in a Minute: do but go in.

*Per.* Hah! Here must be something more than ordinary.—Good Neighbour have an Eye to the Rogue.

[*Exit Periphanes.*]

## SCENE VIII.

*Apecides, and Epidicus.*

*Ape.* Prethee, *Epidicus*, what's this bus'ness?

*Epi.* Faith 'tis a damn'd unreasonable thing that I shou'd stand bound, for helping of him to a lost Daughter.

[*Grumbling.*]

*Ape.* Ha'ye found his Daughter, say ye?

*Epi.* Yes indeed, and she's within too. How plaguy hard 'tis t'ha' my good Services so ill rewarded!

*Ape.* We ha' been seeking ye all the Town over, till we're as weary as Dogs.

*Epi.* Faith, I'm as weary wi'your finding, as you wi' your seeking.

SCENE

## SCENE IX.

*Enter Periphanes to them.*

*Per. to them within*] You need n't beg so heartily: I'm satisfi'd of his Innocency, that he deserves to be let go.——[*to Apeides*] Come, unbind *Apeides goes up his Hands* *to him.*

*Epi. stopping Apeides*] Let m' alone. [*Surlily.*

*Per.* Let him unbind ye.

*Epi.* No.

*Per.* That's not fair.

*Epi.* Faith, I'll not suffer't, till you've given me satisfaction.

*Per.* That's nothing but just and reasonable.——

Come, I'll give ye a new pair o' Shoes, a good Coat, and a Cloak.

*Epi.* What else?

*Per.* Your Freedom.

*Epi.* But after that; when a Man's Time's just out, he ought t' ha' some good thing to be nibbling on.

*Per.* You shall.——I'll provide a supper.

*Epi.* Troth, if you won't ask me forgiveness, I'll not agree. [*Merrily.*

*Per.* Well, I do, honest *Epidicus*, and beg your pardon, if any o' my foolish Mistakes ha' done y' an Injury. But in recompence, here take your Freedom.

*Epi.* Troth, I'm loth to pardon ye; but I can't tell how to help it.——Come, undo my Hands, as soon as you please. [*Apeides unbinds his Hands.*

SCENE

## S C E N E X.

*Enter the Company of Players, who take up Epidicus, and turn to the Spectators.*

*Comp.* Here's a rare Rogue then, one who has gain'd his Freedom by his Cunning.

Up with your Cloaks, Gallants, and vail your Caps;  
Farewel: We beg your Favour, and your Claps.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

*The end of Epidicus.*

Remarks

# REMARKS UPON EPIDICUS.

**T**His Play, *Plautus* was always very fond of, and reckons it his best; but as for the general Deserts of it, I shall determine nothing. The *Subject* of it, is the Discovery of *Thelestis*, and all the Lines of the Play tend to that Centre, tho there is no manner of appearance of it till the Fifth Act, which makes the Poet's Art the more fine and excellent. Tho the *Subject* is not perfectly single, for *Stratippocles* loses a Mistress as he finds a Sister, yet there is perfectly an *Unity of Action*, and, like the rest of his Plays, without any *Under-Plots*. This Play is very short, yet there is great Variety in the *Plot* and *Incidents*, and an excellent Management through the whole: So close it is, tho perfectly clear, that it requires some Attention to comprehend all exactly, at the first Reading. Besides this, it is very remarkable, That *Plautus* has truly drawn the People of his Age, as the Distrust of Old Men, the Eagerness of Young, the Vanity of Soldiers, the Impudence of Courtizans, and the Treachery of Slaves.

ACT



## A C T I.

## The First S C E N E.

THIS First Scene explains the very same to the Audience, that *Plautus's* Prologues generally used to do, which is far more *natural* than to do it in a *Prologue*. This Scene, in the Original, is also very remarkable for an unusual Air of *Wit* and *Sharpness*; and there are not many Scenes in this Author that come up to it in its Fineness and Neatness of Railery.

Pag. 84. l. 11. *You're a puny Town-Chitterlin*] *Scurra* es. The Word, *Scurra*, signifies properly, a *Buffoon*, or *Parasite*; but since these sort of People for the most part seek after the softness and Luxury of Courts and Cities, and abhor the Hardships of Camps, it here signifies, *Urbanus*, and is opposed to *Militaris*; so that this Translation is the true sense, tho it may appear otherwise at the first sight.

*Ibid.* l. 17, &c. *Off and on*—— Epi. *The Wooden Horse, you mean. O, I hate that damn'd Variety most mortally.*] *Variè.* Ep. *Qui variè valent, caprigenam hominem non placet mihi, neque pantherinum genus.* That Word, *Varius*, was often us'd by the Slaves of those Times in a jocular sense, to signify the streaks of ones Back, after he was whipp'd, which was of *Various Colours*, as in the first Act of *Pseudolus*, *Ita ego vostra latera loris faciam ut valide varia sint.* *Thesprion*, by *Variè*, meant nothing but, *Sometimes well and sometimes ill*, or, *Off and on*, as I have translated it; but *Epidicus* took it in this last sense, and takes an occasion presently to call those who *variè valent*, those *Laced People*, *Caprigenam, ac pantherinum genus*, that is, of the Race of  
Wild

*Wild Beasts, such as, Goats, and Panthers, whose Skins were of various Colours.* A close Translation here, wou'd have lost much of the Beauty of the Original; therefore I have taken a little more Liberty, and by that means, the Force of the Repartee, is in a great Measure preserv'd.

*Ibid.* l. 30, &c. *Hear me, and you shall be heard; your turn.* *Thes.* *The very Words of a Judge, in truth.* *Operam da: opera redibitur tibi.* *Th.* *Jus dicis.* The Phrases, *Operam da*, and, *Opera redibitur*, are proper Terms us'd in their Courts by their Judges upon all occasions; and this made *Thespion* answer him, *Jus dicis.* If the Beauty of it be any ways lost in our Tongue, it is more because it will not be so readily perceiv'd, than for any other Reason I can assign.

Page. 85. l. 4. *Your Beadles, with their Staffs for your Honour's Pace.* *Lictores duo, duo viminei fasces virgarum.* It was customary for the *Pretors* (which were much the same with our *Lord Chief-Justices*) to have *Rods* carried before them, and upon this Custom consists all the sharpness of the Jest, these *Rods* being the most usual Punishment for Slaves. This is much lost in our Tongue.

*Ibid.* l. 9. *What's become o' my Master Stratippocles's Arms.* This Question wou'd have been impertinent upon our Stage; but *Thespion* being *Stratippocles's Armour-Bearer*, who ought to have had 'em with him at that Time, the Question was very proper.

*Ibid.* l. 22. *Troth, I believe Vulcan made his Arms for him, &c.* This, and a good deal more, is an allusion to the Story of *Achilles*, and the sharpness of it appear'd more among the *Romans*, than it does to us; because they were far better acquainted with this Story than we are.

*Ibid.* l. 31. *Where's my Master Stratippocles? &c.* Here begins a *Narration* of what pass'd before the opening of the Stage. It is very short, and extream lively; and the Poet most ingeniously manages it by the Mouths

of

of two several Persons, who both have a part in it; and this still makes it more diverting, and more natural. But nothing can seem with less Design or Affectation than *Epidicus's* part of it.

*Scene the Second.*

Pag. 88. l. 8, &c. *What a Rogue was I t'impose upo' th' Old Man, &c.*] Here *Epidicus* goes on with the Narration of what hapned before the Action began upo' the Stage, and that in so few Words, and so accidentally, that nothing cou'd appear more proper, and more Natural; and indeed scarce any thing seems more difficult than making Narrations in Monologues appear necessary, and natural.

*Scene the Third.*

Pag. 89. l. 1, &c. *Thus I've told ye the whole Story, Cheribulus; and given ye a full account o' my Troubles and Love.*] It is to be supposed that *Strasippocles* had told his Friend *Cheribulus*, all what *Thesprion* had told *Epidicus* in the first Scene. Thus the Poet ingeniously contrives to make *Strasippocles* go on just where *Thesprion* had left off; for if he had told the whole Story upon the Stage, the Spectators wou'd have been pall'd and tyred out with Repetitions.

*Ibid.* l. 9. *Tho truly, to her Chastity, I ner offer'd the least Violence or Incivility.*] This is an extraordinary material Passage, which ought not to be forgot by the Spectators, especially when they come to know this Woman, he talks of, to be his Sister. What is still more remarkable, is, the Poet's finding such an ingenious Pretext for bringing it in.

## 130 *Remarks upon Epidicus.*

*Ibid.* l. 23. *I'de sooner see such Friends starve in a Prison than live in a Palace.]* *Malim hujusmodi mihi amicos furno mersos, quam foro.* This Passage is a little difficult. *Stratippocles's* saying, He had rather see such Friends as *Cheribulus*, in an *Oven* rather than the *Market*, was as much as to say, he had rather have him dead than alive; or at least, he wou'd have him in a miserable confin'd Condition, rather than in a happy and free State; so that the Liberty I have taken here, is a nigher Imitation of the *Latin*, than a close Translation cou'd have been.

### *Scene the Fourth.*

Pag. 91. l. 28, &c. *In these Brains must I have a Committee o'the whole House, to consider of Ways and Means for the raising o' Supplies to carry on this vigorous War.]* *Ego de re argentaria jam Senatum convocabo in corde consiliarium, cui potissimum judicatur bellum, unde argentum auferam.* Here *Epidicus* pleasantly alludes to the Senates Custom of raising Money for any Wars, or the like; therefore I think it most properly translated in the Phrases, and Terms, generally us'd in our Parliament-House.

## A C T II.

**T**HE first Interval is fill'd up with *Epidicus's* Preparations to cheat *Periphanes*, and with *Stratippocles's* waiting at his Friend's House for the Success of 'em.

*Scene*

Scene the First.

Pag. 92. l. 8, &c. *What need ye be ashamed o' marrying one of a good Family, tho' of mean Fortune; especially one, as you believe, you had your Daughter by, that's now at home.*] This is a very good Preparation for to make way for the tenth Scene of the fourth Act.

*Ibid.* l. 14, &c. *For ye ne'r can look upon her Grave, but y'offer Thanks for her Departure.*] *Cujus quoties sepulcrum videt, sacrificas illico Orco hostiis.* It was a common Custom in those Days, when a Man has got rid of an ill Wife, that makes way for another, to offer a Sacrifice to *Pluto* for his good Fortune. But this was more than a Translation need to take notice of.

Scene the Second.

Pag. 93. l. 11, &c. *I heard he was intang'd with a Musick-Girl, but who I can't tell. Per. Ay, that goes to the Heart o' me.*] This is all design'd by the Poet, to help forward *Epidicus's* Cheat, and to make it seem more likely, and probable.

*Ibid.* l. 15, &c. *Thole Men ha' now open'd a Passage for my Tricks to make Incursions, and snub 'em o' their Money.*] *Ipsi hi quidem mihi dant viam, quo pacto ab se argentum auferam.* The Original is a Metaphor taken from the Magistrates, who, when they appear in publick, have their Officers to go before 'em to clear the way. The Translation, is a Metaphor taken from the Campaign, which, in our Language, is more intelligible, and comical, than perhaps the other wou'd have been.

Pag. 94. l. 10, &c. *All the Troops that were marching to Thebes, are discharged; and sent home.*] Here begins *Epidicus's* Story, by which he design'd to cheat the Old

## 132 *Remarks upon Epidicus.*

Man. Tho' there appears something of Grofsness in it, yet it is very ingeniously, and cunningly manag'd, and the Discourse very natural and diverting. The Truth of the Peace, *Epidicus's* haste, *Apicides's* surprize, and *Periphanes's* concern for his Son, are sufficient Circumstances to have made it pass with wiser Men. But what is most remarkable, is, the Poet's Design in helping out the main Incident to it, *Thelestris's* Discovery, when *Epidicus* only thought of obliging his young Master. This the Spectators cou'd never foresee, and is the chief cunning of a Dramatick Poet.

*Ibid.* l. 30. *There I found her, attended by four several Musicians playing.]* *Epidicus* said this, to fright *Periphanes* with the great Pride and Costliness of his Son's Mistress, and to bring about his cheating Designs the easier.

*Ibid.* l. antepenult. &c. *And is in a fair way to ruin his Riches and Reputation, his own self, and your Worships self.]* *Ubi fidemque, remque, seque, teque properat perdere.* The Imitations of Rhimes and Gingles, are often dangerous to Translators; for, besides their being often affected, they as many times come short of the Original. How far this is applicable to my self in this Passage, I leave to every one to judge.

Pag. 95. l. 4, &c. *How a duce was she dress'd then? with a Cloak or a Robe, or had she a Milliner's Shop upon her Back? There's variety enough. Epi. A Woman carry a whole Shop upon her Back? Per. Where's the wonder? You may daily meet these Creatures i'the Streets with Houses and Lands upo' their Backs.]* *Quid erat induta? an regillam induculam, an mendiculam, an impluviatam? ut ista faciunt vestimentis nomina. Ep. Utin' impluvium induta eat? Per. Quid istuc est mirabile? quasi non fundis exornata multa incedant per vias.* The Liberty I have taken in this Passage, was to endeavour to preserve the force of the Jest, which consists in the playing upon the Word, *Impluviatam*. To make it clear, the Word, Im-



*Impluvium*, signifies a square open Place, which the Romans often had in their Houses to let in Rain for their use; or a square Court-yard, that receiv'd the Rain in at four Water Spouts; from whence, a Habit they had which was made with four sides, or four Pieces, was call'd *Vestimentum impluviatum*. Here *Epidicus* takes an occasion from this word to admire at a Womans being able to wear a Court-yard upon her back: *Periphanes*, carrying on the Humour, tells him 'tis no wonder, since they frequently wear whole Houses and Lands, meaning the value of 'em, which their Prodigal Sparks had bestow'd on 'em. As for the liberty I've taken, where a Jest is lost in the Translation, another ought to be invented, which comes nighest the Force and Design of the Original.

Ibid. l. 14. &c. There's your light Mant plated, your Stiff-bodied Gown, your Loose Gown, your Night-Gown, your Riding-Gown, your Imbroider'd, and Speckl'd Gowns, Pane'd Works, and Plum'd Works, Petticoats, Hoods, Scarfs, Tours and Top-knots, Fingle-Fangles, and Gold-Bobs, with all the Colours o' the Rainbow, and Figures of all the Flowers, Birds, Beasts, Fishes, Flies, and Monsters i' th' Universe.] *Tunicam rullam, tunicam spicam, linteolum casicum, indusiatam, patagiatam, caltulam, aut crocutulam, supparum, aut subminiam, ricam, basilicum, aut exoticum, cumatile aut plumatile, cerinum aut melinum. Gerra maxima!* I have been forc'd to take a more than ordinary liberty in this Passage, because we want Words to answer those in the Original, tho' three or four of the first may do tolerably well. In such a place as this, if the Humour and Design of the Raillery be but carried on as in the rest of the Translation, 'tis as much as I aim at. The explanation of these Latin words, can be of little use in respect of the Beauties of the Play (the main thing which I aim at in my Remarks) therefore I shall not trouble the Reader, nor my self, so much as that comes to.



Ibid. l. 12, &c. *May some o' their Dresses make 'em look like Monkeys.* Epi. *What are those, Sir?* Per. *Your dam'd Night-Rails.* *Qui quoque etiam ademptum 'st nomen.* Ep. *Qui?* Pe. *Vocant Laconicks.* The Women, it seems, had a sort of Dresses call'd *Laconicks*, and since many of their Dogs had the very same Name; *Periphanes* satirically reprehends the Women of his time, as borrowing their Dresses Names from Dogs. This is lost in our Language, therefore I have attempted to preserve the sharpness of it another way, and for that Liberty, see the last Sentence of the Remark before the last.

Pa. 98. l. 3. *I've a trick too, that the Merchant shan't smell your Designs.* This new Trick was a cunning Contrivance of *Epidicus's*, to keep *Periphanes* out of the way, not doubting but to manage *Apecides* with ease.

Ibid. l. 23. *Epidicus, I gi' ye Thanks.* *Epidice, habes gratiam.* As *Madam Dacier* observes, this is spoken by *Periphanes*, and not by *Apecides*, as it is in all the common Books.

### Scene the Third.

Pag. 99. l. 18, &c. *And stick as close to my Back, as an old Rook to a rich Cully.* *Ne ulmos parasitos faciet, quæ usque attondeant.* That is, *Lest his Elming Parasites shou'd eat me up, or, devour me to the Bone.* This is a pleasant Thought, but will not do in our Language, to have done it, *His Rods shou'd stick to my Skin, as a Parasite to a Lord's Table*, wou'd have been no more Liberty than was necessary to make the Thought clear in our Tongue.

Ibid. l. 24, &c. *I'll soon produce one, and teach her her Lesson, how to carry on the Cheat handsomly to our old Gentleman.* This Trick of *Epidicus's*, is an excellent Preparation by the Poet, for what hapned in the seventh and

and eighth Scenes of the fourth Act ; not only for the pleasant Diversion to the Spectators, but chiefly for the Discovery of *Epidicus's* Rogueries, and consequently by bringing about the main Plot more dexterously. This neither *Epidicus* or the Spectators cou'd foresee, but the Poet had it in his Eye all the time.

Ibid. l. ult. O' this old silly Put.] *Ab damnofo sene.* The word *Damnoso*, is an excellent word in this Case, being both Active and Passive, and signifies, *One who has spent much*, or, *One who has suffer'd much*. We have nothing to answer it fully in our Tongue, that I know of, except those of *Cully*, *Bubble*, or *Put*, will ;. and the true meaning of these, especially the two latter, seem not yet well fixt.

### A C T III.

THE second Interval is fill'd up with *Epidicus's* receiving the Mony of *Periphanes* ; and with *Stratippocles's* waiting for him at *Cheribulus's* House.

#### Scene the First.

Pag. 100. l. 3, &c. I'd gi' the World to know whether there be any Hopes or not.] It is very remarkable that throughout this Play, *Stratippocles* never met with his Father on the Stage ; and further, he endeavours to avoid him till the latter end of the last Act, when *Epidicus* has brought about his Design, therefore lies *incognito* at his Friend *Cheribulus's* House : Yet notwithstanding all these Inconveniences which attend *Stratippocles*, the Poet has ingeniously found very probable Pretexs for his

his appearing those four times he does, of which this is a remarkable one.

Ibid. l. 17, &c. *You'll meet wi' something, by some ways, some means, from some Place, or from some Body, &c.*] Here *Cheribulus* is hard put to it by *Stratippocles*, therefore he is forc'd to talk a little obscurely, and with hesitation; for the more clear discovery of which to the Reader, there ought to have been Breaks, or Dashes at each Comma, in this Translation, but that defect I did not discover time enough.

### Scene the Second.

*Epidicus* came exactly in the right time to make up the breach between the young Gentlemen; and here *Plautus's* Conduct is very remarkable in ordering his Business so within Doors, that is, his receiving the Money and Instructions, so that he must of necessity come at that time and no other.

Pag. 101. l. 20, &c. *You see, Sir, as long as I can please, and oblige you, I'm sufficiently prodigal o' m' own Back.*] This is made use of by the Poet as a fair Pretext for *Epidicus's* bringing in his new Tricks and Devices without any affectation, or seeming Design of instructing the Audience; a piece of Art which few of our Poets seem to observe, but Mr. *Dryden*. Another thing is very remarkable, that is, *Plautus's* excellent Management in relating *Epidicus's* Cheats by piece meal, some in this Scene, and others elsewhere, when the relating all together, wou'd have so much over-charg'd the Audiences Memory, as to have dull'd a great part of their Pleasure, a Fault too common in many of our Comedies, than which nothing can be more dangerous to the ruining of the whole Success,

Ibid.

Ibid. l. 24. *By making your Father guilty o' Bag-slaughter.*] *Quia ego suum patrem faciam peremicidam.* The Joke of this Passage consists in the sound of the words, *Peremicida*, a *Cui-Purse*, and *Parenticida*, a *Paricide*; therefore so nigh as the sound of *Bag-slaughter* and *Man-slaughter*, is to *Peremicida* and *Parenticida*; and as much as *Paricide* is greater than *Man-slaughter*, so much is the difference between the Original and Translation.

Ibid. l. 26. *Hold up his Hand at the Bar, but I make him hold up his Hand at his Bags.*] *Peratim ductare: at ego follatim ducturabo.* The whole Beauty of this Passage, I believe, cannot be preserv'd in our Tongue. *Epidicus* here carries on the fancy of *Peremicida* and *Parenticida*, and the Poet has luckily hit upon a Line that exactly agrees with either. For the common punishment of *Paricides*, was to put 'em into a Sack, with a Cock, Serpent, and Ape, and then throw 'em into the River. Now the word, *Ductare*, signifies equally, *To bring a Man to punishment*, or, *to cheat him*; so that the Phrase, *Peratim ductare*, agreed with both cases, because *Pera* was either the Sack for the *Paricide*, or the old Mans Purse. *Follatim ductare*, is the same thing, only *Follis* was a much larger Sack than *Pera*. So that the natural sense of this, without any quibbling, is, *I don't cheat him by dribbling Purse, but by large Bags*; but I wou'd not do it that way, for then I must have lost more of the design of the Original than now I have. Madam Dacier has made no Translation at all for this and the last Passage.

Page. 102. l. 4, &c. \* *By buying her herself, beforehand; and so to remove her to some by-place. Now will I top another upon him, that shall do his Business as well every jot.*] None of this Passage is in the Original; but it is most certain that there are some Lines lost, by what follows; therefore, I have been forced to add this to make up the sense. The words are none of my own Invention,

vention, but almost a just Translation of what Madam Dacier had fill'd up this Place withal, to wit,

*Ut enim praestinet argento, priusquam venias filius ;  
Ubi erit empta, ut aliquo ex urbe amoveat venificam.  
Nunc ostendam ei fidicinam aliqua conductariam.*

Ibid. l. 25, &c. *Instead o' the threescore and fifteen Pounds, to name sixscore Guinea's.] Argenti minas se habere quinquaginta.* This Plot was well laid, and ingeniously contriv'd, but this Passage has made it so obscure in the Original, that several Interpreters have quite mistaken the sense ; so that I was forc'd to add above half a Line in the Translation to clear all.

Ibid. l. 32. *T'ou do Matchiavil for Policy.] Vorfurior es quàm rota singularis.* That is, *You're more crafty than a Potter's Wheel.* But this does poorly in our Language, therefore I have turn'd it. If I had translated it, *You've as many turns as a Whirligig,* it wou'd have been nigher the Original, and might have done tolerably enough in the Mouth of *Epidicus*, but not in *Stratippocles*.

### Scene the Third.

Pag. 103. l. ult. *I'm safely arriv'd at the Camp wi' this rich Booty.] Cum prædâ in castra redeo* Here ends the the third Act; as plainly appears from the Cessation of Action upon the Stage, and other Circumstances. The Common Books are all false in this Point, who make the third Act to end about 140 Verses further, where there is no clearing the Stage, nor no manner of Grounds for it.

A C T

## A C T IV.

THE third *Interval* is fill'd up with *Epidicus's* going to the Slave-merchants, and procuring the Musick-woman for *Apecides*; And also with *Cheribulus's* waiting for his Mistress at his Friend's House.

*Scene the First.*

This short Scene is very moral, and very natural for a considering cool-headed Old Man to speak. It is observable that the Ancients were full of these sort of grave Passages in their *Comedies*, as well as *Tragedies*, and our Author was not much behind-hand, notwithstanding his Inclination to Merriment upon every slight and trivial occasion.

*Scene the Third.*

Pag. 105. l. 7. *There's vast difference between th' Education of a young Maid, and a Curtizan.*] The ancient Athenians, and Romans were rather more careful of their Daughters Honesty than we; and to attempt the Chastity of a Virgin, was no less than a Capital Crime.

*Scene*

## Scene the Fourth.

*Ibid.* l. 17, 18. *Without doubt you've an admirable Servant, &c.*] Here begins a very pleasant short *Narration* of what was done off the Stage; the very *Plot* and *Subject* makes it so, and not the *Stile*. But the chief *Design* of it is for a Preparation to make the Seventh, but, especially the Eighth Scene of this Act, more diverting. See more of that Preparation, in the second Remark in the third Scene of the Second Act.

Page. 106. l. 3, &c. *All the while, I did as tho' I was a silly clod-pated Ass, that cou'dn't say Bo to a Goose. Per. You cou'd do no otherwise.*] *Ego illic me autem sic assimulabam quasi stolidum, cum bardum me faciebam. Per. Imo ita decet.* This, *Imo ita decet*, is an equivocal Answer to the foregoing Sentence; as is, *You cou'd do no otherwise*, the same; it being taken either in a good or bad Sense. This is very pleasant when rightly apprehended.

## Scene the Fifth.

*Ibid.* l. 18, &c. *What silly Fellow's you, who comes, tossing and brandishing his Cloak so?*] *Sed hic quis est quem advenientem conspicio, suam qui undantem chlamydem quassando facit?* These two Verses are misplaced in all the Editions of *Plautus* that I ever saw; they placing them the last in the Scene, whereas they shou'd go immediately before *Atque hac stultitia'st*, &c. Five Lines before. And this has made many Interpreters force a Sense out of the Verse, *Atque hac stultitia'st, me illi vitio vortere*, which the Author never intended,

Scene



## Scene the Sixth.

That such a considerable *Incident* as the *Rhodian Captain's* coming, might not seem to be made only to serve the Poet's Design, he has wisely taken care to prepare it before-hand, in the latter end of the Second Scene of the Second Act, so that here can be nothing precipitated, or any thing unnatural. This is a Rule that ought to be carefully observ'd by all *Dramatick Poets*.

Pag. 107. l. 7, &c. *I've achiev'd that by my great and mighty Valour, that all Mankind ought to give Thanks.* ] It is observable, that *Plautus* seldom brings a Soldier upon the Stage, but he is a blundering, rough-hewn, swaggering Fellow. *Terences's Thraso* is just of the same Character, but more moderately drawn than *Plautus's* Soldier.

Pag. 108. l. 5, &c. *I intend to give her her Freedom, and make her Partner i' my Bed.* ] Here our noble Captain's Character is handsomly carry'd on, for he does not only want Politeness and Civility, but you see he wants common Discretion too,

## Scene the Eighth.

Pag. 110. l. 9, &c. *I heard young Stratippocles, rich Periphanes's Son, took care to get her freed in his absence. Per. 'S death, I must run my Country if all this be true.* ] This was *Acropolistis* the Musick-girl, whom *Periphanes* himself had freed, taking her all this while for his Daughter *Thelestis*, and knew nothing to the contrary; which much startled him to hear that his Son had freed, *Acropolistis*, one he knew nothing of. *Periphanes's* Complaints, were all for *Epidicus's* last Cheats; for as yet  
he

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he did not so much as suspect the first, to wit his imposing upon him with *Acropolistis* instead of his Daughter. So that here is an excellent Contrivance of the Poet's to raise new Troubles, and add new Pleasure to the Spectators in the last Scene of this Act, and make it the most diverting of all, by causing *Periphanes* Troubles to come one after another, and such too as he thought himself most secure from.

*Scene the Ninth.*

*Ibid.* l. 25, &c. Shall I, who ha'signed so many Warrants and Edicts, suffer this Rascal to go unpunish'd? ] *Qui in tantis positus sum sententiis, carnis ego sinam impune?* This is a very hard Passage, and Interpreters have explain'd it a great many several ways; but here I have follow'd Madam *Dacier's* Explanation, which seems much more probable, and natural, than any other I have seen.

*Scene the Tenth.*

*Pag.* 111. l. 10, &c. My poor Girl's fallen into th' Enemies Hands; and I can bear no Tale or Tidings of her. ] Here the Poet gives a very good reason for *Philippa's* coming to *Athens*; so that this Incident is no ways forc'd or unnatural. What is remarkable still, is, that tho' her Daughter had been fallen into the Enemies Hands a considerable time; yet she, coming from *Thebes*, cou'd not arrive before this Time, because the Peace was but just now concluded on and ratified. For more of the Preparations of this Interview, see the first Remark in the second Act.

*Pag.*

Pag. 113. l. 24. *Bid my Daughter Thelestis come out.* *Jube Acropolistidem prodire filiam ante edis meam.* This Passage is undoubtedly false in all the Editions of this Author, and instead of *Acropolistidem*, it ought to be *Thelestidem*; for tho' her name was really *Acropolistis*, yet *Periphanes* took her for his Daughter *Thelestis*. I suppose it was alter'd by some Person not well acquainted with the *Plot*.

### Scene the Eleventh.

Pag. 114. l. 16. *All Creatures ha' their several ways of knowing their Young.* *Aliter canuli longe olem, aliter fues.* That is to say, *Puppies, and Hogs ha' better Noses.* It is a Proverb taken from nature, but too gross and base for the refin'dness of our Conversation, therefore I have alter'd it a little.

Pag. 115. l. 1. *I've pull'd an old House upo' my Head.* *Plaustrum Perculi.* This is a Proverb borrowed from Husbandmen; who seldom knew a greater Misfortune than the overthrowing of a Cart after it was well laden. It seems more expressive in this Place than our *English Proverb*.

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## ACT V.

**T**HE Fourth Interval is fill'd up with *Periphanes's* searching for *Epidicus*, to punish him; and likewise with *Stratippocles's* waiting for the Banker and his Mistress.

Scene

## Scene the First.

Pag. 116. l. 6, &c. *If Jove shou'd come down, he and his eleven Gods together, they cou'dn't save poor Pilgartick from going to Pot.*] Here *Epidicus* was really in a very sad Condition, and the Stage embarrass'd with all the Difficulties that cou'd be; yet soon after, our Poet finds a way to bring all off, even when the Spectators were almost brought to Despair. The doing of this well, does not only shew the greatest Art of a Poet, but gives the Spectators the greatest pleasure too; and this is the most taking part of a Play, and indeed, there is nothing like *Surprizes*, if they be natural.

Ibid. l. 17. *The two old Cullies.*] *Duo defloccati senes.* The word, *Defloccatus*, signifies, *Worn out*, or, *Bald*; *Epidicus* call'd 'em so, because he had *flec'd* 'em, and consequently, *Cully* is the proper Term in our Language.

## Scene the Second.

Pag. 117. l. 16. *A Fellow w<sup>th</sup> wooden Legs wou'd ha' been here in half the time.*] *Pedibus pulmoneis qui perhibetur, prius venisset, quam tu advenisti mihi.* Madam Dacier says, That this Passage relates to some Man, brought into a Proverb by reason of his slowness. The word, *Pulmoneus*, signifies, *Soft*, or *Swell'd*, but that wou'd not have done so well in our Language, especially in this Place.

SCENE

## Scene the Third.

In this short Scene is the *Discovery*, or the *Unravelling* of the Plot, which seem'd to have fallen out purely by accident, and all the Preparations to it make it appear the most probable in the World. One cunning piece of Art of the Poet's, is, his adjusting all Circumstances so as they must necessarily come upon the Stage at this time and no other; and then to make *Strasippocles* advise *Epidicus* to view her well, upon pretence of her Beauty, whereas it was design'd for her *Discovery*, for there was a necessity for that, since *Epidicus* had almost forgot her. Many Observations might be made upon the Preparations to this *Discovery*, which I want room to insert.

## Scene the Sixth.

Pag. 120. l. 1. Good *Thesprion*, get the back way to our House, and help to plead for me.] It is observable that *Thesprion* appears but once in the whole Play, and that in the beginning. But in this case, our modern Poets wou'd not so soon have lost such a remarkable Character, but have carried it on through the Play; and this, when it does not confound the Plot, is an excellency of our Stage above the Ancients. *Plautus* is guilty of this Defect in the more remarkable Character of *Arctotrogus*, in his *Miles Gloriosus*.

## Scene the Seventh.

Ibid. l. 12. For Men of our Gravity.] *Nos vetulos decrepitos duos.* The word, *Decrepo*, signifies to be at the  
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last gasp, and is a Metaphor taken from a Candle just a going out, which makes some small Creekings; for this reason, old Men were often call'd *Decrepites*, because as long as they had life, they were in some condition of making a Noise, that is, of doing some good, either by their Purfes, or their Actions. Our word, *Decrepit*, being usually taken in a reproachful sense, would not have well answer'd it, therefore I have endeavour'd to preserve the comical part of the meaning.

Pag. 121. l. 7, &c. *I've got my Guards and Supplies within doors, for all my Rogueries.*] *Epidicus's* Supplies were *Stratippocles*, *Thelestis*, *Philappa*, and *Thesprion*, whom he had got ready to plead for him; and since such a lucky Discovery had been made, and the Girls Redemption too, both from Slavery and the danger of Incest, all by his means, he knew they cou'd not fail of succeeding; and this made him so very insolent to the two old Men, to their great Surprise, and the Spectators satisfaction.

Ibid l. 9. *I laugh at my Enemies Preparations.*] *Apolactizo inimicos omnes.* The word, *Ἀπολακτίζω*, is Greek, and signifies *Calce summoveo*, or *Calce repello*; but this was not necessary to be taken notice of in a Translation.

Pag 121. l. 15, &c. *D' ye think I was running away; leaving the House; or so much as avoiding your presence?*] *Num te fugi? num ab domo absum? num oculis concessi tuis?* Here are three Sentences signifying almost the same thing; and I believe many Translators wou'd have contented themselves with doing two, or perhaps but one of 'em; but I always chuse exactness when I can do it without very much Injury to the *English*. For this see the second Remark on the second Scene of the third Act of *Amphitryon*.

Pag. 122. l. 15. *Lay your Guinea against my Penny.*] *In meum nummum, in tuum talentum pignus da.* That is to say, *Lay your Talent against my Sesterce*, 187 Pounds to nigh

nigh two Pence; this was to shew the difference between Masters and Slaves. This Translation keeps to the Design and Pleasantry of Epidicus, as well as the other.

*Scene the Ninth.*

Pag. 124. l. 1. *You needn't beg so heartily, &c.*] *Periphaues* speaks this to the Persons within, whom *Epidicus* had employ'd to plead for him. If any of our modern Poets had had the management of this Place, they wou'd undoubtedly have brought *Stratippocles*, *Thelestis*, *Philippa*, and *Thesprion* on to the Stage; but the Ancients had another tast, and were wonderful careful to avoid any thing that look'd like Confusion, sometimes too scrupulously in this case, as ours too often offend the other way. Therefore a just Medium ought to be exactly observ'd.

*Scene the Tenth.*

Pag. 125. l. 1. *Here's a rare Rogue then, one who has gain'd his Freedom by his Cunning.*] *Hic is homo est, qui libertatem malitia invenit sua.*] Here, perhaps, it may be thought, that Vice appears triumphant. I grant it wou'd upon our Stage if this were acted; but the Romans were of another Opinion in these Cases, and they took a peculiar pleasure in seeing a witty Slave cheat a covetous old Fellow, and the Ingenuity of the Action was often thought sufficient amends for the Knavery of it.

I shall conclude all with this Remark upon the whole: That the Acts cou'd never have been more naturally divided. The First, contains the Arrival of *Stratippocles*, and the opening of the Subject; the second, *Epidicus's*



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Knaveries; the third, his success in his Knaveries; the fourth, the discovery of 'em; and the fifth, the knowledge of *Theleffis*, and his recovery from the danger of 'em. And in the management of all this, not one Actor appears upon the Stage without a necessary Pretext of Business there.

*The End of the Remarks upon Epidicus.*

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R U D E N S.

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R U D E N S

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# Dramatis Personæ.

## M E N.

Demonēs, *an old decay'd Gentleman of Athens, now living at Cyrene.*

Pleusidippus, *a young Athenian Gentleman, now of Cyrene, in love with Palestra,*

Labrax, *a Villanous Slave-Merchant of Cyrene.*

Charmides, *his Boarder, a wheedling Parisiue.*

Trachalio, *Servant to Pleusidippus.*

Sceparnio,

Gripus,

Turbalio, } *Servants to Demonēs.*

Sparax.

Fishermen, *of Cyrene.*

## W O M E N.

Ptoleocratia, *Priestess of Venus.*

Palestra, *A young Gentlewoman, in love with Pleusidippus, now belonging to Labrax.*

Ampelisca, *her Companion, belonging to Labrax.*

## M U T E S.

Three Gentlemen, Servants, Attendants, &c.

SCENE, *By the Sea-side, in a Village nigh Cyrene, with many Rocks and Cliffs at the further end of the Stage. On one side, appears Cyrene, at a distance; on the other, Demonēs's House, and a Temple of Venus, with a Court before it, and in it, an Altar: Besides some scatter'd Houses at a distance.*

TIME, *About Eight or Nine Hours, beginning at Five or Six a Clock in the Morning.*

# PROLOGUE

Spoken by *Arcturus*.

Gallants,

**Y**E must know, I dwell i' the Celestial Palaces  
above, a Subject o' that mighty God who  
shakes all Nations, Seas, and Earth. I'm  
a bright and shining Constellation, as ye  
see me, *Arcturus* by Title, one who ne'r fail'd to  
keep regular Hours, both here and in Heaven. In  
the Night-time, I twinkle i' the Sky, and among the  
Gods; when day comes, I converse wi' Mortals, as  
the rest o' the Constellations do, who ha' the same  
Commission from above. Jove, the Grand Mo-  
narch of Heaven and Earth, every day disperses us  
through all Countries, i' inspect th' Actions, Man-  
ners, Religion, and Fidelity o' Mortals, that the  
Goddess o' Riches may reward 'em as they deserve.  
When e'r we meet wi' Fellows who hire Knights o'  
the Post in Law-Sutes, and Rascals who forswear  
themselves in Chancery, we return their Names in  
writing to Jove, who each day is inform'd of all  
whom

whom the Gallows groans for. He knows each Man that's perjur'd, or bribes his Judge to gain his Cause; upo' which, he brings it about i' th' upper Court, and sets a severer Fine upon his Head than the loss of his Cause won'd ha' come to. The Names o' the good Men he keeps in a Book by it self. Now these Rogues fool themselves with a fancy that a lusty Present, and a Sacrifice, will make amends for all; but they lose their Labour and Cost too: For Jove accepts not the Prayers of perjur'd Villains. But the Prayers of an honest Man's heard a thousand times sooner than of one o' these Rascals. Therefore, good Gentlemen, let m' advise ye, you who are honest indeed, and have always been good and true-hearted, ne'r to recede from your Principles, that so you may ha' the Comfort of 'em.—Now, Gentlemen I'm ready to wait upon ye, and tell ye th' Argument o' the Play.

First then, Diphilus calls this City, Cyrene. Here dwells Demones in the Field, in a Neighbouring Village by the Sea-side; a good honest well-meaning old Gentleman, forc'd to leave Athens, and take up here. 'Twas no ill Prank that drove him from his Country; but his Generosity to others, prov'd so injurious to himself, as it ruin'd his Estate at last. Sometime since, he had a little Daughter, who was kidnapp'd away, and sold to a Villanous Slave-Merchant, who brought her home to Cyrene. Now it seems, a young Gentleman o' this City, and formerly of Athens, by chance spies this Girl coming from the Musick-School, and immediately is stricken with her; goes strait to the Merchant, bargains

bargains with him to have her for threescore and fifteen Pounds, gives him earnest, and swears him to Fidelity. Now this Son of a Whore, like the rest of his Gang, valuing neither Promise nor Oath, goes immediately to a Banker of his, a Sicilian of Agrigentium, an old Rascal as ill as himself, and a publick Bane to the City. This Man he wheedles with the huge Commendations o' this Girls Beauty, and others he had with him, so gets him to go over with him to Sicily: For, says he, there the People are mightily given to their Pleasures, and Women are their best Commodity, so you may get an Estate in a little time. Upo<sup>d</sup> which, a Ship is prepar'd underhand; the Merchant claps all his Effect on board, and flams off the young Gentleman, who bought this Girl, with a pretence he was going to perform a Vow to Venus.——This Temple here, is the Place; where he has invited the Spark to Dinner. He immediately gets on board, and carries off Bag and Baggage. The Gentleman upon hearing o' this News, goes strait to the Haven, and there finds the Ship got clear off from the Shore.——I, seeing the Girl thus forc'd away, resolv'd at once to save her, and ruin the Rascal. Therefore I stirr'd up the blustering Winds, and swell'd th' Oceans Waves: For Arcturus is the most turbulent Constellation i' th' Heavens; outrageous when rising, but more outrageous sitting.——At present, both Merchant and Guest are thrown upon a Rock, which split their Ship in pieces. This Girl I told y<sup>e</sup> of, and another with her, in a fright, are leap'd into the little Boat; and are now  
driven

*driven by the Tide, from the Rock towards the Shore, and old Demones's House, which is now un-roof'd by the Wind; and this is one of his Servants that's now coming out his House. The young Spark will be here strait who bought this Girl o' this Merchant.*—

*Gallants adieu, and may your joyful Cries,  
Be always formidable to your Enemies.*

*Exit.*

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**ACT**



A C T I.

S C E N E I.

*Enter Sceparnio, with his Spade, and Working-Tools.*

**H** Eavens blefs us all! What a plaguy storm has old Neptune sent us this Night! The Wind has all untiled our House here. What shall I call it? It can be no Wind, but some Conjuror raising the Devil; for all the Tiles are come ratling down, and the Windows shatter'd, so we shall keep open House now.

*[He falls to digging*

S C E N E II.

*Enter Pleusidippus at a distance, with three of his Friends.*

*Pleu. to his Friends]* Well, Gentlemen, I've taken ye off your Bus'ness, and still our searching's to no purpose; for I cou'd n't catch this rascally Bawd at the Haven. But I wou'd n't ha' my carelesness ruin my Hopes; and therefore, my Friends, I'm forc'd to detain ye the longer.—— So now I'll visit the Temple o' Venus here, where the Fellow design'd to sacrifice, as he told me.

*Sce,*

*See. digging]* Upo' my honour, I shall take a new Course wi' this damnable Clay, that has almost kill'd me.

*Plen.* I hear some body's Voice just by.

### S C E N E III.

*Enter Demones from his House.*

*Dem. Sceparnio!*

*See.* Who calls me?

*Dem.* He that bought and paid for ye.

*See.* As much as to say, I'm your Servant: Sir?

*Dem.* We shall want a world o' Mortar, therefore dig deep: The whole House must be new-roof'd; for now 'twill no more shelter a Man than a Sive.

*Plen. going to them]* Father, well met; —and you too.

*Dem.* Good morrow t'ye, Sir.

*See.* Are ye Man or Woman, that you call him Father?

*Plen.* A Man, undoubtedly.

*Dem.* If so, you must seek elsewhere. I had once a little Daughter, which I lost formerly, but ne'r had a Son i' my Life.

*Plen.* Heavens grant ye the Blessing o' one.

*See.* And you the Plague o' one, who e'r you are; for troubling us wi' your Tattle, when we've business enough of our own,

*Plen.* Pray, d'ye live at this House?

*See.* Why that Question? You lay lurking here to break it open i' the night-time, d'ye?

*Plen.* He had need be a rich and faithful Servant, who dares thus interrupt his Master, and shew himself so uncivil to a Gentleman.

*See.* And he a bold and impudent Fellow, who comes  
to

to be impertinent before another Man's Door; who owes him ne'r a Penny.

*Dem.* Hold your Tongue *Scarpario*.——What is't you want, young Gentleman?

*Plen.* T'ha' that Fellow kick'd, for his Impudence in interposing before his Master.——But, if it be no hindrance to your Bu'ness, I've a Question or two to ask ye.

*Dem.* Sir, it shan't disturb my bus'ness.

*See.* Prethee go into the Marsh, and cut Reeds for us to thatch our House with, now 'tis dry Weather.

*Dem.* Sirrah, be silent.——Well, Sir, your Pleasure.

*Plen.* Then let me ask ye, whether you saw e'r a grey, frizl'd-crown, villanous, perjurd, wheedling Rascal?

*Dem.* O, a multitude: For such as these, ha' been the ruin o' me.

*Plen.* He that I speak of, brought two young Women to the Temple of *Venus*, either Yesterday or to Day, to prepare for a Sacrifice.

*Dem.* Truly, Sir, I saw no such Person, nor has there been any Sacrifice, this long Time; nor cou'd there be, without my knowledge; when there is, they always come hither for Water, Fire, Vessels, Knives, Spit, Seething Pot, or something or other. In short, my Vessels and Well are for *Venus's* use, not mine; and I can assure ye, there has been a cessation these many Days.

*Plen.* By this, I perceive I'm ruin'd.

*Dem.* Really, Sir, I wish I cou'd help ye.

*See.* Hark ye, Sir, you that haunt the Temple for your Belly-sake; you'd better march home and dine on what you can get. I warrant ye, you were invited hither, and the Fellow ga' ye the Slip, that's your Ailment.

*Plen.* Very well?

[*Angrily.*  
*See.*

*Sec.* Without Controverſie, you may go home without your Dinner. Y'had better follow *Ceres* Governour o'the Cupboard, than *Venus* Ruler o'the Bed, for you're more Sheep-stealer than Whore-maſter.

*Plen.* The Fellow grows ſhamefully ſcurrilous.

*Dem.* *looking towards the Sea*] Bleſs me! What People are yonder, nigh the Shore, *Scarpinio*?

*Sec.* I fancy they're ſome damnable Gameſters.

*Dem.* Why ſo?

*Sec.* Becauſe they've loſt all, their Ship and all.

*Dem.* 'Tis true, they have.

*Sec.* And our Houſe has nothing but Rubbiſh to entertain 'em with.

*Dem.* *ſtaring*] Alas! poor little Souls, how many are there?—Lord, how they ſwim for their Lives!

*Plen.* Pray now, where are they?

*Dem.* Yonder, on the right-hand;—don't ye ſee 'em floating by the Shore?

*Plen.* I do—*[to his Friends]* Pray follow me.—What wou'd I give to find that curſed Villain there!—Fare ye well.

*[Exit Pleudiſippus with his Friends.]*

## SCENE IV.

*Demonas and Scarpinio.*

*Sec.* So we wou'd without your bidding.—*[looking upon the Sea]* O *Palemon*, *Neptune's* beſt Friend and Companion, what a dreadful Sight do I ſee!—

*Dem.* Prethee, what is't?

*Sec.* I vow, two little Girls, all alone, in a ſmall Boat.—How lamentably are the poor Creatures roſt!—ſoftly,—ſoftly,—well recover'd!—The Tide drives the Boat from the Rock to the Shore.

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A Pylot cou'd n't do't better.——I think I ne'r saw the Sea run so high, i'my born Days.——They're safe, if the Waves don't catch 'em.——Now,——now,——comes all the Danger!——So, there's one wash'd out;——but by good luck, fall'n upo' the Flats : She'll easily get off.——Huzzah ! D'ye see how the Billows ha' thrown her a shore?——She's upon her Feet, and makes this way :——All's well, all's well!——O, th' other's leap'd a shore too; and the poor Soul's upon her Knees i'the Water for fear.——Very well ! she's up, and upon dry Land.——She's taken to the right, to her forrow, I'll warrant her; for, faith, she may wander there all Day.——

*Dem.* What does that concern your Work ?

*See.*——But if she chance to tumble down yon Cliff, she'll make but a short cut of her Ramble.——

*Dem.* Nay, if you've a mind to sup wi'their Fare, *Sceparnio*, follow them ; if wi' mine, follow me.

*See.* That's but reasonable.

*Dem.* Come along then.

*See.* Well, Sir.

[*Exeunt Demones and Sceparnio.*]

## S C E N E V.

*Enter Palestra, with her Cloaths wet, from among the Cliffs, at the further End of the Stage.*

How ill soever Men's Miseries are represented, they still fall short o' Truth and Experience. Is't Heaven's pleasure, to throw m' on these unknown Coasts, in a dreadful Fright, and in this very Garb ? Was I born to be expos'd to these Calamities ? Is't the Reward o' my strict Life ? I should not think these Miseries so severe, had I offended against Heaven, or my Parents : But if I've been so exact i'my Duty to both, it seems unbe-

unbecoming, O ye Gods, nay unjust, and unreasonable, t'afflict me thus. Ah what dreadful Punishments must Villains meet with, if vertuous Persons be so hardly dealt withal? If I cou'd call to mind any o' m' own or Parents Faults, I shou'd bear it better; but 'tis my Master's, I'm punish'd for; his Crimes fall heavy upo' my Head. He has lost his Ship, and all he's worth, except me, th' only remainder of his Fortune; for my Companion i'the Boat, is perish'd, and now I'm all alone. Were she but safe, her Company wou'd ha' been some relief to my Griefs. But now, what hope, help, or Counsel am I capable of? I'm forc'd to wander all alone i'these wild Desarts. On one side, craggy Cliffs; on th' other, the Ocean's foaming Surges; and not a living Soul to meet with. My Cloaths are my Riches; and I know neither where to find Sustenance, or a House to liide my Head in. What desire can I have to live then? I'm a Stranger to this Place; ne'r was here before this Time.——Ah wou'd some good Body wou'd but direct m'into some Road, or Foot-Path.—— Shall I take this way, or that way? I am n't able to resolve; and I can't perceive a foot of Habitable Land hereabouts. A Chilness, a Faintness, and the great Fright, ha' seiz'd on all my Joints. Alas, my dear Father and Mother! you know nothing o' these sad Afflictions. I was born a Gentlewoman, it avails nothing; I'm more miserable than if born a Slave; for I can ne'r be any Comfort to those who ga' me Birth and Education.

[*she weeps.*]

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

*Ampelisca appears among the Cliffs, with her Cloak wet, at another part of the further end of the Stage.*

*Amp. to her self.*] What can be more proper, or more necessary, than making way wi' my self, as long as I'm under these Miseries, and Afflictions? I can't be solicitous o' Life, since I'm depriv'd o' the Person who made it easy to me. I've wander'd through all Places, search'd into every little Hole to find her, call'd, look'd, and listn'd as much as possible.—I can find her no where, know not where to go, how to look for her, or whom t'enquire of, for here's not a Soul to be seen.—Sure there's no such dismal Defart upo' the Face o' th' Earth, as this. But if she be alive, and above ground, I'll ne'r give o're searching till I've found her.

*Pal.* What Voice can this be here?

*Amp.* I vow, I'm strangely afraid.—Who's that sonigh me?

*Pal.* Blessed Hope, assist me!—

*Amp.* 'Tis a Woman's Voice, I know't by the Sound.

*Pal.*—And free me from my Fears.

*Amp.* It must be a Woman's Voice, for certain.

*Pal.* Good now, is't *Ampelisca*?

*Amp.* Is't you, *Palestra*?

*Pal.* Why don't I call her by her Name, that she may know me?—*Ampelisca.*

*Amp.* Hah! who's that?

*Pal.* 'Tis I, *Palestra.*

*Amp.* Prethee, whereabouts are ye?

*Pal.* Truly, amidst a thousand Troubles.

*Amp.* I'm your Partner, and have as large a share as you.—I long strangely to see ye.

M

*Pal,*



*Pal.* And I as much.

*Amp.* Then let's follow by the Ear.——Where are ye?

*Pal.* Here; come this way and meet me.

*Amp.* As fast as I can.

*[They come forward and meet.]*

*Pal.* Your Hand, my Dear.

*Amp.* Take it. *[They join Hands.]*

*Pal.* Art thou alive? Prethee tell me.

*Amp.* Yes, and so wish to live, while I touch thee, I can scarce believe I have ye here. Pray let m' embrace thee, my Soul.——*[they embrace]* Ah, what a Refreshment 'tis after m' Affliction!

*Pal.* You've prevented me from saying the same thing.——But let's be going now.

*Amp.* Prethee, my Dear, which way shall we take?

*Pal.* Along the Shore, I think.

*Amp.* Which way you please, I'll follow.

*Pal.* Shall we go so, with our Cloaths all wet?

*Amp.* For that, we must make as good a shift as we can——But pray now, what's that?

*Pal.* Which?

*Amp.* Prethee, don't ye see a Temple?——D' ye see that?

*Pal.* Where?

*Amp.* O' the right-hand.

*Pal.* I see the Gods respect this Place.

*Amp.* Then men can be no Strangers to't, the Situation's so delightful too.——Who e'r's the God, I'll beg of him t'ease us Wretches in our Miseries, and to grant us some Assistance, i' this poor and sad Condition.

*[They kneel down before the Temple.]*

SCENE

## S C E N E VII.

*Enter the Priestess of Venus, out of the Temple.*

*Prief.* Who are these, that beg my Patroness's Protection? Their Prayers ha' brought m'out to see who they are. They've certainly pitch'd upon the kindest, tenderest, and best natur'd Goddess that could be.

*Pal.* Heavens bless ye, good Mother.

*Prief.* Bless ye both, my Children.—Pray where were ye going, wi' your Cloaths so wet, i' that pitiful Condition?

*Pal.* We came but a little way now: But 'tis a huge way from the Place we first set out at.

*Prief.* You came in a Ship, by Sea then?

*Pal.* Yes, an't please ye.

*Prief.* Y'ought t' ha come then to this Temple wi' your Proper Habits, and your Off'rings; for 'tis ne'r usual to come i' this manner.

*Pal.* Alas, what Off'rings can y'expect, when we were both cast away at Sea? ——— [*They kneel to her*] Therefore we beg of you for Heaven's sake, t'have pity upon a couple o' poor helpless Creatures, without Knowledge or Hopes, to take us into your House, and keep us from perishing; for we've neither Shelter, expectation of any, nor nothing, but what you see about us.

*Prief.* Gi me your Hands, and rise both of ye: No Woman can be more sensible o' your Miseries than I. But alas, my Children, mine's but a poor and mean Place: I can scarce keep Life and Soul together, and have all my Dependance upo' *Venus* here.

*Ans.* Pray now, is this *Venus*'s Temple?

*Prief.* Yes, and I'm her Priestess.—But you shall be heartily welcome, as far as my poor Stock will go.—Come along.

*Pal.* Truly, Mother, you've a kind and tender care of us.

*Prief.* 'Tis my Duty.

[*Exeunt omnes, to the Temple of Venus.*]

*The End of the First Act.*

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## ACT II.

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### SCENE I.

*Enter some Fishermen, with their Lines, Nets, &c.*

1. *Fish.* **W**E, Poor Folks, have every way a lamentable Life on't, especially since we were brought up to neither Trade, nor Calling; so we are forc'd to be content wi' that little we have. Ye may guess how rich we are, by our fine Garbs. These Hooks and Rods are all our Trade and Livelihood. We make Incurfions, every Day, from the Town to the Sea, for Forrage; and all our Fights and Combats are against whole Beds o' Crabs, Lobsters, Oysters, Pimpatches, Coral, Muscles, and Cockles; after which, we fall upon other Fish with our Hooks, and upo' those among the Rocks. We table upo' the Sea; and if we chance t' ha' no luck, we sink home, well liquor'd wi' salt-Water, and go supperless to bed.—Now 'tis such a hoaming Sea, we've little hopes o' Sport; and except we light o' some Shell-Fish,

Fish, we must e'n make a Fast-Night on't, i' Faith.—  
But we'll pray first to kind *Venus*, to send us good  
Luck.

[*They move towards the Temple.*]

S C E N E II.

*Enter Trachalio, at a little Distance.*

*Tra. to himself*] I've been searching with all the  
Eyes i' my Head, to find out my Master. When he first  
went out, he told me he was gone to the Haven; but  
order'd me to meet him here at the Temple o' *Ve-*  
*nus*.—But hold, here are People very luckily t' en-  
quire of; I'll up to 'em.—[*Goes to the Fishermen*] Well  
met, Old Sea-Filchers, Oyster-Crackers, and Hook-  
Drivers; ye starv'd Generation, how d'ye do? Not  
drown'd yet?

1. *Fish.* We do like poor Fishermen, full of Hunger,  
Thirst, and Hopes.

*Tra.* Did ye see e'r a Young Gentleman, the Time  
ye were here, a genteel, fresh-colour'd, lusty Man,  
and three Companions, wi' their Cloaks and Swords?

3. *Fish.* We saw no such Man, as you describe.

*Tra.* Then did ye see e'r an old Bald-pated, Beetle-  
Brow'd, Gotch-Gutted, Squint-Ey'd, Sowr-Fac'd Ra-  
scal, the very Canker-Worm of Heaven and Earth,  
and Store-House o' Mischief, Roguery, and Villany,  
leading o' two good likely Girls?

2. *Fish.* A Fellow wi' these Vertues, and Graces, is  
a fitter Companion for Hell, than the Temple.

*Tra.* If ye saw any such, speak.

1. *Fish.* I assure ye, we did not.—Good morrow.

*Tra.* Adieu t'ye: I thought ye might.

[*Exeunt Fishermen.*]

## S C E N E III.

*Trachalio alone,*

Troth, I believe 'tis just as I thought 'twou'd be. My Master's bubl'd; this Whore-son Bawd has chang'd Countries, embark'd, and carry'd off the Girls, and I find I'm a Conjuror. This Devil's-Bird too, has invited my Master to a Dinner here; and I think I had best stay his Coming. If I light o' the Priestess, I'll enquire of her, whether she can gi' me any further account o' this Bus'ness; I'll be as certain as I can.

## S C E N E IV.

*Enter Ampelisca from the Temple, with a Bucket in her Hand.*

*Amp. to the Priestess within*] Very well; at the next Door to the Temple you'd ha' me knock, and desire a little Water.

*Tra.* Whose Voice is that?

*Amp.* Bless me! Who's that? Whom do I see?

*Tra.* Isn't *Ampelisca*, that comes from the Temple?

*Amp.* Isn't it *Trachalio*, *Plensidippus's* Servant?

*Tra.* 'Tis she.

*Amp.* 'Tis the same.——*Trachalio*, good morrow.

*Tra.* And to you, *Ampelisca*.——How came you here?

*Amp.* By a miserable Chance, and undeservedly too.

*Tra.* I hope better things.

*Amp.* A wise Person ought to say and talk nothing but Truth.——But Prethee now, where's your Master *Plensidippus*?

*Amp.*

*Tra.* Pshaw, as tho he wan't within there.

*Amp.* Really, neither he, nor any one else came hither.

*Tra.* He is not come, then?

*Amp.* You say very true.

*Tra.* Which is none o' my way, *Ampelisca*.—But how forward's Dinner?

*Amp.* Prethee, what Dinner?

*Tra.* Why, your Sacrifice Dinner, you're to have here.

*Amp.* What Dream's this, pray now?

*Tra.* Faith, your Master *Labrax* invited mine t' a Dinner here to Day.

*Amp.* Troth, 'tis a mighty surprize to me. If he has cheated both Gods and Men, he has done like a Bawd as he is.

*Tra.* Is there no Sacrifice then, neither for you nor my Master?

*Amp.* You may swear t.

*Tra.* How came ye here then?

*Amp.* Why, the Priests took us in, both me and *Palestra* too, in a great Fright, extream Danger, and destitute of all Succour.

*Tra.* Pray, is *Palestra* here too, my Master's Mistress?

*Amp.* Yes indeed.

*Tra.* Dear *Ampelisca*, you've told me the pleasantest News i'the World.——But I long mightily to know what Danger you've run thorow.

*Amp.* Why, honest *Trachalio*, our Ship was cast away last light.

*Tra.* How, cast away?——What a Fib was that?

*Amp.* Prethee, didn't ye hear, how *Labrax* wou'd ha' shipt us away underhand for *Sicily*, and had got all his Goods aboard? They're all lost now.

*Tra.* God a mercy, honest *Neptune*; ne'r a Gamester of 'm all has half the Cunning. Faith, 'twas an excel-



lent Cast; 'thas quite gammon'd the Rascal.——But where's the poor Devil now?

*Amp.* Dead drunk, o' my Conscience. For the God invited him last Night to a Tub o' Roaring Liquor; and, troth, I believe the Whore's-bud has drunk more than he cou'd bear.

*Tra.* O how I cou'd hug thee, dear *Ampelisea*! thou'rt a Sweet, and charming Creature.——But pray, how scap'd you, and *Palestra*?

*Amp.* I'll tell ye.——When we saw the Ship running full upon a Rock, all in a fright, we leap'd into the Boat, and streight unty'd the Rope. While the rest look'd dismally on, the Storm parted us from the Ship to the right. All the long Night, we poor Wretches were most desperately tost by the Winds and Waves, till just at Morning, we were thrown half dead a shore.

*Tra.* I know 'tis like *Neptune*; he's a plaguy hard Custom-Master, and staves all prohibited Goods.

*Amp.* O hang your sweet Crops.

*Tra.* And thine, my little Rogue.——I formerly smelt out the Trick this Dog was playing, and often forewarn'd y' of it. I think I had best send for Gown and Fur-Cap, and set up for a *Fortune-teller*.

*Amp.* Since you fore-knew't, how bravely did you and your Master take care to prevent it?

*Tra.* What cou'd he ha' done?

*Amp.* Done, quoth a, for the Person he lov'd? He shou'd ha' watch'd her Night and Day, and been always upon Duty. But I see your Master's Care and Love for his Mistress, may tally together.

*Tra.* Why so?

*Amp.* Nay the Matter's plain.

*Tra.* Po, don't ye see, when People go to the Bath, tho' they be ne'r so careful o'their Cloaths, they're often snap'd up? Th'Owner knows n't whom to suspect:

The



The Thief has his Eye upo' th' Owner; but the de'el a bit does th'other know the Thief.——But bring me to *Palestra*: Where is she?

*Amp.* Go into the Temple there; and you'll find her crying and sobbing like a Child.

*Tra.* I'm sorry for that. ——What's the matter with her?

*Amp.* I'll tell ye.——She's mightily concern'd for *Labrax's* taking away a Casket of hers; for there she had something to discover her Parents by, and she fears 'tis quite lost.

*Tra.* Where was it put?

*Amp.* Aboard the Ship. This Rogue had secur'd it in a Port-mantle, to put her beyond a possibility of finding her Parents.

*Tra.* O abominable! to keep her a Slave, when she ought to be free?

*Amp.* She believes 'tis sunk to the bottom o'the Sea, together wi' the Ship, and all *Labrax's* Gold and Silver. Now I fancy some one has div'd for't, and got it out. The poor Creature's in a lamentable condition for the loss of her Things.

*Tra.* 'Tis the best way then to go to her, comfort her up, and keep her from fretting so. I've known a great many People who have found Relief when they ne'r expected it.

*Amp.* And I, those who have expected it, and ha' found none.

*Tra.* In those Cases, Patience is the best Remedy.——I'll go to her, if you've no occasion for my Assistance.

*Amp.* Ay, go.

[*Exit Trachalio to the Temple.*]

SCENE

## S C E N E V.

*Ampelisca alone.*

I'll go beg a little Water at the next House, as the Priestess order'd; for she tells me if I ask in her Name, they'll gi' me't without Scruple. I think I ne'r saw a Person more deserving o' the Favour o' Gods and Men, than this good old Priestess. How hanfomly, generously, honestly, and freely, did she entertain us! When we were in Fears, Want, Wet, forsaken, and ready to perish, she took care of us as tho' we had been her own Children. How ready she is too, to heat the Water to wash us withal!——Now I'll go ask for some, that I might n't make her stay.——*[She knocks at Demones's Door]* So ho! who's at home here?——Any Body here?——None to come out?

*[Knocks again.]*

## S C E N E VI.

*To her enter Sceparnio.*

*See.* Who's that batters our Doors so incivilly?

*Amp.* A Friend.

*See.* Hah, What luck's here?——'S bobs, as I hope to breath, a sinug-fac'd little Rogue!

*Amp.* Good morrow t'ye, young Man.

*See.* And to thee, my pretty young Woman.

*Amp.* I come to beg one Kindness——

*See.* Which I'd grant ye, if ye came at Midnight; but now I haven't the conveniency o' supplying your Wants.————What say'st thou, my feat little Chuck?

*[Goes to embrace her.]**Amp.*

*Amp.* How now? Methinks you're a little too free tho'.

*See.* Bless me! the very Picture o' *Venus*! What sparkling Eyes! What a Shape! What a fine black Complexion! I meant, a lovely brown! What Bubbles! What sweet Lips are those! [*Offers to kiss her.*

*Amp. turning away.*] I'm not for every one's turn; therefore stand off.

*See.* What not one gentle Kiss, my pretty sweet Rogue?

*Amp.* When I'm more at leisure, I may allow ye to toy a little. But now I must have an Answer, *ay* or *no*, to what I came for.

*See.* What would ye have then?

*Amp.* This Bucket o' mine, shews clearly what I'd have.

*See.* And this Phiz o' mine, shews as clearly what I'd have.

*Amp.* The Priestess o' *Venus* sent me hither for a little Water.

*See.* I'm just like a Courtier, you'll ne'r obtain any thing without a plaguy deal o' waiting. The Well's deep and dangerous; and not a drop you get, without a hundred fine Words and Caresses.

*Amp.* Why are you so sparing o' your Water to me, which you give every Stranger *gratis*?

*See.* And why are you sparing o' your Favours to me, which you give every Citizen *gratis*.

*Amp.* Come, my Dear, I'll not stand for once.— [*He kisses her.*

*See. aside.*] O rare, I'm ravish'd! She calls me *Dear*, too.—Thou shalt ha' Water; I won't be lov'd for nothing.—Gi' me the Bucket.

*Amp. giving the Bucket.*] Here.—Prithee, make haste.

*See.* Stay. I'll be here i' the turning of a Hand, my Hony.

[*Exit Sceparnio with the Bucket.*

*Scene*

## S C E N E VII.

*Ampelixa alone.*

What Excuse shall I make to the Priestess, for staying so long?——[*Looking on the Sea.*] How I quake when I cast m' Eyes upo' the Sea!——But alas, who are yon, on the Shore?——Is't the Merchant my Master, and his *Sicilian* Boarder? I was in good hopes they were both drown'd i' the Sea. These are new Plagues, we ne'r look'd for.——But why don't I run into the Temple, and tell *Palestra* this News, that we may've time to take Sanctuary at th' Altar, before this old Devil come and take us?——I'll make haste, for this was a sudden Thought.

*[She runs off to the Temple.]*

## S C E N E VIII.

*Enter Sceparnio, with his Bucket full of Water.*

Bless me! I ne'r cou'd ha' thought I shou'd ha' found so much pleasure in drawing Water. How merrily did I go to't! Methought the Well not half so deep as 'rus'd to be; I drew it wi' so much ease.——But without Flattery, I was a great Owl for not falling in love before now. Here's the Water, my little Fubs ye? I'de ha' ye as civil to me, as I to you, that I may love ye the better.——Where art, my Duck?——Here, take thy Water.——Where art thou?——'Sbud, she's in love wi' me, I believe; for the pretty Jilt has skulk'd out o' the Way.——Whereabouts art? Won't ye take your Bucket? Where are ye?——Come, you've carried the Jest far enough; take the Bucket, and be serious.

ous.——Where have ye hid your self.——[*Looks about.*] Troth, I can't get one glimps of her: She has play'd the Jade wi' me.——Faith, I'll e'n set down the Bucket i' the middle o' the way. But then it belongs to the Temple, and if some Rogue shou'd come and steal it, I shou'd be damnably trounc'd. Zooks, I'm afraid the Jade has laid a trap t'ha' me seiz'd wi' Church Goods i' my Hands. The Magistrate may fairly pop m' into a Dungeon, if I be found wi' these i' my Possession. For here's th' Inscription, and that proclaims th' Owner. In good earnest, I'll call out the Priestess to take care of her Goods. I'll to the Door.——[*Goes to the Temple.*] Soho, *Ptolemocrasia*, take in your Bucket here; a young Woman brought it to me, but I can't tell who.——I find I must march in with't my self. I shall have a fine time on't, if I must be bound to draw Water for all Comers and Goers.

[*Exit to the Temple with the Bucket.*]

## SCENE IX.

*Enter Labrax, and behind him Charmides with their Cloths wet, from among the Cliffs at the further end of the Stage.*

*Lab.* If a Man has a mind to be a Wretch, and a Begger as long as he lives, let him trust his Life and Fortune to *Neptune's* Hands: If he has any thing to do with him, he shall be sure to be sent home i' this sweet Pickle. Ah, *Liberty*, thou'rt a rare Goddess too, thou ne'r go'st to Sea with a Hero. But where's my delicate Boarder, who has ruin'd me?——O here he lags behind.

*Char.* Plague on ye, *Labrax*, where d'ye run so fast? 'Sbud, I can ne'r keep pace wi' ye.

*Lab.*

*Lab.* Ah wou'd ye had rotted upo' the Gallows in *Sicily*, before I laid Eyes on ye; yon that brought all these Plagues upo' my Head.

*Char.* And wou'd I had starv'd in a Dungeon, the day I came within your Doors. Pray Heaven, you may ever be plagu'd wi' such Guests as I.

*Lab.* When I took y' into my House, certainly *Belzebub* attended ye. Why did I listen to such a Rascal? Why was this Voyage? And why did I venture a Ship-board; where I've lost more than e'r I was worth?

*Char.* Nay, Faith, I don't wonder the Ship was cast away, when 'twas loaden wi' such Ill gotten Goods, and a Villain to boot.

*Lab.* 'Twas you ruin'd me wi' your damn'd wheedling Tongue.

*Char.* I'm sure, 'twas a more fatal Supper to me, than e'r *Thyestes's*, and *Tereus's* was to them.

*Lab.* O, I dye; — Sick at Heart! — Pray hold my Head. [*He vomits.*]

*Char.* Faith, wou'd ye had spew'd your Guts out.

*Lab.* Ah! *Palestra*, and *Ampeliscia*, where are ye now? [*He weeps.*]

*Char.* At the bottom o' the Sea, I suppose, to dine Fishes.

*Lab.* Now may I go starve, for giving Ear to your Lying Redomantades.

*Char.* Nay, y' ought to thank me; before ye were a fresh raw Fellow, now I've season'd your Understand-ing, old Fool.

*Lab.* Wou'd the Devil had ye for a Rogue.

*Char.* And you too: I'm sure I made broad signs t' have him come for ye.

*Lab.* Lamentable! Was ever Mortal in a worse Con-dition than I?

*Char.* Yes, y'm in a worse by half.

*Lab.* How so?

*Char.* Because I ne'r deserv'd it; you did.

*Lab.*

*Lab.* O Reeds, Reeds, I envy your Happiness, that always preserve your dryness, i' the middle o' the Water.

*Char.* Faith, I tremble like one ready t' engageth' Enemy; and my Jaws do so quake, that my Words break out like flashes o' Lightning.

*Lab.* O Neptune, thy Baths are as cold as Charity; for since I got out o' your Clutches, I'm almost frozen. This God can't afford one Brandy-shop in all his Dominions, but keeps nothing but salt and cool Liquors.

*Char.* What a happy Life ha' these Smiths, who are ever at the Fire, and always warm?

*Lab.* O for a Ducks Life, say I; that comes out o' the Water as dry as it goes in.

*Char.* I fancy, I shou'd make an excellent Snap-Dragon.

*Lab.* How so?

*Char.* Because I chatter my Teeth so nobly.—— The truth on't is, I deserve to be sows'd as I ha' been.

*Lab.* Why?

*Char.* For venturing to Sea wi' such a Rascal, whose Villanies alone rais'd all this Tempest.

*Lab.* 'Twas your damn'd Project; you gull'd m' into a belief o' getting the Devil and all by Women i' your Country, and told me 'twou'd rain Mony there.

*Char.* Ye sharking Brute, did ye think to swallow up all Sicily at a mouthful?

*Lab.* Ah, what Shark has swallow'd up my Portmantle, and all my Gold and Silver that was in't?

*Char.* The very same, I believe, that swallow'd my Purse full o' Silver, that was i' the Bag.

*Lab.* Alas, I'm reduc'd to this single Waistcoat, and shabby Coat.—Oh, undone, undone!

*Char.* Then let's form a new Company; for now we may go share and share like.

*Lab.*



*Lab.* Were my young Women but safe, there wou'd be some hopes still.——Now if Mr. *Pleusidippus* shou'd find me, who ga' me earnest for *Palestra*, he'll trounce me damnably. [*He cries.*]

*Char.* Why d'ye howl so, Blockhead? You'll ne'r be in debt, as long as you keep a Tongue that will swear any thing.

[*They go towards the Temple.*]

## S C E N E X.

*Enter Seeparnio from the Temple.*

*Sec. to himself.* I wonder i' my Heart, why these two Girls shou'd cry so, and embrace the Statue o' *Venus* i' the Temple. The poor Creatures are mightily afraid o' some Body, and talk o' being tost all Night long, and thrown ashore this morning.

*Lab.* Prithee, Friend, where are those you talk of?

*Sec.* Here i' the Temple.

*Lab.* How many are there?

*Sec.* As many as you and I added together.

*Lab.* Certainly, they're mine.

*Sec.* Certainly, I can say nothing to that.

*Lab.* What manner o' Girls are they?

*Sec.* Plaguy handsom.—Faith, I cou'd manage 'em both tightly, wi' the help of a Cup or two.

*Lab.* Girls, say ye?

*Lab.* Say? I say you're plaguy impertinent: Therefore go look, if you please.

*Lab.* Sure enough, honest *Charmides*, they're my Girls.

*Char.* Confound ye for a Dog, be it so or no.

*Lab.* I'll go strait in.

*Char.* To Hell if you please.

[*Exit Labrax to the Temple.*]

S C E N E

SCENE XI.

*Charmides and Sceparnio.*

*Char.* Prithee, honest Fellow, shew me some place to sleep in.

*Sce.* You may sleep where you please here, 'tis all common, and no Man will pretend a Title to your Bed.

*Char.* You see I've ne'r a dry Thread about me; pray let m' into your House. Lend me some other Cloths, while mine are a drying; and I shall be bound to pray for ye.

*Sce.* I don't care if I gi'ye this Frock, m' own Coat and cover i' rainy Weather.—Let me see your Cloths, and I'll warrant ye dry 'em for ye.

*Char.* For shame! Arn't ye content t' ha' the Sea wash all away, but you must be for the same sport at Land too?

*Sce.* Be wash'd, and powder'd too, I caren't a Straw: I'll not trust ye without Mony. You may sweat, freeze, be sick, or well, I'll receive no outlandish Guest within our Doors. We've had enough from them already.

[*Exit Sceparnio.*]

SCENE XII.

*Charmides alone.*

Gone already?—Sure this Fellow's some Kidnap-  
per by his want o' Pity. But why stand I here i' this  
woful Pickle? I'll enter the Temple, and sleep out this  
Debauch, that went so damnably against my Stomach.  
Old Neptune put upon us with his Water, as tho' it  
had

had been Wine o' the best; and thought t'ha' split our Paunches with Salt Cups. In short, had he proceeded in his Entertainment, he might ha' laid us asleep; however, he has sent us home staggering. — Now I'll go see what the Merchant, my Pot-Companion, is doing of.

*Exit Charmides.*

*The End of the Second Act.*

**A C T III.**

**S C E N E I.**

*Enter Demones alone.*

**T**Is a Wonder to see what Pastime the Gods make with us Mortals; and what a parcel o' wonderful Dreams they send us: They won't suffer us to be at rest, tho' we're asleep. What a strange misshapen Dream had I this Night? Methought, I saw an Ape climbing a Swallows Nest, to catch the young ones, but cou'dn't come at it for its life. Upo' that, the Ape, methought, came begging to me to help it to a Ladder. I presently made Answer, that Swallows are o' the Progeny o' *Philomel* and *Progne*; and pray'd it not to hurt any o' my Country. Upo' which, the Ape grew fiercer, seem'd to threaten great Mischiefs, and summon'd me into Court. At last, methought, in a great rage, I can't tell how, I took the mischievous Beast about the middle, and clapt it into Chains. Now can't I ima-  
gine

gine what to make o' this Dream, nor what to gather from it.—[*A noise within.*] But what Out-cry's that, at my Neighbours i' the Temple?—I'm strangely surpriz'd at it.

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Trachalio from the Temple, in great haste.*

*Tra. aloud.*] — Oh, Cyrenian People, your Assistance here;—help, good Country-men, Friends, and all the Neighbours, help the Distressed, I beseech ye, and punish the worst of all Rogueries;—lest Innocence shou'd be overpower'd by Villains, so notorious for their Crimes!—O punish Rogues, and reward the Honest; and let us live by the Laws, not Oppression!—Make haste to the Temple here;—once more I beg your Assistance; all who are nigh, and within call. Succour them, who, according to th' ancient Custom, ha' fled to *Venus*, and her Priestess for Protection! Nip this unjust Violence i' the Bud, before it reaches any of you.

*Dem.* What disturbance is this?

*Tra. kneeling.*] I adjure you by these Knees, old Gentleman; who e'r you are, to—

*Dem.* Let my Knees alone, and tell me what's the matter, and why this Hubbub?

*Tra.* Let me pray and beg of ye, as ye hope for a good Crop of Herbs, and a plentiful Harvest o' Plants, with a good and safe Voyage to *Capona*, and as y' hope ne'r to be blink-ey'd, as long as you've a day to live,—

*Dem.* Are ye mad?

*Tra.* —And as ye hope for a good store o' Seed for next Year, good Sir, don't refuse your Assistance, to him who begs of ye.

*Dem.* I adjure you too, by your Legs, Shanks and Sides, as ye hope for a good Crop o' Birch, and a plentiful Harvest o' Lashes, to tell me th' occasion o' this Hubbub.

*Tra.* Why are your Wilhes bad, when mine were all good?

*Dem.* So were mine too, when I wish'd for your deserts.

*Tra.* Let that pass, Sir.

*Dem.* Well, what's the business?

*Tra.* Two poor Innocent Girls i' the Temple want your help; where they're notoriously abus'd contrary to all the Laws and Privileges o' the Place. Then the Priestess her self is treated after a most Inhuman manner.

*Dem.* Who dares offer Violence to the Priestess o' *Venus*? But what Girls are these? And what Injuries offer'd them?

*Tra.* Patience, Sir, and I'll tell ye.——At present they hang about the Statue o' *Venus*; now there's a most impudent Rascal who wou'd needs pluck 'em away by main force, whereas they're both born free.

*Dem.* What sacrilegious Fellow's that?

*Tra.* A cheating, wicked, murdering, perjur'd, lawless, impudent, profligate Villain; to sum up all, a Bawd: What need I say worse?——

*Dem.* In good Faith, one who deserves to be ston'd.

*Tra.* A Dog, who had th' Insolence to take the Priestess by the Throat.

*Dem.* As I live he shall pay sauce for that.——[*Goes to his Door.*] Soho, *Turbatio*, and *Sparax*, where are ye?

SCENE

SCENE III.

*To them enter Turbalio and Sparax.*

*Tral.* Pray, Sir, go in, and help the poor Creatures.

*Dem.* I see I needn't call twice. — Follow me. —

*[To the Servants.*

*Tral.* Go, pluck out his Eyes, and make Cats Meat of 'em.

*Dem.* Drag him by the Heels like a Hog.

*[Exit Demones to the Temple.*

SCENE IV.

*The Servants go into the Court, and stand by the Door.*

*Tral.* *[listening.]* They make a confounded Bustle within. — I fancy they've curried the Bawd's Coxcomb. I'd give any thing t'ha' this Rascals Teeth beaten down his Throat. — But hold, here come the poor Girls, in sad fright from the Temple.

SCENE V.

*Palestra and Ampelisea, appear in the Temple-Court, much disorder'd.*

*Pal.* Just now, are we destitute of all Help, Succour and Defence; we can neither see hopes o' Relief, nor know which way to take, our Fears ha' brought us to such a miserable pass. What Outrage, and Injustice ha' we met with from our wicked Master within!



who shamefully beat down the good old Priestess, us'd her most barbarously, and dragg'd us both from the Statue.—Considering the sad condition we're in, we had better die; for when one's in Misery, Death's the best Remedy.

*Tra.* What's the matter? What Complaints are these? Why don't I comfort 'em up?—O, *Palestra!*

*Pal.* Who's that?

*Tra.* And *Ampeliscæ!*

*Amp.* Prithee, who is't?

*Pal.* Who are ye, that names us?

*Tra.* Turn your Eyes, and you'll soon see.

*Pal.* *turning about.* Is't you, my hopes?

*Tra.* *going to them.* Peace, pluck up a good Heart, I say.

*Pal.* Then pray take care, if it be possible, there be no violence offer'd us; for that will force me t' use Violence upon my self.

*Tra.* Prithee, you're too fearful.

*Amp.* Don't pretend to comfort us only with a few Words.

*Pal.* If you don't stand up, and defend us, we're both undone, for I'm resolv'd to perish sooner than become a Prey to this old Rascal.—I confess I've but a Womans Heart, when the thoughts o' Death come upon me; for really, the fear o' that, makes me tremble all over.

*Tra.* Tho your condition's none o' the best, take Courage however.

*Pal.* Pray, where shall I find it?

*Tra.* Don't be dejected, I say, sit ye both down by this Altar.

*Amp.* Can this Altar be a better Sanctuary for us than *Venus's* Statue within, from whence he tore us with all the Violence imaginable?

*Tra,*



*Tra.* Do but sit down, I'll secure ye both: This Altar shall be your Castle, and I'll guard th' Outworks; and under *Venus's* Banner, bid defiance to the Bawd and all his Works.

*Amp.* We'll observe your Orders. — [*They kneel by the Altar*] Bright *Venus*, we poor Wretches, embracing thy Altar, with Tears and bended Knees, implore your Protection, and Preservation: Punish those Villains, who prophane thy Temple; and let thy Shrine be our Sanctuary, who suffer'd so much from *Neptune* this Night: Refuse us not, nor impute any Crime to us, for approaching thee in this undecent Habit.

*Tra.* Their Petition's reasonable, and 'tis nothing but Justice to grant it, and to pardon their presumption; for 'twas fear alone caus'd it. They know that you were born out of a Lobster, and therefore can be no Enemy to Cherry Cheeks. — But here comes th' Old Gentleman, our Patron, very luckily.

## S C E N E VI.

*To them enter Demones, dragging Labrax out of the Temple.*

*Dems.* Come out; you vile Sacrilegious Dog. — [*to the Women*] Keep close to th' Altar. — Where are my Men? [*To Trachalio.*]

*Tra.* Here, Sir.

*Dem.* Best of all.

*Ser.* We're ready for Execution, Sir: Command *M. Bawd* but to draw nigh. [*Labrax makes for the Altar.*]

*Dem. to Labrax* Shalt a Rascal o' no Religion pretend to Sacrifice with us? — [*to the Servants*] Beat his Teeth down his Throat, I say. [*The Servants strike him.*]

*Lab.* I receive th' Affront, but 't shall be to your Cost.

*Dem.* Dos th' Impudent Cur grumble?

*Lab.* I'm robb'd o' my Goods, and my Women ravish'd out o' my Hands!

*Tra.* Then appeal to the Senate's Determination, whether they be your Slaves, or Free-born; and whether your Roguery don't deserve to lay Pth jail as long as the Walls hang together.

*Lab.* 'Tis none o' my bus'ness to stand prating with a beggarly Slave.—My Bus'ness is wi' you. [To Demones

*Dem.* Pray address your self first to him who knows your Worship.

*Lab.* Well, I do then.

*Tra.* So y' ought.—Do these Girls belong to you?

*Lab.* Yes, they do.

*Tra.* Come on then, touch one of 'em wi' your little Finger, if you dare, Sirrah.

*Lab.* What if I do?

*Tra.* 'Sbad, you Dog, I'll toss your Carkass like a Foot-Ball, and kick ye to a Jelly, you perjur'd Rogue.

*Lab.* May n't I take m' own Goods from the Altar?

*Dem.* No, Sirrah; and that's our Law.

*Lab.* I've nothing to do wi' your Laws; but I'll streight away with 'em both. I tell ye, Old Man, if your Mouth waters at one of 'em, pay me down the Ready.

*Dem.* They're *Venus's* Favourites now.

*Lab.* Let *Venus* pay for 'em then, and take 'em.

*Dem.* She pay for 'em, Sirrah?—Hear what I say: Offer the least Violence to 'm, tho but in jeast, I'll gi' ye such a trimming, that you shan't know your self.—[To the Servants] And hark ye, when I gi' the Sign, if you don't beat his Eyes out of his Head, I'll lash ye, till your Backs be as full o' Furrows as the Sea wi' Waves;

*Lab.* You wou'd n't offer Violence?

*Tra.*

*Tra.* Dare such a canker'd Rascal as you reproach us wi' Violence?

*Lab.* You Hell-hound, dare you be so impudent to me?

*Tra.* Suppose I'm a Hell-hound, and you the honestest Man alive; these Girls are free-born ne'rtheless for that.

*Lab.* How free-born?

*Tra.* Ay, Faith, and your own Mistresses too, *Grecians* both. One of 'em is an *Athenian*, of a very good Family.

*Dem.* What's that you say?

*Tra.* pointing to *Palestra*] That this is free-born of *Athens*.

*Dem.* My own Country, as I hope to live!

*Tra.* Arn't you a *Cyrenian*, Sir?

*Dem.* No; I had my Birth, Nourishment, and Education at *Athens*.

*Tra.* Pray, Sir, then stand by your own Country-women.

*Dem.* Ah, my poor Daughter! the sight o' this, brings my former Trouble to remembrance. I lost her at three Years of Age, and if she be living, she's just such another. [Aside.

*Lab.* I'm sure I paid honestly for 'em to th' Owner; what care I a Fart whether they were born at *Athens*, or *Thebes*, since they're lawfully become my Slaves?

*Tra.* Pandering Dog, d'ye pretend to detain Gentlemen's Daughters, kid-napp'd from their Parents, and make 'em a Prey to your silly Trade? Who th'other is I amn't be sure, but I know her to be ten times better than your self, you nasty Carrion.

*Lab.* Prove that, can ye?

*Tra.* Strip then, and our Backs shall be Judge who's most to be trusted. If you have not more Remembrances on yours, than there's Pins in a Man o' War, I'm the veriest Lyer upo' the Face o' th' Earth. After your Skin

Skin be shewn, mine shall; and you'll find it so clear, that ne'r a Workman i'the Land but will say 'tis whole and tite enough for a Wine-Bag. — But why don't I jerk this Dog as long as I can stand over him? — Why d'ye stare so at 'em? Touch 'em, and out go both your Eyes.

*Lab.* Because you say so, I'll have 'em both *Going away* *away*.

*Dem.* Why, what will you do?

*Lab.* By *Vulcan's* Help, fire 'em out o' their Nests; for he's an Enemy to *Venus*. [*He goes out of the Court towards Demones's Door.*]

*Dem.* Where goes he?

*Lab.* by *Demones's House*] So ho, within there! — So ho!

*Dem.* Touch that Door, Sirrah, and, Faith, I'll make ye glad to glean up your scatter'd Teeth.

*Ser.* We keep no Fires; for we live all upon dry'd Figs.

*Dem.* I'll help ye to Fire, if that Steel-Face will strike a Light.

*Lab.* 'Sbud, I'll find Fire somewhere.

*Dem.* What will ye do, when ye have found it?

*Lab.* Make a swinging Pile upo' th' Altar.

*Dem.* What to sacrifice your self?

*Lab.* No, to burn 'em both alive, where they are.

*Dem.* I'd fain see that. And, as I live, I'll catch ye by the Beard, throw y' into the Fire, and hang y' up, half roasted, for Crows-Meat. — Now I consider of't, this must be th' Ape I dreamt of, that wou'd needs take the young Swallows from their Nest, whether I wou'd or no.

*Tra.* E'ye mind what I say, Sir? — Good old Gentleman, defend the poor Girls by main Force, while I go fetch my Master.

*Dem.* Go, and find him out.

*Tra.* But have a special care this Rascal —

*De s*

*Dem.* He had better hang himself than touch one of 'em, or make the least Disturbance.

*Tra.* *going out of the Court*] Take care, Sir.

*Dem.* I'll warrant ye. — make haste.

*Tra.* Take care too, that this Dog don't gi' ye the slip: For my Master's bound in a Bond to deliver this Whore's Bud to the Jailer, upon Forfeiture of a full Talent.

[*Exit Trachalio.*

S C E N E VII.

*Demonos, Labrax, Palestra, Ampelisca, and Servants.*

*Dem. to Labrax*] 'Tis now left to your Bawdships discretion, whether you'll chuse a good Beating, or a whole Skin.

*Lab.* I caren't this, for what you say, Old Man. I'll tear 'em from th'Altar by the Hair o'their Heads, in spight o' you, *Venus*, and *Jove himself*.

*Dem.* Touch 'em, do.

*Lab.* Rot me, if I don't. [*Going towards them.*

*Dem.* Come then, draw nigh.

*Lab.* Then order your Hang Dogs to draw off.

*Dem.* Towards you, I will.

*Lab.* Faith, I can scarce believe that.

*Dem.* What if they shou'd?

*Lab.* I'd retire. — But, old Fellow, if I ever catch y' in Town, and don't expose ye to the whole World, may I never bear the Name o' Slave-Merchant.

*Dem.* Do what you please; but i' the mean time, offer to meddle with either of 'em, and you shall be swing'd to some tune.

*Lab.* How swing'd?

*Dem.* As a villanous Bawd ought to be.

*Lab.*

*Lab.* Po, I laugh at your Threats; I'll have 'em both spight o' your Teeth. *[Exit into the Court.]*

*Dem.* Lay a hand on 'em.

*Lab.* That I will, I faith.

*Dem.* Do then! You know what follows. — *Turbalio*, run quickly for a Couple o' Cudgels.

*[Turbalio goes out of the Court.]*

*Lab.* Cudgels?

*Dem.* Strong ones. — make haste.

*Exit Turbalio.*

## SCENE VIII.

*Demones, Labrax, Sparax, and Women.*

*Dem.* Now, Sirrah, I shall give ye your due, or I'm mistaken.

*Lab. aside.]* O lamentable! I lost my Head-piece too, i' the Ship; if I had but that, 'wou'd secure my Skull. — *[to Demoness.]* Won't ye let me speak to 'em?

*Dem.* No, Sirrah. — O best of all! Here comes the Fellow with his Cudgels.

## SCENE IX.

*To them enter Turbalio, with two great Cudgels.*

*Lab.* Faith, they make m' Ears tingle. *(aside.)*

*Dem.* *Sparax*, take you th' other Cudgel. — One of ye, stand on the right, and th' other on the left side o' th' Altar. So, keep close, and mind what I say: If the Rogue offers to lift up a Finger against 'em, give him his load so as he shan't b' able to find the way home, or I'll hang y' up both by the heels. If he calls one of 'em



'em, do you answer; and if he offers to be marching, break both his Legs w<sup>th</sup> your Clubs.

*Lab.* What will ye keep me Prisoner too?

*Dem.* I've said enough. When your Servant's come back, who is gone for his Master, come both of ye in: Observe exactly what I tell ye.

[*Exit Demones home.*]

S C E N E X.

*Labrax, Servants, and Women.*

*Lab. walking on one side.*] Bless me! O' my Conscience, i' this short time, the Temple's transform'd from that o' *Venus* to *Hercules*, by th' old Man's erecting his two Monuments, with Clubs i' their Hands. As I hope to live, I know'n't where to hide my Head, for both Sea and Land are conspir'd against me.——*Palestina!*

[*Sorrowfully.*]

*Ser.* What wou'd ye have?

*Lab.* Hang ye, there's an ill meaning in't. Marry. The *Palestina* that answers, is none o' mine——Hark ye, *Ampelisca!*

*Ser.* Have a care ye don't pull an old House about your Ears.

*Lab. aside.*] These Lubberly Dogs advise me well however.——[*to the Servants.*] Hark ye, 'tis you I speak to; will it be e'r the worse for ye, if I come nigher to 'em?

*Ser.* Not for us.

*Lab.* Nor for my sides neither?

*Ser.* Not if you be cautious.

*Lab.* What shou'd I be cautious of?

*Ser.* Of having your Bones broken.

*Lab.* Good Boys, let me go. [Fawningly.]

*Ser.* Gn, if you please.

*Lab.*



*Lab.* By *Jove*, that's honestly said; and I thank ye for your kindness. But I had rather stay by my Slaves.

*Ser.* Then stay.

*Lab.* Faith, my Affairs are in a damn'd Condition. But I'm resolv'd to lay a close Siege to these Girls to day.

## SCENE XI.

*Enter Pleusidippus, and Trachalio, at another part of the Stage.*

*Pleusidippus.* — The rascally Merchant offer violence to my Mistress, and tear her from th' Altar by force?

*Tra.* Yes, Sir.

*Pleu.* Why didn't ye kill him upo' the spot?

*Tra.* I had ne'r a Sword.

*Pleu.* A Club, or a Stone shou'd ha' serv'd then.

*Tra.* What, stone a Man like a Dog?

*Pleu.* Yes, such a Rascal as he.

*Lab.* 'Sdeath, I'm undone to rights! Yonder comes *Pleusidippus* too. He'll have a confounded brush at my Coat. *[Aside.]*

*Pleu.* Were both the Girls upo' th' Altar, when you left 'em?

*Tra.* They're there still.

*Pleu.* Who looks after 'em now.

*Tra.* An honest old Gentleman, a Stranger to me, who lives next door to the Temple: He and his Servants, ha' done their best to protect 'em: I left 'em in his Hands.

*Pleu.* Shew me the Rogue, *Labrax*: Where is he?

*Lab. meeting him.* Good morrow, dear Sir.

*[Fawningly.]*

*Pleu.* Hang your good morrows: — Now, Sirrah, chuse quickly, whether you'll go to Jail th' usual way, or be dragg'd by the Heels. *Lab.*

*Lab.* I'll chuse neither.

*Plen.* *Trachalio*, run quickly to the Sea-side, and desire my Friend there, to meet me at the Town-Gate, and help to carry this Dog to Prison; then come back, and look after this Girl; I'll ha' this Devils-bird before the Judge immediately.

*Exit Trachalio running.*

## S C E N E XII.

*Pleusidippus, Labrax, Servants, and Women.*

*Philo.* Come, Sirrah; come before the Judge.

*Lab.* For what Crime? *[Laying hold of him.]*

*Plen.* What Crime! Didn't you take earnest for a Girl, and then carry her quite away?

*Lab.* I didn't carry her away.

*Plen.* Will you Lie, Sirrah?

*Lab.* Truly, I only embark'd her; alas, I cou'dn't carry her away.——I promis'd you to meet y' at the Temple o' *Venus*. Am I worse than my word? Am I not here?

*Plen.* The Judge shall determine that: That's the word for all.——Come along, Rascal.

*[Dragging him by the Ears.]*

*Lab. aloud.* O help, good *Charmides*, help! I'm arrested here.

## S C E N E XIII.

*To them enter Charmides from the Temple, rubbing his Eyes.*

*Char.* Who calls me there?

*Lab.* Don't you see I'm hurry'd away, w<sup>th</sup> arms?

*Char.*

*Char.* I do, and am glad of't withal my Soul.

*Lab.* Won't ye help to rescue me?

*Char.* Who is't forces ye so?

*Lab.* Young *Pleusidippus*.

*Char.* Ay, you may bare it patiently; you'd better by half go willingly. I'll warrant ye, you'll meet what a great many wish for.

*Lab.* What's that?

*Char.* A Reward according to your Deserts.

*Lab.* Prithee come along wi' me.

*Char.* That's like your Rogueship: You're going to Jail, and desire me to go along wi' ye.—What, d'ye hang an Arse?

*Lab.* O, undone!

*Pleu.* That's it I'd have.—My dear *Palestra*, and you *Ampelisca*, stay where you are, till I come back.

*Ser.* Truly, Sir, I think 'tis far safer for 'em to go in with us, till your return.

*Pleu.* Very well; I thank ye.

*Lab. aloud.]* O I'm robb'd here!

*[He makes for the Women.]*

*Ser.* Who are the Robbers?

*Pleu.* Beat him off.

*[They beat him off.]*

*Lab.* O, good *Palestra*!

*[Exeunt Servants and Women.]*

## S C E N E XIV.

*Pleusidippus, Labrax, and Charmides.*

*Pleu.* Come along, Hang-Dog.

*Lab.* Honest Boarder!

*Char.* I'm none o' your Boarder; I renounce your Bed and Board.

*Lab.* What d'ye throw m' off at last?

*Char.* Yes, I've enough o' your Salt Meats, I thank

*Lab.*

*Lab.* Then the Devil rot your Bones.

*Char.* And your Corps in Prison.—[*To himself, following them at a distance.*] Troth, I fancy Men are often metamorphos'd into one Brute or another; and I believe the Merchant's chang'd to a Stock-Dove; for by and by, he'll be stock'd into the Pigeon Holes, where I'm affraid the poor Devil must make his Nest to night.—However, I'll endeavour to plead for him, and help over his Trial, as soon as I can.

### *The end of the Third Act.*

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.

*Enter Demones alone.*

**I** Vow, I'm glad withal my Heart, that I shou'd help these poor Girls. I'm their Protector at present; and, troth, they're both young, and wonderous pretty. But my jealous prying Wife watches me on all sides, for fear I should be too sweet upon 'em.—But I wonder what's become of our Man *Grippe*, who went out a Fishing last night: Faith, he'd ha' been wiser had he kept his Bed: Certainly, he must ha' lost his Labour, and his Tackling too; the Wind has been so high ever since. By the roughness o' the Sea, I may venture to fry all his Fish i' my bare Hand.—But hold, my Wife calls me to Dinner; I'll go, but I shall ha' my Ears deafn'd with her foolish prattle. [*Exit Demones.*]

SCENE

O

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Grips alone, from among the Cliffs, at the further End of the Stage, with a Portmanteau, Nets, &c.*

Thanks to m' old Patron Neptune, King o' the Salt-fish Regions, for sending me home so well accouter'd from his Dominions; and thus richly laden; and for preserving the little Boat that help'd me to this lucky new sort o' Fish, when the Sea ran so high. Faith, 'twas a wonderful strange Bout, and the best that cou'd be; for the de'el a Fish caught I to day, but what's i' this Net. I rose carefully at Mid night, prefer'd Interest to snoring and sleeping, hazzarded my Carcase in a Storm, to relieve my Master's Wants, and m' own Servitude. A lazy Rogue's good for nothing: I hate those Cattle as I do the Plague. If a Fellow has a Mind t' have his business go forward, he must be up and be doing, and not lye lolling in his Bed for his Master's Call: For such as these, gain nothing but a Jerking. Now I, who am careful, have happen'd o' that, which, if I please, will keep me from all Care.——This I found i' the Sea: What e' 's i' n't 'tis plaguy weighty: Faith, I believe 'tis all Gold; and, what's worth all, ne'r a Soul to come in for a Snack.——Now, my rare Grips, is the critical Minute for the Magistrates to make thee a great Man. Now, for my Policy, and Contrivance: I'll go cunningly, and sily, to my Master, and offer him a little Money for my Freedom: After I've got that, I'll immediately purchase House and Land, and buy Slaves; then, feed out large Ships to trade to Foreign Parts o' the World, and be as great as a King. I'll have a *Royal San* for Pleasure, like the *K*—— of *F*—— and sail about from Port to Port. When my Nobility and Splendor begin t' appear i' the World, I'll build a vast great

great City, and call it from m' own Name, *Gripshurg*, for the Memory o' my Illustrious Fame, and Immortal Actions; and there will I erect a great and potent Monarchy.——Faith, I've great Designs i' my Head; but first and foremost; let me hide this Portmantle.——After all, this Monarch here, must dine to Day with a Brown George, and only Salt and Vineager Sawce.

[*He moves forwards.*]

S C E N E III.

*Enter Trachalio from the Clift, just behind him.*

*Tra.* Stay, Friend.

*Gri.* What for?

*Tra.* Only t'unshackle your Rope, that hangs at your heels.

*Gri.* Prethee, Friend, let it alone.

*Tra.* Faith, I must help ye; for a good turn's never thrown away upon a good Man.

*Gri.* I tell ye, Fellow, I've no Fish, for there has been nothing but stormy Weather since yesterday, therefore don't expect any. Don't you see I've a wet Net, and nothing in't?

*Tra.* I want no Fish, but only a little serious Discourse.

*Gri.* Po, I hate your baiting Impertinence, who e'er you are. [Going off.

*Tra. holding him.]* I must n't part wi' ye so.——Stay, Man.

*Gri.* I'll break your Neck.——Why a Pox d' ye hold me?

*Tra.* Hear me a little.

*Gri.* Not a Word.

*Tra.* Faith, but you must.

*Gri.* Another Time, as long as you please.



*Tra.* Oh, but 'tis a Matter of great Importance; and must n't be put off.

*Gri.* Speak then; what is't?

*Tra.* But does no Body dog us?

*Gri.* What's that to me?

*Tra.* O much.——Can y' advise m'in one point?

*Gri.* What Point? Prethee be quick.

*Tra.* I'll tell ye, upon Promise of not betraying me.

*Gri.* I promise I won't betray you, who e'r you are.

*Tra.* Observe then: I lately discover'd a Theft, and knew th' Owner o' the stolen Goods. Whereupon, I goes straight to Mr. Thief, and offers him this Proposal: *I know th' Owner, says I, o' your stolen Goods; and if you'll gi' me a share, I'll ne'r discover't to him.* The Fellow gave no Answer. Now what think ye do I deserve? Half parts? I'll be judg'd by you.

*Gri.* Ay, Faith, and more too; or I'd discover the Rogue to th' Owner.

*Tra.* I'll follow your Advise: Now take notice, this all belongs to your Case.

*Gri.* Why, how can that be?

*Tra.* I knew th' Owner o' that Portmantle this long time.

*Gri.* What say ye?

*Tra.* And I know how it was lost.

*Gri.* And I how it was found; and the honest Man that found it, who now is become Master of't. In good Faith, 'tis nothing to you, to know the present Owner, as I do; nor to me, to know the former, as you do.—I'll part with't to no Man, therefore pray don't flatter your self.

*Tra.* What not to th' Owner, if he comes?

*Gri.* There's no Owner but my self: I say, don't fool your self, for I caught it a fishing.

*Tra.* Did ye so?



*Gri.* And is there any Fish which don't belong to me? All that I take, are m'own, and I do what I please with 'em, no man pretending to take 'em away, or come in for a Share. I sell 'em in open Market, as my own proper Goods. For sure the Sea's common to all Men.

*Tra.* I grant it: And why shou'd n't I come in for a common share of't, since it comes out of a common Place?

*Gri.* O Impudence, Impudence! If that be Law, poor Fishermen may go hang themselves: For when they carry their Fish to Market, the de'el a bit wou'd the People buy, but all come flocking in for their Shares, pretending they were catch'd i'the common Liberty.

*Tra.* How, brazen Face? What compare Portmantles to Fish? Is there no difference think ye?

*Gri.* 'Tis n't i'my Power to catch what I please: When ever I throw in my Tackling, all's Fish that comes to the Net. And what's catch'd, is mine, in spite of any Man.

*Tra.* No by Jove, if you catch a Bag instead of a Fish.

*Gri.* A fine Foolosopher!

*Tra.* Good Mr. Sorcerer, did y'ever know a Man carry a Fish to Market call'd a *Portmantle*? You musn't think to follow as many Trades as you please. You wou'd n't be Bag-maker and Fisherman at the same time, wou'd ye? Either shew me a Fish call'd a *Portmantle*, or you carry nothing off without Scales, and that isn't bred i'the Sea.

*Gri.* Prethee, Fellow, didst ne'r hear of a *Portmantle* Fish?

*Tra.* You Dog, there's no such Fish.

*Gri.* Gadzooks, but there is tho? and you'll give a Fisherman leave to know his own Trade. I confess 'tis a very scarce Fish, and very few of 'em are catch'd upon our Coasts.

*Tra.* You'd as good say nothing: Dost think t'impose upo' me, Rogue?—What Colour is it of, pray?

*Gri.* There are very few o' this Colour. Others are red; when they grow big, they turn Black and Blue.

*Tra.* Very well.—Faith, if you han't a care, I shall change you to a *Portmantle-Fish*; make your Sides red first, then black and blue.

*Gri.* What unlucky Rogue have I happen'd on to day?

[*Aside.*

*Tra.* We stand wrangling and lose Time: Consider to whom you'll put the Bus'ness.

*Gri.* To the Portmantle.

*Tra.* Say ye so, Goodman Fool?

*Gri.* God bu'y, Sir Solomon.

[*Going off.*

*Tra. holding him*] You must n't carry it off so, without putting it into a third Man's Hands, and leaving it to others determination.

*Gri.* Prethee, art mad?

*Tra.* As a March-Hare.

*Gri.* And I crazy, but not enough to part from my Goods.

*Tra.* Speak another Word, and I'll make Mustard o' your Brains.

*Gri.* Let m' alone, or I'll squeez out all the Blood o' your Belly like a Sponge. If you touch it, I'll take ye by the Heels, and dash ye as dead as a Herring.—Come, I'll fight wi' ye.

*Tra.* Hang fighting, now we may divide the Spoil.

*Gri.* You'll get nothing but a broken Head here; therefore don't provoke me.—Now I'll be gone.

[*Going off.*

*Tra. holding the Lines*] I shall make your Ship tack about; therefore stay.

*Gri.* If you be at the Head, I'll keep at the Steerage.—Let go the Lines, Rogue.

*Tra.* Shall I so? Do you let go the Portmantle.

*Gri.*

*Gri.* By *George*, you shan't be a *Solace* the better for what's in't.

*Tra.* Your denial argues nothing, unless you gi<sup>ve</sup> me a Share, put it to reference, or into other Hands.

*Gri.* What I caught at Sea?

*Tra.* And I found at Land.

*Gri.* At the Price o' my Trouble, Pains, Nets, and Boat.

*Tra.* If th' Owner shoud come, shon'd I, who see you take it, be counted a less Thief than you?

*Gri.* No, without doubt. [*Offers to go again.*]

*Tra.* Stay, Hang-dog. — By what Law must I be the Thief, and not the Sharer? make that out.

*Gri.* I don't understand your City Laws, not I; but only I know it belongs all to me.

*Tra.* And I know it belongs as much to me.

*Gri.* Hold a little, I've found out a Trick to prevent your being either Thief or Sharer.

*Tra.* What's that?

*Gri.* Let me go quietly one way, and go you another; you shall say nothing, and I'll give nothing; you shall be secret, and I'll be silent. I think 'tis the best and fairest Project i'the World. Hah, Boy?

*Tra.* Will you make me no Proposals?

*Gri.* I have already: Those are, "To let go the Lines, and be gone, and to leave all Impertinencies."

*Tra.* Stay, and let me make Proposals too.

*Gri.* Prethee, make the best o' your Way, and be gone.

*Tra.* Are y'acquainted hereabouts?

*Gri.* Wi' my Neighbours I am.

*Tra.* Whereabouts live ye?

*Gri.* O, a vast way up into the Fields.

*Tra.* Will ye put the Bus'ness to the Man o' this House?

*Gri.* Let go the Rope a little, and I'll think and consider of't.

*Tra.* Well then. *[He lets go the Line.]*

*Gri.* *Walking by himself.* Good, good! Things go rarely: This rich Prize is every bit m'own. The Foolish Fellow carries me to m'own Dung-hill, and refers all to m'own Master. I'll be sworn, he'll ne'r gi' three ha'pence from his own Servant. This poor Devil sure knows n't what he's about. *[to him]* Well, I'll put it to reference.

*Tra.* What shou'd you do else?

*Gri.* Tho my Conscience tells me 'tis my Right, I'd rather do so, than gi' my self the Trouble o' beating ye.

*Tra.* Now I like ye.

*Gri.* Tho you summons me before an unknown Judge, if he does Justice, he's a notable, tho' unknown Man; if not, he's a most notably unknowing Man.

*[they move towards Demones's House.]*

## SCENE IV.

*Enter Demones, Palestra, and Ampelisca, with the Servants behind.*

*Dem.* — I' faith, seriously, my poor Girls, tho' I shou'd be glad to do you any Service you can desire o'me, yet I'm miserably afraid my jealous Wife shou'd thrust m'out a doors; pretending that I bring my Misses under her Nose, t'affront her. — Therefore, pray retire to th' Altar, or I must my self.

*Pal.* ? We're in a miserable Condition.

*Amp.* *S* *[they go to the Altar.]*

*Dem.* I'll protect ye; fear nothing. *[to his Servants]* What d'ye follow me for? No Body shall hurt 'em while I'm here. Go, I say, both of ye, and keep Sentry

Sentry by the Door.

[They retire to the Door.]

Gri. O Master, your humble Servant,

Dem. How now, Gripus; how is't?

Tra. Is he your Servant?

Gri. Yes, and no disgrace to him neither.

Tra. I've nothing to do with ye then.

Gri. Pray, be marching then.

Tra. Pray answer me, Sir. Is he your Servant?

Dem. Yes.

Tra. So then, best of all! If so, I'm your Servant  
once more.

Dem. And I yours. — Arn't you the Person, who,  
a while ago, went to look for his Master?

Tra. The same, Sir.

Dem. What's your business now?

Tra. But is he certainly your Servant?

Dem. I tell ye, Yes.

Tra. That's as good as cou'd be, if it be so.

Dem. Why, what's the matter?

Tra. He's a great Rogue.

Dem. What has the Rogue done t'ye?

Tra. The Dog deserves t' have his Legs broke.

Dem. What's the matter? What Contest is this be-  
tween ye?

Tra. I'll tell ye, Sir.

Gri. No, I will first.

Tra. I think, I shou'd, since I'm the Plaintiff.

Gri. If you're wise, go plant your self somewhere  
else.

Dem. Observe, Gripus, and be silent.

Gri. Must he speak first?

Dem. Peace, Sirrah. — Begin. [To Trachalio.]

Gri. Will you hear a stranger before your own ser-  
vant?

Tra. How hard 'tis to stop his Mouth! — As I was  
a telling ye, the Slave-Merchant, that you drove from  
the Temple, had lost a Portmantle, and this Fellow  
has got it.

Gri.

*Gri.* I have it not.

*Tra.* Shan't I believe m' Eyes?

*Gri. aside.]* Would they were both out. — [*To Trachalio.*] What if I have it, or what if I han't it, what need you concern your self?

*Tra.* The Concern is, by what title you hold it, whether a lawful one or no?

*Gri.* Had I got it on dry Land, you might lawfully hang me: But if I caught it at Sea, why isn't more yours than mine?

*Tra. to Demones.]* He equivocates; the Business is as I tell ye.

*Dem.* And how's that?

*Tra.* If he's your Servant, beat him into better manners, and let th' Accuser speak first.

*Gri.* You'd have him serve me as your Master dos you, would ye? Tho' yours be good at that sport, mine is not.

*Dem.* There, Boy, you've out-done him. — [*to Trachalio.*] Come, tell me, what's your Business?

*Tra.* To speak sincerely, I neither require a share i' the Portmantle, nor pretend any right to't. But there's a Casket in it, belonging to this Girl here, whom I told ye was free born.

*Dem.* You mean her, whom you say is my Countrywoman?

*Tra.* The same: In that Casket, now i' the Portmantle, are her Play-things she had when she was a Child. They'll do him no good; and if he restores 'em, 'twill be a means to find out the poor Girls Parents.

*Dem.* He shall restore 'em; be satisfy'd.

*Gri.* Gadzooks, I'll deliver up nothing.

*Tra.* I desire nothing but the Casket, and the Play-things within it.

*Gri.* Suppose they're all made o' Gold?

*Tra*



*Tra.* What signifies it to you, whether they be Gold, or Silver, you shall ha' Weight for Weight in kind.

*Gri.* Let me see your Gold then, and you shall see the Casket.

*Dem.* Sirrah, beware of a beating, and hold your Tongue.—[*to Trachalio.*] On wi' your Business, Friend.

*Tra.* First, I must beg you take pity o' these poor Girls, if this Portmantle shou'd prove the Slave-Merchants, as I suspect. 'Tis only a Conjecture, I'm not certain 'tis his,——

*Gri.* How the Rogue goes to hook him in!

*Tra.* Prithee, don't interrupt me.——If it belongs to this Rascal, I was talking of, these Girls can tell: Command him to shew it openly.

*Gri.* How! shew it openly?

*Dem.* Why, there can be no harm i' that, *Gripus.*

*Gri.* 'Sbud, 'twill do the greatest harm i' the World.

*Dem.* Why so?

*Gri.* Because if I do, they'll infallibly say they know it.

*Tra.* You suspicious Cur, d'ye think every Body as great a Rogue as your self?

*Gri.* I can bare all this, as long as my Master's o' my side.

*Tra.* But he's gone over to th' other, and that the Casket will witness.

*Dem.* Hold your Tongue, *Gripus.*——[*to Trachalio.*] Tell me in short, what you'd have.

*Tra.* I have already; but, if you didn't rightly understand, I'll tell y' agen.——As I was saying, these Girls are both born free; one was kidnapp'd very young from *Athens.*——

*Gri.* Pray, what's this to the Portmantle, whether they be free, or not free?

*Tra.* You Rogue, you'd ha' me begin agen, and so spin out a whole day i' the Relation.

*Dem.*



*Dem.* Cease this ill Language, and answer me directly to what I ask.

*Tra.* There shou'd be a small Casket of Ozier i' the Portmantle, where the Play things are, which she had when first spirited away, and by which she might discover her Parents, as I said.

*Gri.* Wou'd the Devil and his Damn had ye! What say ye, Sorcerer? The Women are both dumb; arn't they of Age to speak for themselves?

*Tra.* They're quiet as Lambs, for a silent Woman has always the whip Hand of a Talker.

*Gri.* Then, Faith, by your discourse, you're neither Man nor Woman.

*Tra.* Why so?

*Gri.* Because you can neither talk nor be silent t' any purpose.——Pray, Sir, shall I never speak?

[To Demones threatening him.]

*Dem.* Speak another word, Sirrah, and I'll crack your Fools Pate.

*Tra.* As I said before, Sir, do but command your Servant to deliver up the Casket; if he requires any thing for the finding, he shall ha't; and let him take the rest o' the things besides.

*Gri.* O, now you're in another tune, when you see 'tis my right: Just now, you came swoop for half Parts.

*Tra.* So I am still.

*Gri.* So I've seen a Kite come swoop at a Chick, but snapp'd short tho'.

*Dem.* Will nothing but Blows stop your mouth?

*Gri.* Let him hold his Tongue, and I will mine; but if he talks, sure I may speak i' my turn.

*Dem.* Gripus, let me see the Portmantle.

*Gri.* I'll trust it in your Hands, upon condition you return it, if none of his things be there.

*Dem.* I will.

*Gri.* Here, Sir. [Gives him the Portmantle.]

*Dem.*

*Dem. Palestra, and Ampelisea, hear what I say.* Is this the Portmantle that has your Casket in't?

*Pal.* 'Tis the same.

*Gri.* Hey brave! my business is in a hopeful condition, before she can well see't, she cries 'tis the same.

*Pal.* I'll make the Business as clear as the Sun: The Casket's made of Ozier: I'll name ye every thing in't, one after another, before I see 'em. If I ben't i' the right, it shall be nothing; you shall take all you find. If I be, pray then, restore me my Things.

*Dem.* Very well, 'tis nothing but Justice i' my Opinion.

*Tra.* Troth, and i' mine too.

*Gri.* What if she be a Witch, or a Devil, and can tell every thing that's there, shall she have 'em for her pains?

*Dem.* She shall ha' none unless she speaks truth; her Witchcraft shall do her no good.——Come, open the Portmantle, that I may know the truth o' the business.

*Gri. tearing it open.]*——So;—There then;—now 'tis open:——O, the Devil! Here's the Casket.

*Dem. to Palestra.]* Is this it?

*Pal.* Yes, yes. O my dear Parents, I have ye both inclos'd there, there lies all my Wealth, and hopes of discovering ye.

*Gri.* Marry, you'll ne'r come to good, who'er you are, for cramming your Father and Mother into such a pitiful narrow place.

*Dem. going on one side.] Gripsu, bring it this way:* Your Business shall be clear'd.——Now, my Girl, without stirring from your place, name every thing i' the Casket, and how they're made. Troth if you mistake i' the least, and speak ne'r so much truth after that, you'd as good talk to the Wind.

*Gri.* That's nothing but right.

*Tra.*

**Tra.** Far unlike your Worship, who's neither for Right nor Reason.

**Dem.** Now speak, *Palestra*.—*Gripus*, observe, and hold your Tongue.

**Pal.** There are Children's Play-things.

**Dem.** I see 'em.

**Gri.** Troth, I'm fell'd at the first Blow.—Hold, Sir, don't shew her 'em yet.

**Dem.** What are they? Answer in order.

**Pal.** First, there's a little Sword of Gold, with an Inscription upon't.

**Dem.** Tell me, what is't.

**Pal.** My Father's Name. In another part o' the Casket, lies a small two edg'd Axe of Gold, mark'd w<sup>th</sup> my Mother's Name.—

**Dem.** Stay. First, tell me your Father's Name on the Sword.

**Pal.** *Demonos*.

**Dem.** Heavens! where are my hopes?

**Gri.** And mine, by *Iago*. [Aside.

**Dem.** Prithee, go on.

**Gri.** Softly, Sir.—Or wou'd you were hang'd.

[Aside.

**Dem.** Tell me your Mothers Name on th' Axe.

**Pal.** *Dedalis*.

**Dem.** The Gods ha' preserv'd my Happiness.

**Gri.** And damn'd mine. [Aside.

**Dem.** She must be my Daughter, *Gripus*.

**Gri.** So she may for all me.—[to *Trachalio*.] Wou'd old *Belzebub* had ye, w<sup>th</sup> your plaguy prying Eyes, and me too; when I drew out the Net, without looking about a hundred times, to see if the Coast were clear.

**Pal.** Then there's a small two handl'd Dagger of Silver, and a little Sow,—

**Gri.** Go and be hang'd, w<sup>th</sup> your Sows and Pigs together.

[Aside.  
*Pal.*

*Pal.*—Besides a little golden Bottle, which my Father ga' me o' my Birth-day.

*Dem.* 'Tis certainly she, I must embrace her.—  
[Embracing *Palestra*.] Bless ye, my Daughter; I'm thy own Father: I'm *Demon*es and your Mother *Dedalis* is within.

*Pal.* O, my dear unexpected Father!

*Dem.* My dear Child; how I joy t'ha' ye i' my Arms!

*Tra.* And I, to see your goodness thus rewarded.

*Dem.* so *Trachalio*.] Good Boy, take this Portmantle a little, and bring it into the House; come along.

*Tra.* taking the Portmantle. ] See the effects o' *Gripus*'s Rogueries.—Honest Sir, I congratulate your good success.

*Dem.* Come in, my Child, to thy Mother, who can better judge o' the Proofs, and is much more acquainted with the Tokens.

*Tra.* Let's all in, since we're all concern'd i' the matter.

*Pal.* Come you too, *Ampelisca*.

*Amp.* I'm almost ravish'd to see Heaven so favourable t'ye.

[*Exeunt all but Gripus.*

## S C E N E V.

*Gripus alone.*

Well, I'm the dam'dest Poppy in nature, in finding such a Prize, and not hiding of't in some cunning hole or other. Faith, I thought as much, that 'twou'd prove a plaguy bitter Bus'ness to me, since I found it in such bitter stormy Weather. Zooks, I do verily believe there's a World o' Gold and Silver in't; and what wiser Course can I take, than to flink away and hang my self;

self; at least for a while, till this plaghy Sorrow's over.

[Exit Gripus.]

## SCENE VI.

Enter Demones alone.

Heavens! was ever Man more fortunate than I, so unexpectedly to find a Daughter? Isn't it plain, that when Heaven bestows its Favours, 'tis upo' the account o' Mens Pieties? Thus have I accidentally found my poor Girl, beyond both my hopes and belief;—and I intend to bestow her upon an Ingenious young Gentleman, of a good Family, and my Country-man. I wish some Body wou'd desire him to come hither. I order'd his Servants to follow me, and step to the Town for him: I wonder why he don't come, for my part.——I think I had best go to the Door.——[He goes to the Door, and looks in.] But what's here to do? My Wife hugging my Daughter! These Carelles are too formal and tedious.——[to his Wife within.] Enough, Wife, leave your kissing, and prepare for a Sacrifice, to thank our Gods for our Families Encrease. We have Lambs, and holy Pigs on purpose.——[to the Women within.] Why d'ye hinder Trachalio from coming?——O, here he is as luckily as may be.

## SCENE VII.

To him enter Trachalio.

Trach. I'll find out my Master, if he be above Ground, and bring him t'ye.

Dem.

*Dem.* Tell him what good luck has befall'n my Daughter; and pray him to leave all Business, and come hither.

*Tra.* Well.

*Dem.* Tell him, he shall ha' my Daughter,——

*Tra.* Well.

*Dem.* That I'm acquainted with his Father, and he's my Country-man.

*Tra.* Well.

*Dem.* But make haste.

*Tra.* Well.

*Dem.* While you're a going, we'll provide a Supper.

*Tra.* Well.

*Dem.* Is every thing Well?

*Tra.* Very well.——Sir, d'ye know my request? To remember you promis'd to procure my Freedom.

*Dem.* Well.

*Tra.* Persuade my Master, what you can, to perform it.

*Dem.* Well.

*Tra.* Get your Daughter to speak a good word for me; she'll easily obtain it.

*Dem.* Well.

*Tra.* And that I may marry *Ampelisco*, when I'm free.——

*Dem.* Well.

*Tra.* That my Services may appear t' ha' been grateful t' ye.

*Dem.* Well.

*Tra.* Is every thing Well wi' you too?

*Dem.* Very well.——And I thank ye for't.——But run to the Town, and back agen, as fast as you can.

*Tra.* Well.——I'll be wi' you instantly. The mean time, get all things in a readiness.



*Dem.* Well.—A duce on him, for his Wells and Waters; he has stuff'd my Ears wi' nothing else. Whatever I cou'd say, all is *Well*.

[*Exit Trachalio running.*]

## SCENE VIII.

*To him enter Gripus.*

*Gri.* I'd speak a word wi' ye, Sir, when you're at leasure.

*Dem.* What's the matter, *Gripus*?

*Gri.* And concerning the Portmantle too. If you know what belongs to your Profit, secure what Heaven has sent ye.

*Dem.* D' ye think it just to lay claim to what's none o' m' own?

*Gri.* Didn't I find it i' the Sea?

*Dem.* So much the better for him who lost it; but 'tis none o' yours the more for that.

*Gri.* 'Tis this Honesty o' yours, that makes ye so poor.

*Dem.* O *Gripus*, take notice, there are a great many Hooks laid to catch Mankind, which often entangle 'em. And, troth, they're commonly so well baited, that if any covetous Fool chance to snap at 'em, they're caught, and must pay Sauce for their greediness. But the Man who carries himself warily, carefully and cunningly, may long enjoy his well-gotten Goods. I'm persuaded it will be more for our Profit, to return this Prize to th' Owner, than to keep it: And shall I pretend to keep what, I know, belongs to another Man? That's none o' your Master *Demon*'s ways. Wise Men can never be too cautious i' this Case, for fear they become Partners wi' their Servants ill Actions. The satisfaction o' returning it to th' Owner, is sufficient Reward to me, for the finding of it.

*Gri.*



*Gri.* I've often seen the Comedians o' the Stage, applauded for the wise and moral Instructions they taught the People; but when every one's got home, he ne'r observes 'em.

*Dem.* Go in, and don't be troublesome, or faucy; I'll not gi' ye a Farthing of't, don't deceive your self.

*Gri.* Then be it Gold, Silver, or any thing else, Heaven grant it be all consum'd t' Ashes.

[*Exit Gripus very angrily.*]

## S C E N E IX.

*Demonas alone.*

This same joining wi' Servants, is the reason we've so many bad ones. If I harken to his Proposals, I shall become guilty of his Crime. While he imagines he has a Prize, he's mine himself; so one Prize takes another. — But I'll in to the Sacrifice, and then give order for the Supper.

[*Exit Demonas.*]

## *The End of the Fourth Act.*

**ACT**

## ACT V.

## SCENE I.

*Enter Pleusidippus and Trachalis.*

Pleu. *entring.*] TELL all agen, my dear *Trachalis*, my Deliverer, my Patron, or rather, my Parent. Has my *Palestra* found out her Parents?

*Tra.* Yes, Sir.

Pleu. And is she my Country-Woman?

*Tra.* I think so.

Pleu. Shall I marry her too?

*Tra.* I imagine so.

Pleu. Prithee, d'ye think her Father will make up the Match to day?

*Tra.* That's my Opinion.

Pleu. Shou'd I congratulate her Father for the Discovery?

*Tra.* That's my Advice.

Pleu. And her Mother too?

*Tra.* That's my Advice.

Pleu. What is't, that you advise?

*Tra.* What you ask.

Pleu. What's your Advice worth?

*Tra.* Mine? I advise——

Pleu. Leave *advising*, and don't be always a Counsellor.

*Tra.* That's my Advice.

Pleu. Shall I run?

*Tra.* That's my Advice.

*Pleu.*

*Plen.* Or had I better go softly?

*Tra.* That's my Advice too.

*Plen.* Shall I salute her at the first entrance?

*Tra.* That's my Advice.

*Plen.* And her Father too?

*Tra.* 'Tis my Advice.

*Plen.* Then, her Mother?

*Tra.* 'Tis my Advice.

*Plen.* What then? Shall I embrace her Father at the first entrance?

*Tra.* That's not my Advice.

*Plen.* Nor her Mother?

*Tra.* That's not my Advice.

*Plen.* Nor her self?

*Tra.* 'Tis not my Advice.

*Plen.* 'Sdeath, the Fellow has chang'd his Note, and has advis'd me to a fine purpose.

*Tra.* You're out o' your Wits; come along, Sir.

*Plen.* Where you please, my Patron.

[*Exeunt Ambo.*]

## SCENE II.

*Enter Labrax alone.*

Was ever Mortal in a more miserable Case than I? *Plensidippus* has cast me before the Judges; they've given him *Palestra*, and I may go hang my self. I'm perswaded that all Merchants o' my Faculty were born to make the World sport; every Body's so mightily pleas'd when they light upon any Misfortune.——Well, I'll to the Temple, and take her who is left behind, for she's all the Goods I have i' the World now.

## S C E N E. III.

*Enter Gripus, with a Spit in his Hand.*

*Gri. to his Master within.]* By the Lord Harry, you shan't see Gripus alive at night, if I han't the Portmantle again.

*Lab.* I'm ready to swoon at the Name of a Portmantle; the very word goes to the Guts o' me. [*Aside.*

*Gri. to himself.]* This Dog Trachalio has got his Freedom; but I, who found the rich Prize, am deny'd every thing.

*Lab.* Bless me! The Fellow makes me prick up my Ears. [*Aside.*

*Gri. to himself.]* 'Sbud, I'll post it up every where in Letters as big as Millstones, That if any one has lost a Portmantle full o' Gold and Silver, let them repair to Gripus. They shan't carry't off as they think.

*Lab.* O' my Conscience, the Fellow knows o' my Portmantle.——I must board him. Now Heaven prosper me.

*Gri. to them within.]* What d'ye call m' in for? I'll scour the Spit here. [*He cleans the Spit.*] Faith, I think 'tis all made up o' Rust, not Iron; the more I scour it, the more yellow, and slender 'tis. Zooks, I think 'thas got a Consumption, it falls away so wretchedly.

*Lab.* Bless ye, young Man.

*Gri.* And you too, wi' your bald Pate.

*Lab.* What are y' about?

*Gri.* Scouring this damn'd Spit.

*Lab.* How fares your Corps?

*Gri.* Why that Question? Are ye a Mountibank?

*Lab.* No, Faith, I'm another sort o' Bank.

*Gri.* What then, a Bankrupt?

*Lab.* Thou'ft nick'd it,

*Gri.*

*Gri.* It agrees wi' your Complexion. — But what's the matter?

*Lab.* Why, last Night I was cast away, my Ship sunk, and I've lost all I'm worth.

*Gri.* What have ye lost?

*Lab.* A Portmantle, full o' Gold and Silver.

*Gri.* D'ye remember what was in't?

*Lab.* What matters that; since all's gone to the bottom o' the Sea?

*Gri.* Nothing: Let's talk o' something else. — Suppose I know who found it; I'd willingly be told the Marks.

*Lab.* There was 800 pieces o' Gold in one Purse, and 100 *Philips* in a little Bag by it self.

*Gri. aside]* As I live, a noble Prize; I must require a swinging Reward for finding of it. The Gods are generous, and I shall be damn'dly rich: I see it is his Portmantle. — Go on wi' the rest.

*Lab.* A whole Talent o' Silver, in a great Bag; besides, a Bason, an Ewer, a Boat, and a Goblet.

*Gri.* O living! You were a plaguy rich Fellow!

*Lab.* That same *were*, is a miserable hard Word, since 'tis gone and past.

*Gri.* Come, what will you give the Party that shall find it, and bring it t' ye? Speak quick; in a twinkling.

*Lab.* Three hundred Pieces.

*Gri.* 'Tis three hundred times too little.

*Lab.* Four hundred.

*Gri.* Four hundred Farts.

*Lab.* Five hundred then.

*Gri.* A Fiddle's end.

*Lab.* Six hundred.

*Gri.* You'das good bid so many Farthings.

*Lab.* I'll give seven hundred.

*Gri.* Ha! ye swallow'd a Fire-Coal, that you can't open your Mouth?

*Lab.* I'll give a thousand then.

*Gri.* Po, you bid nothing.

*Lab.* Not a Souce more. Go.

*Gri.* But hark ye ; troth, if I once go, you find me no more here.

*Lab.* Will a hundred more do ?

*Gri.* Sure you nothing but dream.

*Lab.* Prethee, tell me, how much will.

*Gri.* Not to make ye bid twice, a great Talent's the Price, and not a Farthing to be abated o' that ! therefore say, Ay, or no.

*Lab. aside* ] I see I'm forc'd to it. ——— I'll give it then. *[so him.]*

*Gri. going to the Altar* ] Come hither then. *Venus* shall be witness of all.

*Lab.* Command what you please.

*Gri.* Lay your Hand upo' th' Altar.

*Lab.* I do.

*Gri.* You must swear by *Venus*, to ———

*Lab.* To do what ?

*Gri.* What I dictate t' ye.

*Lab.* Dictate what you please. ——— *[aside]* I'm so well furnish'd with Equivocations, I need n't borrow o' my Neighbours.

*Gri.* Take hold o' th' Altar.

*Lab.* I do.

*Gri.* Swear to pay me the Mony, as soon as you have your Portmantle.

*Lab.* I will.

*Gri. and Lab. together* ] " I do promise here before "  
"*Venus* of *Cyrene*, if I find the said Portmantle, I lost "  
"*in the Ship*, together with all the Gold and Silver, "  
"*therein inclosed*, and it comes safely into my Hands "  
"*and possession*, ———

*Gri.* " That I will give to this present *Gripus* ——— "  
Lay your Hand upo' me, and say after me.

*Lab.* " That I will give to this present *Gripus* ——— "

*Gri.*

*Gri. and Lab. together.]* "A great talent o' Silver.  
"So help me *Venus*."

*Gri.* If you equivocate, with *Venus's* Curse to rot your  
Head and Joints all over.——[*aside*] And may it come  
to pass, as soon as you've finish'd your Oath.

*Lab.* If I break my Oath, may *Venus* send all the  
Plagues o' Bawds upo' my Head.

*Gri. aside.]* Ay, and tho you keep it.——Stay here ;  
I'll bring out m' old Master t'ye : Be sure to challenge  
him wi' the Portmantle.

[*Exit Gripus with his Spu.*]

## SCENE IV.

*Labrax alone.*

Tho he does help me to my Portmantle, the De'el a  
Farthing shall the Dog get o' me. I'm Master o' my  
own Tongue, and I'll do as I please.——But mum  
for that. Here he comes and th' Old Gentleman with  
him.

## SCENE V.

*To him enter Gripus and Demones with the Portmantle.*

*Gri.* Come this way, Sir. But where's this Woman-  
merchant?——Hark ye, ho, ho ! This Gentleman  
has your Portmantle.

*Dem.* I have so, and own it ; and if it be yours, you  
may have it, and all that's in't, just as you lost it. Take  
it if it be yours.

*Lab.* O wonderful ! 'tis mine.——Welcome, my  
dear dear Portmantle. [*bugging it.*]

*Dem.* Is't yours ?

*Lab.*



*Lab.* D'ye question it? Faith, if it fell into the Hands of Jove, 'tis mine nevertheless.

*Dem.* There's nothing touch'd, but only one small Casket, and a few Play-things, which help'd to discover my Daughter?

*Lab.* What Daughter?

*Dem.* Your *Palestra* is found to be my Daughter.

*Lab.* Truly, Sir, I'm glad of it; and receive an extream Satisfaction in finding things fall out so happily on your side. [fawningly.]

*Dem.* I can scarce believe your Compliment.

*Lab.* Then, Sir, to shew you my Intentions are real, I deliver up all my Right to your Daughter, without demanding a Farthing of ye.

*Dem.* That's a piece of Generosity indeed.

*Lab.* O dear, Sir, 'tis more yours than mine. [taking the Portmantle.]

*Gri.* Hark ye, Friend, are ye possess'd o' your Portmantle?

*Lab.* Yes.

*Gri.* Then make haste.

*Lab.* To do what?

*Gri.* To pay me my Mony.

*Lab.* Marry, I'll not pay ye a Souce, nor do I owe y' any.

*Gri.* What Roguery's that? Not owe m' any?

*Lab.* No, Faith, not I.

*Gri.* Did n't your swear to me? —

*Lab.* I did swear, and so I will again, if I think fit. Oaths were design'd to make a Man, not to break a Man.

*Gri.* You perjur'd Dog, pay me the Talent y' owe me.

*Dem.* What Talent d'ye demand, *Gripus*?

*Gri.* He promis'd me upon Oath, to gi' me —

*Lab.* 'Twas my pleasure to swear: Are you a Magistrate to punish me if I break my Oath,

*Dem.*

*Dem.* Upon what account did he promise this Money?

*Gri.* If I help'd him to this Portmantle, he swore to gi' me a great Talent o' Silver.

*Lab.* Get one to go before the Judge wi' me then, where I'll prove your Demands all Trick and Cheating, and that I'm older than your Worship by 25 Years.

*Gri.* Here's one ready. [*pointing to Demones.*]

*Lab.* I've nothing to say to him.

*Dem.* I'll not part with it thus, till things be a little clear.——Did you promise him this Money?

*Lab.* I don't deny't.

*Dem.* What you promis'd my Servant, belongs to me. Therefore, good Sir, you mustn't think to sham us off wi' your Bawdships Legerdemain Tricks.

*Gri.* Sure you think you've to deal with a meer Bubble. Come, down wi' the Money fairly, and I'll give it my Master for my Freedom.

*Dem.* Since I've been so civil t'ye, and by my means, your Goods were sav'd,——

*Gri. interrupting*] Troth, Sir! 'twas by mine, therefore don't say, by yours.

*Dem. to Gripus*] Hold your Tongue, Fool.——[*to Labrax*] You stand oblig'd t'acknowledge the Favour.

*Lab.* True, because you defend my Right so well.

*Dem.* 'Twon'd be ridiculous to defend it wi' the loss o' m' own.

*Gri.* I'm pretty secure; The Woman-Trader's brought a Peg lower, and that foretels my Freedom.

[*aside.*]

*Dem.* He found it, and he's my Slave, therefore I've kept it for ye, and all the Money safe.

*Lab.* I thank ye for't, and now I find there's no Reason to hinder ye o' the Talent I so solemnly promis'd.

*Gri.* Hark ye, give it me quickly, if you're wise.

*Dem.* Will you never be silent?

*Gri-*

*Gri.* You pretend to be my Friend, and 'tis all for your self. But, as I live, you shan't trick m' out o' this, as you did the Portmantle.

*Dem.* Sirrah, speak another Word and I'll cane ye.

*Gri.* Ay, Faith, you may kill me too; but I'll ne'r be quiet, till my mouth's stopt with a Talent.

*Lab.* 'Tis all for your good, therefore hold your Tongue.

*Dem.* Come this way, *Labrax*.

*Lab.* Well then.

[*They walk on one side.*]

*Gri.* Don't act underhand, I'll ha' none o' your close Committees, and Whisperings.

*Dem.* Tell me, what did you give for *Ampelisca*, the other Girl?

*Dem.* Shall I make a good proposal t'ye?

*Lab.* With all my Heart.

*Dem.* I'll divide the Talent.

*Lab.* Very well.

*Dem.* One half shall go for her Ransom, and the other, he shall have, —

*Lab.* Best of all.

*Dem.* — And I'll give him his Freedom for't, who was the cause o' your finding your Goods, and o' my finding my Daughter.

*Lab.* Well decided, Sir; a thousand Thanks t'ye.

*Gri.* Well, and shall I ha' the Money?

*Dem.* The Matter's made up, *Gripus*: I ha't.

*Gri.* Faith, I'd rather ha't my self.

*Dem.* Troth, there's nothing for you, *Gripus*, therefore you must n't expect it. I'd ha' ye discharge him from his Oath.

*Gri.* Zookers, I'm undone: I must go hang my self, or else I'm a dead Man. You shall ne'r deceive me a second Time.

*Dem.* *Labrax*, you must sup wi' me to night.

*Lab.* I'll accept o' your Kindness, Sir.

*Dem.* Come along both, — [Turns to the Spectators]  
Gallants

Gallants, I wou'd invite ye all, but I've nothing to entertain ye with, nor any good thing to set before ye, and I presume you're all engaged elsewhere. But, if you please to give us one good Applause, I invite ye to a Collation on this Day sixteen Years.—  
 [to Labrax, and Gripus] You two, sup wi' me to Night!

*Lab.* We will.

*Dem. to the Spectators]* Kind Gentlemen, your Approbation.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

## *The End of Rudens.*

R E

# REMARKS UPON RUDENS.

**T**His Comedy is call'd *Rudens*, or the *Cable*, but with so little Reason, that Madam *Dacier* chang'd the Name in her Version, and call'd it *L'Heureux Naufrage*, the *Happy Shipwrack*, which indeed is the more proper Name of the two. The Subject of this, as well as the last Play, is not so noble as that of *Amphitryon*, it being chiefly the Discovery of *Palestra*, yet the variety of *Incidents* affords more Diverſion than *Amphitryon*, and the Decorations of the Stage, is finer than either that or *Epidicus*, or indeed than any of his, or *Terence's* Plays. The *Catastrophe* ends more to the satisfaction of the Spectators than *Epidicus*, for here is not only the Discovery, but the Marriage of *Palestra*. The Poet's Management is the more remarkable in this Play, for bringing to pass so many several *Incidents* in such a private, and almost unſeek'd Place, without offending the least against Probability.

The  
The before-hand, still but it off, and furnishes material for five Acts. This is one of the principal Secrets of a Dramatic Poem.

## The PROLOGUE.

THE *Prologue* is spoken by a God, because, only such a one can be supposed to know all what is there related; and by *Arcturus* in particular, because he was most generally believed to raise Storms and Tempests in the Sea, therefore the more proper for this *Narration*. The Fore-part of this *Prologue*, exactly shews the Opinions, Morality, and Doctrin of the Pagans in these Times.

Pag. 152. l. 19. *Diphilus calls this City, Cyrene.*] This was *Diphilus* the Greek Comedian, from whence *Plautus* borrowed the Subject of this, and some other of his Comedies.

*Ibid.* l. 20. *Here dwells Demones, &c.*] This is the beginning of a *Narration* of all what pass'd before the opening of the Stage, a thing very inartificial in a *Prologue*, because it is spoken immediatly and directly to the Audience. This was *Plautus's* usual way in the rest of his *Prologues*, tho' not in so ill a manner as in that of *Amphitryon*, where he foretels the *Catastrophe*, which of all things ought to be conceal'd. The principal Fault of this, is the letting the Spectators know that *Paestora* is *Demones's* Daughter, which takes away much of the Pleasure of the Surprize; and seems but one Degree beneath that of the Discovery of the *Catastrophe*.

Pag. 153. l. penult. &c. *The Girl I told y<sup>e</sup> of, and another with her, in a Frigate, are leas'd into the little Boat; and are now driven by the Tide, from the Rock towards the Shore.*] This is the latter end of the *Shipwreck*, and here the Stage opens; and the Poet (as in the two foregoing Plays) has contriv'd it as nigh to the *Catastrophe* as it is possible; but the several Incidents, he has laid, and prepar'd before-hand, still put it off, and furnishes matter sufficient for five Acts. This is one of the principal Secrets of a *Dramatick Poem*.

A C T

## A C T I.

## Scene the First.

PAG. 133 l. 4. *It can be no Wind, but some Conjuror raising the Devil.* Non ventus fuit, verum Alcmena Euripidis. This is an Allusion to that Tragedy in Euripides, call'd *Alcmena*, where a dreadful Storm was so lively represented, that it became a Proverb at last for all Tempestuous Weather. This is lost among us, therefore I have taken a little Liberty. Madam Dacier observes, that it was not strange for a Slave of *Cyrene* to speak of this, because he was suppos'd to have long serv'd his Master in *Athens*, where he might have often seen that Play acted.

*Ibid.* l. 6. *The Windows shatter'd, so we shall keep open House now.* Illustrioris fecit, fenestras indidit. It ought to be *Illustriores*, and refers to *Aides*, understood. It is taken in a comical Sense, not without something of a Pun; therefore *Open House*, or, if you please, *Splendid House*, seems a true Imitation of the Author's Design.

## Scene the Second.

The three Gentlemen whom *Pleusidippus* brings along with him, are all *Mutes*. If any of our modern Poets had had the Management of 'em, they wou'd undoubtedly have made 'em speak several things, and perhaps with Reason, it being somewhat improbable they shou'd be silent all the Time they were there. But the Ancients,



cients, in this point, were extream fearful of embarrassing the Stage, and often to a Fault, and too great a limitation to the variety of the Discourse. They had commonly more *Actors*, and we have usually more *Speakers*.

### Scene the Third.

Pag. 156. l. 12, &c. *Father, well met. Dem. Good morrow t' ye, Sir. See. Are ye Man or Woman, that you call him Father? Pleu. A Man, undoubtedly. Dem. If so, you must seek elsewhere. I had once a little Daughter, which I lost formerly, but ne'r had a Son i' my Life.*] Demones's mentioning the loss of a Daughter, was a very necessary Circumstance for the Audience to take notice of, and an excellent *Preparation* for the main Incident: But for the manner of bringing of it in, tho' there appears little design of instructing the Audience, and consequently well in that respect, yet, methinks, it might have been better, or at least more civil after this manner. *Pleu. Father, well met. Dem. Ah, Sir, that word, Father, brings my poor Daughter to remembrance, that I lost formerly.*

Pag. 157. l. 32. *Hark ye, Sir, you that haunt the Temple for your Belly-sake.*] *Hæus tu! qui fana ventris causa circumis.* This was a very high Affront to a Gentleman, in those days. But *Pleusidippus* takes no notice of it, either because his Thoughts were otherwise employ'd, or rather (as *Madam Dacier* observes) from the likeness of the word *Ventris* to *Veneris*, and, by means of the pronunciation, he might mistake the sound. But this I cou'd not preserve in my Translation. It is observable besides, that the Scurrility, and the low Jest of *Scapulus*, which seem so very odd to us, do very well shew the Nature and Disposition of the poor Slaves of those Days.

Pag. 158. l. 8, &c. I fancy they're some damnable Camesters. Dem. Why so? See. Because they've lost all, their Ship and all.] *Ut mea est opinio, propter viam illi sunt vocati ad prandium.* Da. Quam Scio? Quia post cinium, credo, tota vetula hanc non frangi in vobis in me est, illi. This is a very difficult Passage, and is founded upon a Custom of those days, of sacrificing to *Hercules* before they made a Voyage, and all what they cou'd not eat, they burn't, so that nothing was left behind. From this Custom, *Sceparnio* takes an occasion to say, that those People on the Sea, *propter viam illi sunt vocati ad prandium*, that is, they had sacrific'd for a Voyage, because, says he, *post cinium laetantur*, that is, had consum'd all, for *Lado*, here, and in several other Places of *Plautus*, signifies to Lose, to Destroy, to get rid off, and the like; and the word, *Canam*, signifies the Meat they made at that Office. This is undoubtedly the true explanation of this Passage; but the last is lost in our Tongue; therefore I have made something that has much of the same Force and Design.

Ibid. l. 22. Fare ye well.] Here *Plautidippus* goes to the Assistance of the Persons Ship-wrack'd, but finds them not, tho' he had seen 'em just before. This may seem improbable for a Man of his amorous Temper to look so negligently; and Madam *Dacier* reckons it a considerable Fault. But in answer to this, it may easily be suppos'd, that the Rocks and Cliffs, and the distance of the Shore, might make him miss of 'em, and come too late, for they were landed immediately after his leaving the Stage. If it be ask'd, why did he not give this, or some other Reason for it, when he came next on to the Stage? It may be reply'd, that neither his Haste, Business, nor the Subject wou'd admit of such a Narration at that time. But if this be not allow'd as an Answer, and it still be counted a Fault, yet thus far must be allow'd, that our Author has not such another in all the three Plays.

Scene

## Scene the Fourth

*Which Boy, and young, and little Girls, all alone, in a small Boat, &c.* In the Original, nothing can be more natural and lively, than *Scipio's* Discourse about the two Women in the Boat: And this is a sufficient Instance of *Plautus's* excellent Strokes upon an occasion. To that nothing was left behind.

## Scene the Fifth

*Palestina* was separated from her Companion, first by the greatness of her Fright, which made her suppose her drown'd; then by the different ways they took through the Cliffs and Precipices; and this makes her appear alone upon the Stage. What she says is very natural for one of her Circumstances, and agreeable to the Doctrine and Religion of her time.

Page 160. l. 26. *I was born a Gentlewoman, it avails nothing, if I'm more miserable than if born a Slave.* These Words seem to have been spoken with no other Design than to express *Palestina's* concern at this time, and they appear only the natural effects of her Passion; but the Poet design'd them a Preparation towards the main Incident, her Discovery.

## Scene the Sixth

Page 161. l. 17. *Prætor, whereabouts are ye?* *Amperius* could not see her Companion, because of the Cliffs between each other, at the farther end of the Stage; and at the same time, the Spectators might do both.

## Scene the Seventh.

Pag. 163. l. 10. 11. *Is a huge way from the Place we first set out at.* In reality it was but a small distance from *Cyrene*, the Place where they put to Sea at, but the Fright, and Ignorance of the Girls, made 'em think it a vast way off.

Ibid. l. 12. *You came in a Ship, by Sea then?* *Nempe equo ligneo per vias caruleas estis vestra.* This seems to have been taken from some Greek Tragedy, it being so like their way of Expression, and particularly to that of *Horace*. And *ad hoc in hoc a se ipso*. But this Expression wou'd by no means do in *English Comedy*.

## A C T H

THE First Interval is fill'd up, with the Priestesses care about *Palestra* and *Ampelisca*, and with all what passed in the Temple.

## Scene the First.

This Scene of the Fishermen, and their Discourse, is a good Preparation for the second Scene of the Fourth Act; and *Plautus's* lucky choice of a Place, to bring 'em there with probability, is remarkable. The only Fault is, their speaking a little too directly to the Audience, so mixing the Representation with the Theatrical Action, but not in so open a manner as he do's in some other of his Plays.

Pag. 164. l. 12. *We make Invasions, every Day from the Town to the Sea, for Forrage.* *Ex urbe ad mare, huc prodimus*

*prodimus pabulum.* The word, *Pabulum*, is a proper military Term, signifying *Forage*; and here by a comical Metaphor apply'd to *Fishing*; therefore the Translation, I believe, is just.

*Ibid.* l. 10. *We sink some, well liquor'd w<sup>th</sup> Salt-water.* *Suscepimus hic mare domum reamus clanculum.* The Comicalness of this Passage cannot be well preserv'd in our Language, consisting in the equivocal meaning of the Phrase; which, as *Madam Dacier* observes, signifies either, *A fine Treat of Salt Meats*, or, *A washing, and cleansing with Salt Water*, which was the truest sense in this Place. The equivocal meaning of the Phrase, *well liquor'd*, seems to preserve a little of the Design, tho' not much.

Pag. 165. l. 12. *Not drown'd yet ?] Ut peris?* This is instead of, *Ut valeis*, which is, *How do you?* and that makes the thing so comical; it being a perfect opposition of Terms which will not do in our Tongue: Therefore I thought the best way to preserve it, would be to have a word proper to their Trade.

#### Scene the Fourth.

Pag. 167. l. ult. &c. *Faith, 'twas an excellent Cast; 'thas quite gammon'd the Rascal.] Profecto nimio lepide jecisti bolum: perjurum perdidisti.* The Beauty of this doth in a great measure consist in the double signification of the Phrase, *Jacere bolum*, which is equally apply'd to casting of a Net and to casting of Dice, therefore it has the greater propriety in this Case; and likewise to the different meanings of the word, *Perdere*, which signifies either to *Perish*, and to *Run*, in a strict sense, else to *Loss*, or to *Break* in a Gamester's sense. All these things I cou'd not preserve in my Translation.

Pag. 168. l. 5. *Troth, I believe the Whore's-bud has drunk more than he cou'd bear.] Credo hercle ananco datum quon videtur.* This is an Allusion to the Custom in

some of their great Feasts, of finishing all with a larger Cup than ordinary, which every one was oblig'd to drink without losing a drop; and this was call'd *mancaum poculum*, a Cup of Necessity. So that in effect, *Ampeliscia* said, That Neptune had punish'd the Rogue to a Feast, and had kill'd him with his Cup of Necessity. But this could not so well be taken notice of in a Translation. Some think it alludes to that deadly Cup given to some sort of Criminals; and others, to the Water of *Lethe*; but neither of these is very probable.

Pag. 168. l. 16. *Just at Morning, we were thrown half dead ashore.*] Here *Ampeliscia* finishes her *Monologue*, which is very short and to the purpose. It is very remarkable how handsomely and judiciously the Poet leaves out all that latter part of the Ship-wreck, which the Audience were already inform'd of by *Scarpinio*, in the fourth Scene of the first Act. This is a thing that ought carefully to be observ'd by Dramatick Poets in all Narrations.

Ibid. l. 18. *He's a plaguy hard Custom-masser.*] *Ensidiosus Adilis est*, Part of the Business of the *Adils* was to inspect Merchants Goods, examine Weights and Measures, and the like. Therefore *Custom-masser* is the most proper for us, to make it intelligible.

Ibid. l. 23. &c. *I think I had best send for Gown and Fur-Cap, and set up for a Fortune teller.*] *Capillum promissum optimum est, accipiamque ariolari.* The *Latin* signifies, I'll let my Hair grow, &c. It was usual for their Fortune-tellers, and such kind of People, to wear extreme long Hair; but that being a Custom not known among us, I thought it not necessary to observe it in a Translation, the force of it being preserv'd after a more intelligible manner.

Pag. 169. l. 8, &c. *She's mightily concern'd for Librax's taking away a Casket of hers; for there she had something to discover her Parents by.*] It ought to be observ'd that this,



## Remarks upon Rucens

this, and six or seven lines further were design'd by the Poet, to interst *Trachalio*, more firmly in *Palestrus* concerns; and to give a fair Pretext for demanding the Casket in the fourth Scene of the fourth Act, without which the main discovery could never have been brought about. So it is an excellent Preparation for that; but the Spectators could by no means foresee it.

### Scene the Sixth.

Pag. 171. 1. 3, 4. *What a fine black Complexion!*

*meane, a lovely brown!* *Subvoluturium!* *illud quidem, Subaquilam volui dicere.* The Word, *Subaquilum*, signifies *Brown*, that is, *Nigh the Colour of an Eagle*: Now *Sceparnio* aiming at that Word for *Ampeliscas* Skin, could only call to mind it was the colour of some great ravenous Bird, therefore forges the Word *Subvoluturium*, and therein consists the comicalness of this Expression, which cannot easily be preserv'd in our Tongue. Some think, that after *Sceparnio* had compared *Ampeliscas* Skin to a Vulture, by reason of its brownness, he, recollecting himself, calls it, *Subaquilum*, as being much of the same Colour, but the nobler Bird of the two. This Explanation agrees best with my Translation, but is nothing so good as the other.

*Idid. 1. 6. I'm not for every one's turn.* *Non ego sum polluta pago.* The Word, *Polluta*, is a Term borrow'd from the Sacrifices, and is not to be express'd in our Tongue. When they offer'd to *Hercules*, that little part of the Beast which was burnt upon the Altar, was call'd *Porrectum*; and the rest, which was expos'd to the People's eating, was call'd *Polluctum*: So that the beauty of the Word consists in the Allusion to that Custom, and the figurative sense, which is lost to us. If I had done it, *I'm no Pye for every one's cutting up*, it would have been somewhat nigher the Design, but not so modest.



Scene the Eighth

Page 172. l. 16. *Without Flattery, I Briefly say, This Praefiscine, was always used as a mollifying word, when one commended himself, and signifies properly, without Envy.* The Pleasantry of this place, consists in Scarpino's applying it to a quite contrary thing, Inamely, to his calling himself *Great Owl*, immediately after.

Ibid. l. 17. *I was a great Owl for not falling in Love before now.* Not so much for the Pleasure of the Amour, as the ease of drawing of Water with half the Pains; a Fancy natural and comical enough, when rightly apprehended.

Scene the Tenth

*Labrax and Charmides were both cast away at the same Time with Palestra and Ampelisca, but yet 'tis a considerable while after, that they appear upon the Stage; because they were thrown a-shore on a distant Place from them, sometime after too, and the mean time were searching for what they had lost.*

Pa. 173. l. 22. *Oh, Liberty, thou'rt a rare Goddess too, thou ne'r go'st to Sea with a Hero.* *Edipoly, Libertas, Lepida es, qua nunquam pedem voluisti in marem cum Hercule una imponere.* This Passage is founded upon the Story of Hercules's Voyages, which were undertaken against his will; from whence, the People afterwards took an occasion to say, *Liberty never much cared for an Hero's Company at Sea.*

Page 174. l. 16. 17. *I was a more fatal Supper to me than er Thyeftes, and Tereus's was to them.* *Thyestes and Tereus, had their Children sex'd up to'em at Supper.* This Story is not so well known amongst us, but for want of a parallel one in our Ages, to preserve the Force of this Passage, I was forc'd to take it as it is.

Ibid.

*Ibid.* l. 27, &c. You were a fresh raw Fellow, now I've season'd your Understanding. *Te tu insulso falsum faci opera mea.* The Jest of this consists in the equivocal meanings of the Word *falsus*, which signifies either, *Salted*, *broiled*, *Crustied*, *Sabbled*, and the like; but the equivocal Words, *Fresh*, *Raw*, and *Season'd*, have done e'n as well in our Tongue.

*Ibid.* l. 30, &c. Would the Devil had ye for a Rogue, Char. And you too? I'm sure I made broad signs & have him come for ye. *Quid tu ducis a me in maximam malam crucem?* *Charmides* *etique vos agebam commodum.* I will not positively affirm that I have hit of the true Sense of this Passage; but however the beauty of *Charmides*'s answer consists in the playing upon the word, *Eas*, which is either a Verb or a Noun, and that makes such a double meaning, as I do not find our English Tongue is capable of expressing.

*Page* 175. l. 4, &c. Faith, I tremble like one ready to engageth' Enemy; and my Jaws do so quake, that my Words break out like Flashes of Lightning. *Equidem me ad velitationem exerceo: nam omnia cunctis praetremore fabulor.* This is a very difficult Passage to understand, and more to translate, by reason of the harshness of the Simile in our Tongue. *Velitatio*, signifies a Skirmish, which was usually made by the *Velites*, that is, the Light-armed Soldiers; and these Men always made use of Darts, whose Points wou'd glitter at a distance, sometimes one way, and sometimes another. Now *Charmides*, trembling with Cold, compares himself to these *Velites*, or *Skirmishers*, who never keep their Place; and his Words, which came out broken and by piece-meal, to the unequal Glitterings or Flashes of their Darts. This is the best Interpretation I can find of this Place, and the little Liberty I have taken, cou'd not be avoided.

*Ibid.* l. 19. This God can't afford one Brandy-shop in all his Dominions. *Ne Thermopolium quidem ullum instruit.* These *Thermopolis*, were certain Publick Places, common

mon in *Greece and Italy*, where they drank hot Waters, sometimes mingled with Wine and Honey; but this could not be taken notice on in a Translation. *sc. gnomo* *Isid.* *H. 30* I fancy, I should make an excellent Snap-Dragon. *Quid, si aliquod ludos me pro maximo locor?* The Ancients had their *Alaudæ*, and their *Chærie*, to march before their great Sights and Triumphs; the first were certain Antick Figures with wide Months, like our Snap-dragons for Mayor's Shows, and the second were somewhat like our Merry Andrews.

### Scene the Tenth.

Page. 176. l. 10, &c. The poor *Crematress* are nobly afraid of some Body, and talk of being tost all Night long, and thrown ashore this Morning. By these Words of *Scarpario's*, *Lubrax* finds out his Girls, whom he supposed to have been drown'd; which most naturally clears the Stage and finishes the Act. The Poet's Conduct in bringing about this material Discovery, is excellent: *Ampe-lisca* is sent out in the fourth Scene for Water to *Demon's* House, and upon that depends the greatest part of the Act. The Time *Scarpario* is gone in to draw Water, she is frighted off the Stage, which occasions him to follow her to the Temple; and in his Return, he drops these Words accidentally, so that nothing could have been brought about more naturally.

### Scene the Eleventh.

Page. 177. l. 13, &c. For shame! *Ar't ye content to ha' the Sea wash all away, but you must be for the same Sport at Land too?* *Sc.* Be wash'd, and powder'd too, I care n't a Straw. *Eho!* *An te pœnitet in mari quod clavi, in hic in terra iterum eluam?* *Sc.* *Eluat in an exangere, siccum non interuam.* The Word, *Eluat*, is equivocal, signifying either, *Washing*, or *Ruining*; upon which depends *Scarpario's*

partie's sanctity, *Elusion* in *Amungare*, where I rendered *Excusare*; *Pauca* is because *Abinitio* is not known among us. The Word *Circum* signifies that Skin or Membrane which parts the little Cells or Holes of a Pomgranate, and contains the Kernels; and is here mention'd as a thing of the smallest value in the World; and their great sights and Triumphs were certain Antick Figures with wide Mouths, like our

*Scene the Twelfth.*

*Ibid.* l. ult. Old Neptune put upon us with his Water, as tho' it had been *Wine* of the best. *Quasi vinis Gracis Neptunus nobis suffudit mare.* In those times, they always mingled Sea-Water with all Greek Wines when they transported 'em, except that of Chio, which makes *Horace* call it, *Chium maris expens.* The natural Sense of this Passage, is, Neptune has mixed us with Sea-water as tho' we had been Greek Wine; but the Wit of it is in a great measure lost to us.

A C T III.

THE second *Interval* is fill'd up with what pass'd in the Temple between *Labrax*, *Palestra*, and *Ampelesca*: And here *Plautus's* Judgment is very remarkable in concealing *Labrax's* Sacrilege from the Spectators Eyes, who, in those Days wou'd have been much disgusted at the Sight.

*Scene the First.*

This Scene begins exactly like the first Scene of the second Act of *Plautus's Mercator*; and this Dream is an ingenious

ingenious Preparative for some things that follow, but more especially design'd for a Pretext, to bring Persons from all Company, and to consult by himself upon the Stage.

### Scene the Second

Pag. 179. l. 22, 24. As ye hope for a good Crop of Herbs, and a plentiful Harvest of Plants, Sic spero vobis anno multum futuro Sirpe & Lasepium. This Sirpe is a Species of Benjamin, from whence sprung an odorous Liquor, call'd Lasepium, quass, Lac. Scipium; which was so common in Cyrene, that it was call'd Lasepificera Cyrena. These Names, being unknown to us, and making but an indifferent Sound, were not so necessary to be taken notice of in a Translation.

### Scene the Third.

Pag. 181. l. 4. Pluck out his Eyes, and make Coats Mean of 'em. Tuba oculos elidere, idem ut sepia faciat coquid. That is, Pluck out his Eyes, as Cooks do those of Quails & Fishes. This relates to a Custom of those Times which, perhaps we know nothing of, and consequently unfit for a close Translation.

### Scene the Fifth.

Pag. 183. l. 17, &c. They know that you were brimble of a Lobster, and therefore can be no Enemy to Cherynoe Cheeks. Te ex concha nam esse sciant, Quid te harum conchas spernavi. More closely thus; They are sensible you were but a Shell-Fish, therefore despise, and hold your Shell Offerings; for since they had lost all, they had no other Offerings but Shells, things usually consecrated to Temples nigh the Sea, which were much procur'd by them. But still the principal Joke lies in his metaphorically

rically calling these Girls *Demones*, because they were empty, and thus made me translate it as I did.

Scene the Sixth.

Pag. 184. l. 23. *frangit* away with 'em both. [ *Equidem istas jam ambas educam foras.* The word, *foras*, is spoken here only with respect to the Entrance into the Temple Court, in which almost all this Scene pass'd.

*Ibid.* ante penul. *Illud* ye, till your Backs be as full o' *Furrows* as the Sea w<sup>th</sup> Waves. [ *Quasi myrtina junctis* it is the same as *virgis circumvinctis*. In the Temples of *Vanna* were several Bundles of Myrtle hung up, and consecrated to her, and these were bound up with Rushes. From these, *Demones* takes an occasion to threaten his Men, to bind 'em (or rather to line 'em) like these Bundles of Myrtle. But the Beauty of it is lost in our Tongue, which made me take this Liberty in my Translation, tho' perhaps not with equal success with some other Passages where I was forc'd to take the like Liberty.

Pag. 185. l. 10. One of 'em is an Athenian, of a very good Family. This Passage do's not only help to interest *Demones* in the Girls Affairs, but is also a further Preparation for the main Discovery in the fourth Act, tho' this do's not appear to the Audience, the concealment of which, makes the great Cunning of the Poet.

*Ibid.* ante penul. If you haven't more Remembrances on your. [ *Non offeramentis habebis plures in tergo tuo.* That is to say, Lashes, or Straps of a Whip. The word, *Offeramenta*, is a Religious Term, signifying *Off'rings* or *Present*, and is very comically apply'd in this place; but the Beauty of it is lost in our Tongue: I could not think of a better word to answer it than *Remembrances*, which well enough bears a double meaning.







that *Palestra* was none of his. So that the Beauty of this Passage can never be preserv'd in our Tongue.

### Scene the Eleventh.

Plen. *Ver, fush & Rescat in te.* [Enter Limi.] *Quid ego, quasi canem, hominem insectar lapidibus nequissimum?* This Passage is wrong in all the common Editions; it ought to be spoken by two Persons, not one, and must be read thus. *Quid ego, quasi canem, hominem insectar lapidibus? Pl. Nequissimum?*

*Ibid.* 1. 16. *He'll have a confounded brush at my Coat.* [Enter Converte.] *jam hic me totum cum pulvisculo.* That is, *He'll not leave a bit of Dust on me, or, He'll make nothing but Dust of me.* My Translation will answer either way, and wou'd be as comical, were it less common.

*Ibid.* 1. penult. *Whether you'll go to Jail by usual way, or be dragg'd by the Heels.* [Enter Rapi.] *se obrorto collo mavis, an trahi?* When any Person was brought before the Pretor, they always threw his Gown or Cloak about his Neck, and led him that way; and this was call'd, *Rapi obrorto collo.* But this cou'd not be well taken notice of in a Translation.

Plen. to 1. 13. *Meet me at the Town-Gate.* [Enter in urbem.] *ire obviam ad portum mihi.* It ought to be read, *Portum,* and in this the common Editions are all false.

### Scene the Twelfth.

*Ibid.* 1. 1. *Etc. I didn't carry her away.* Plen. *Will you Lie, Sir, she's hab.* Truly, I only embark'd her. [Enter Aver.] *Pl. Cur negat? Lab. Quis pot' proveri.* This same playing upon the Words, *Averi* and *Proveri*, is not easily preserv'd in our Tongue.

Scene

## Scene the Fourteenth.

Pag. 193. l. 5, 6. *I believe this Merchant's chang'd to a Stock-Dove, for by and by, he'll be stock'd into the Pigeon-Hole.*] *Illic in columbum, credo, leno vertitur: nam in-columbari collum band muto post erit.* The word, *Columbar*, signifies either a *Dove-house*, or a certain *Iron Collar* us'd for the Necks of Prisoners, something of the nature of our *Stocks*, and this word occasion'd this Pleasantry. Our *Stocks* being often call'd *Pigeon-Holes*, in merriment, has made the Translation every way up to the Original, in that respect.

## A C T IV.

THE third Interval is fill'd up with *Plensidippus's* carrying *Labrax* before the *Pretor*, and his Trial, and likewise with what pass'd in *Demonos's* House.

## Scene the First.

Pag. 193. l. 13, 14. *But my jealous prying Wife watches me on all sides, for fear I shou'd be too sweet upon 'em.*] This seems to have been spoken with no other design than *Demonos's* complaining of his Wife; but in reality, it is an Ingenious Preparation of the Poet's, for *Demonos* to have a good Pretext for bringing out the two young Women in the fourth Scene of the Act, when there was a necessity for their coming upon the Stage. This is a neat cast of our Poet's Skill.

*Ibid.*

*Ibid.* l. 15. *What's become of our Man Gripius, who went out a Fishing last Night.*] This is a Preparation for Gripius's appearing in the next Scene. Methinks his coming might have look'd somewhat more natural if *Demone* had dropp'd these Words somewhere in the last Act, perhaps in the finishing of the Ninth Scene when he left the Stage, and not so immediately before his Appearance; but then there wou'd not have been such a plain Pretext for *Demone*'s appearing this Time, for the looking for Gripius, may be suppos'd to be one Reason of his coming on the Stage.

### Scene the Second.

Pa. 194. l. 15, &c. *Now I, who am careful, have happen'd o' that, which, if I please, will keep me from all Care.*] *Nam ego nunc mihi, qui impiger fui, repperi, ut piger, si velim, siem.* There seems a peculiar happiness in the *Latin* Tongue for these sort of Turns, of which both *Plautus* and *Terence* have many elegant ones. If my Translations in these Places, will teach the Air of the Original but in a tolerable degree, it is as much as I can hope for.

*Ibid.* l. 27, 28. *I'll have a Royal Sun for Pleasure, like the K—— of F——*] *Post animi causa mihi navem faciam, atque imitabor Stratonicum.* This *Stratonicus* was Treasurer to *Philip of Macedon*, so rich as he became a Proverb among the *Grecians*, as *Crassus* among the *Romans*. If any one blame me for taking too much liberty; after owning it is the most I have taken throughout my Translation, I must say, I cou'd not make it so intelligible to an *English* Reader without this, or something like it.

Pag. 195. l. 6. 7. *After all, this Monarch here, must dine to Day with a Brown George, and only Salt and Vinegar-Sauce.*] This was the most ordinary Diet of the

R

Slaves

Slaves in those Days, therefore, witily enough re-  
mark'd by G. W. and makes the Poet's Deligns, and nothing can be

### Scene the Third

*Ibid.* l. 18. Only I unshackle your Rope, that hangs at your Heel. I Dum have ribs, quoth strabbe, yudentayr complico. This Cable gives Name to the whole Play, because upon this depends the discovery of *Palestina*; but by the same Reason the Poet might as well have call'd the Play's Name, *Portmantle, Gasket, &c.*

Pag. 197. L. 3. *No Man pretending to take 'em away,]*  
*Nec Manni afferuntur.* The Phrase, *Afferere manum*, pro-  
 perly signifies giving Freedom to a Slave, which thing  
 Græpius comically applies to Fishes, and immediately af-  
 ter, says, *Vendo pro meis venalibus*; for Slaves were  
 call'd *Venales*. These are not easily prefer'd in our  
 Tongue.

Pag. 199. l. ult. *Will ye put the Business to the Man of this House?* *Trachalis* had all the reason that cou'd be, to get the business referr'd to *Demonas*, he being the only Man he knew thereabouts; and *Gripus* had as much reason to allow of that Person, since he was forc'd to admit of a Reference, because he was his own Master: These two things ought to be observ'd. Now *Trachalis*'s Design was only to assist the poor Girl, whose Interests he had most justly espous'd; but the Poet's Design was greater, to wit, *Palestra*'s discovery, which cou'd not so easily be foreseen by the Spectators. This is one great piece of Art in *Dramatick Poetry*.

*Scene the Fourth.*

Perhaps some may think that there is too much *Trifling* in this Scene, and that *Gripus* makes too many *Delays*,

lays; but this is so far from being faulty, that it is an extraordinary piece of Art, which covers, and conceals the Poet's Designs, and makes the Discovery seem still more unaffected and accidental; and nothing can be more probable than Gripus's unwillingness of parting with so rich a Prize.

Pag. 205, l. 22. So;—There then;—now 'tis open.] *Bene: Hoc habet soluta* Ist. Gripus, taking much Pains, opens the Portmanteau, then cries, *Hoc habet*, the grace of which consists in its being the Gladiator's Phrase, and therefore is not to be preserved in our Tongue.

Pag. 206, l. 16. First, tell me your Father's Name.] Here comes the main Discovery; and this, as well as that in *Epithras*, is attended with both the Admirable, and Probable, the Amirable, in the great Surprize on all sides, in finding a Daughter, after so many Years missing of her; and the Probable, in adjusting of all Circumstances so as to fall out necessarily. The Probability appears more clearly by the Audiences knowing that *Demonas* had lost a Daughter, and that *Palestra* wanted Parents.

*Ibid.* l. antepenult. And a little Sow.] *Et fucula*. The Word, *Sucula*, signifies both a Sow, and the Barrel of any Engine to draw up great Weights; and by reason of this double signification, *Gripus* makes answer, *Quintu i diseretta, cum fucula, & cum porculis*, that is, Go and be hang'd, with your Sow and Pigs together. I cou'd not preserve this, without I had call'd it a Ram, which signifies an Engine as well as a Beast, but then I must have wanted a fit Word for *Porculis*.

### Scene the Seventh.

Pag. 210. l. 1. A duce on him, for his Wells and Waters.] *Hercules istum infeliciter cum sua licentia.* *Demonas,*

R 2

says

says this, because of the Word *Lies*, *Trachalis* had so often repeated just before, of which *Well* was a true Translation; upon which account, I was forc'd to translate *Lies* into *Well* and *Waters*, rather as an imitation of what *Plautus* wou'd have said in this Case, supposing him an *Englishman*, than what he really did as he was a *Roman*.

### Scene the Ninth.

Pag. 211. l. ult. *But I'll in to the Sacrifice, and there give order for the Supper.*] Here ends the fourth Act, which is contrary to all the common Books, who make it end a Scene after; a thing very usual in most of our Author's Plays.

## A C T V.

THE fourth Interval is fill'd up with *Trachalis*'s going to find out his Master, and *Demonis*'s Sacrifice within Doors, as likewise *Labrax*'s Tryal.

### Scene the First.

In this Scene our Poet has drawn *Plensidippus* both amorous and foolish, and all *Trachalis*'s Trifling is chiefly to laugh at him.

Pag. 212. l. 21. *Leave advising, and don't be always a Counsellor.*] *At sume quidem, ne censionem semper facias.* Here *Plensidippus* plays upon the equivocal meaning of the Word, *Censo*, so often us'd by *Trachalis*.



which is either to *Pay* Judgement upon a thing, or a term of Sale which signifies to *Prize* a thing, or a like. The title *Liberty* I have taken do's in some measure answer the *Debit*.  
 Pag. 213. l. 16, 17. *Death*, the *Fellow* has changed his Note, and has advis'd me to a just purpose. *Perit deletum dimisit, nunc non censeo cum volo.* Now *Pleusippus* runs upon another Meaning of the Word, *Censeo*, which is likewise a proper Term of the *Censors*, signifying to *List* or *Muster* Soldiers. When *Trachalio* had chang'd his Note and came to his *Non censeo*, *Pleusippus*, taking it in his own Sense, did in effect say, *Alas, I'm come too late, he'll receive no more Soldiers*. I could not preserve this in my Translation.

### Scene the Second.

*Ibid.* l. 22, &c. I'm perswaded that all Merchants o' my Faculty were born to make the World Sport. *Nam lenones ex gaudio credo esse procreatos.* More closely thus, I believe that all Slave-Merchants were born (or produc'd) out of Joy. But this wou'd not do in our Language.

### Scene the Third.

Pag. 214. l. 21, 22. I think 'thas got a Consumption, it falls away so wretchedly. *Namque quidem hoc Vere natum est vern, ita in manibus consenscit.* More closely thus, I think it's like the Spring-Flowers, that wither as a Man touches 'em. I alter'd it because the Simile will scarce do in our Language, and I suppose it was made upon the account of the likeness of the Words, *Vern* and *Vern*.

*Ibid.* l. 28, &c. Are ye a Mountibank? Lab. No, Faith, I'm another sort o' Bank. Gri. What then, a Bank-



246 *Remarks upon Rudens.*

*Bankrupt ? ] Num medicus quæso es ? La. Immo edepol  
una littera plus sum, quam medicus. Gr. Tum tu men-  
dicus es ?* By the help of a little Liberty, the Humour  
of this Passage is preserv'd, but that is more owing to  
the Language than the Translator.

Pag. 215. l. penult. *Hæ ye fiddlers a Fire-Brake, that  
you can't open your Mouth ? ] That is, For fear the Wind  
shou'd get in, and blow it up afresh.*

*Scene the Fifth.*

This Scene finishes the Play, and it is very remark-  
able, that the Ancients often ended their Plays with  
few Actors, and with a small Appearance upon the Stage;  
and they scarce ever us'd an Actor but with an absolute  
necessity of carrying on, or unravelling the Plot. Our  
modern Comedies generally end with a multitude of  
Actors; now if this be done with Probability, and Ne-  
cessary Pretexts of Business, and likewise without em-  
barrasing the Stage, or confounding the Audience, it is  
undoubtedly a Perfection that the Ancients seldom or  
never aimed at.

Pag. 221. l. 1. *Gallants, I wou'd invite ye all, &c ]*  
Here *Demons* speaks directly to the Spectators, but since  
it is upon the finishing the Play, it has few or none of  
those ill Consequences it would have had in another  
place.

*The End of the Remarks upon Rudens.*

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Maclean  
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PLAUTUS's  
COMEDIES,

AMPHITRYON,

EPIDICUS, and

RUDENS,

Made English :

With

Critical Remarks

Upon Each PLAY.

---

*Non ego paucis  
Offendar maculis : quas aut incuria fudit  
Aut humana parum cavit natura :*

Horat. Art. Poet.

---

L O N D O N :

Printed for Abel Swalle and T. Child at the Unicorn  
at the West-End of S. Paul's Churchyard. 1694.





Sir CHARLES SIDLEY, Bar.

S I R,

**T**HE Translation of the  
old *Dramatick* Poetry be-  
ing as yet in its Infancy, re-  
quires the indulgent Patro-  
nage of some Eminent Person  
whose *Wit* and *Judgment* intitle  
him to a Right of Saving or  
Condemning it; but especi-  
ally one whose own *Perfor-*  
*mance* has abundantly con-  
vinc'd the World that it may  
be done, and that better by  
Us than our Neighbours. *Sir*,  
were it not too great a Tref-  
pals upon your Modesty, I  
wou'd insist upon the Easiness  
of the *Stile*, the Politeness of  
the *Expressions*, and the Delica-

cy of the *Turns* in your *Bella-*  
*mira*, even in those parts of it  
which are purely *Translation*.  
The Consideration of these  
and many other *Accomplishments*,  
makes me fear this mean Per-  
formance will scarce merit the  
Pardon, much less the Prote-  
ction of so compleat a Patron:  
But however, should *Such a one*  
be pleas'd to accept of this  
*Trifle*, mean as it is, it will un-  
doubtedly be an Encourage-  
ment for greater Wits and  
abler Pens to proceed in the  
same *Design*, to the Improve-  
ment of our Language, and  
the Honour of our Country.  
And this is the utmost and  
only *Aim* of, Sir,

Your most Humble

and Devoted Servant.

---

T H E

P R E F A C E.

**T***HIS Nations Excellencies in Dramatick Poetry have been so extraordinary, and our Performance both in Tragedy and Comedy have discover'd such strange Geniuses, that we have some reason to believe, that we have not only surpass'd our Neighbours the Moderns, but likewise have excell'd our Masters the Ancients. But the want of Knowledge of the Ancients has been one great Reason for our setting our selves so very much above 'em; for tho' we have many Beauties which they wanted, yet it must be own'd, that they have more which we have not, except it may be some very few of our Pieces. But then their Excellencies are far less known to us than ours; for the Common People are unacquainted with their Languages, and the more Learned sort, for want of due Observance and Penetration, have been ignorant enough of their essential Beauties; they, for the most part, contenting themselves with considering the superficial ones, such as the Stile, Language, Expression, and the like, without taking much notice of the Contrivance and Management, of the Plots, Characters, &c.*

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But a considerable Discovery of these Excellencies has been made by means of a late Version of Terence, especially by the help of the Preface and Remarks: And this has made me hope, that two or three Plays of Plautus's cou'd not be very unacceptable after them; and since the principal Fault of the Remarks in that Version was their being too short, I have made these somewhat longer and clearer, hoping they will prove the principal means of recommending this Book to the World, even tho' the Translation had been brought to the utmost Perfection it was capable of: a Thing which I dare never pretend to. I made Choise of the same three which Madam Dacier had done before me; those being, in many respects, fitter for my purpose. But before I come to Particulars in those Things, I shall give some Character and Account of my Author.

Plautus, if consider'd as a Dramatick Poet, may justly enough be stil'd the Prince of the Latin Comedians, for tho' most of 'em are lost, and consequently little capable of being judg'd of, yet, from all Circumstances, we have good reason to presume that they never came up to Plautus; so that there is no one to stand in competition with him but Terence: But if Comedy consists more in Action than Discourse, then Terence himself must be oblig'd to give place to our Author; and as Terence ought to be esteem'd as a Man who spoke admirably, Plautus is to be admir'd as a Comick-Poet. The principal Differences of these two Poets have been touch'd upon in the Preface to the English Terence; and from thence it will appear, that Plautus had the vaster Genius, and  
Terence

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*Terence the more exquisite Judgment; and, considering what Persons they copied, as the later was call'd the Half Menander, so the former may be stil'd the Half Aristophanes.*

*Terence's Stile was generally more refin'd and pure, and withal more elaborate than this Poet's; yet undoubtedly, Plautus was a most absolute Master of his Tongue, and in many Places there appear such a Sharpness and Liveliness of Expression, nay and such a Neatness and Politeness too, that is scarce to be found in Terence; and this, perhaps, may have occasion'd Varro to say, That if the Muses were to speak Latin, they wou'd certainly make use of his very Stile; and Tanaquill Faber to call Plautus, The very Fountain of pure Latin. As to Wit and Raillery, Terence might by no means be compared to him; then he is not always so happy, but often degenerates to a Meanness that Terence wou'd never have been guilty of; and tho' his Jestes and Repartees were sometimes admirable, and often far above Terence's, yet they were many times as much below him, and by their Trifling and Quibbling, appear to have been calculated for the Mob. This, probably, made Rapin observe, That he says the best Things in the World, and yet very often he says the most wretched. A little before he says, Plautus is ingenious in his Designs, happy in his Imaginations, fruitful in his Invention; yet, that there are some insipid Jestes that escape from him in the Taste of Horace; and his good Sayings that make the People laugh, make sometimes the honestest sort to pity him. The most remarkable Thing in his Stile,*



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is the natural and unaffected Easiness of it, I mean in opposition to Stiffness, which with the true Elegance and Propriety of the Latin Tongue in Common Discourse, seems almost its distinguishing Character, and sets him above any other Roman Author in that respect. 'Tis true, Terence has all these Excellencies, and perhaps is more exact in Propriety of Terms, and in his Choice of Words, yet his extream Closeness and great Elaborateness, I presume, has made it somewhat less Free and Familiar, or at least it wou'd be so if any other Man of less Judgment had managed it. So that what I mean is, that Plautus's Stile ought rather to be imitated for Common Discourse than Terence's. Plautus had the Misfortune of living in a worser Age than Terence, therefore there must be a larger Allowance for his Obsolete Words, his Puns, and Quibbles, as well as those Words that were peculiar to the Theatre and his Subjects, which if once transplanted, wou'd never thrive elsewhere.

Next, may be consider'd our Authors Characters; and in that point indeed, Terence triumphs without a Rival, as was observ'd in the Preface to that Author; and for a just and close Observance of Nature, perhaps no Man living ever excell'd him. It ought to be observ'd, that Plautus was somewhat poor, and made it his principal Aim to please and tickle the Common People; and since they were almost always delighted with something new, strange, and unusual, the better to humour them, he was not only frequently extravagant in his Expressions, but likewise in his Characters too, and drew Men often more Vicious,  
more



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*more Covetous, more Foolish, &c. than generally they were; and this to set the People a gazing and wondering. With these sort of Characters many of our modern Comedies abound, which makes 'em too much degenerate into Farce, which seldom fail of pleasing the Mob. But our Author had not many of these; for a great part of 'em were very true and natural, and such as may stand the Test of the severest Judges. His two most remarkable Characters, are his Miser, and his Bragadocio; and that the Reader may the more clearly understand the nature of these Characters, their Resemblance to some of ours, and their Unlikeness to those of Terence, I shall give a Translation of some part of 'em. First then, take the First Act of his Third Comedy call'd Aulularia, which begins with the Old Covetous Fellow and his Maid.*

*Euclio and Staphila.*

*Euc.* Out-a-doors, I say: Come out. I'll fetch ye out with a Horse-pox, for a damnable, prying, ninety'd Witch.

*Sta.* Why do you misuse a poor Rogue at this rate?

*Euc.* To make ye a poor Rogue as long as you live, like a Jade as you are.

*Sta.* But why, Sir, am I thrust out-a-doors now?

*Euc.* Must I give you an account, you hempen Bitch? — Get you from the Door: — that way: — See how the Jade moves. — Observe what you'll meet with. If I take a good Cudgel or a Whip, 'sbud, I shall soon put you out o' your Snails pace.

*Sta. softly.* ] Wou'd I were hang'd out o' the way, rather than be bound to serve such an old Rogue.

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*Enc.* How the Jipsey mutters to her self! — Faith, I shall spoil those damn'd eyes, then look what I'm doing if you can. — Huzzy, go further off: — Further still: — Further still: — Still, I say. — So! stand there. — Now, you Baggage, stir one step, move a hairs breadth, or look back i' the least till I speak, and by Cocks-nowns, I'll hang y' up in an instant. — [*To himself, going off.*] I ne're met with a more subtle old Hag than this i' my days: I'm cursedly afraid this Witch shou'd trap me in my discourse, and discover the place where I've hid my Gold: Troth, I believe the consuming Jade has Eyes in her Breech. — Now for my Gold, that has cost me such a woful deal of trouble, I'll go see whether that be safe as I hid it.

*Exit Eudio.*

*Staphila alone.*

As I live, I can't devise or imagine what Evil Genius or Madneis has possess'd my Master; he uses me so inhumanely; and kicks me out a doors ten times a day. Troth, it puzzles me strangely to find out the meaning of his crazy Whims: He watches whole Nights together; and sits all day long within doors, like a lame Cobler upon his Stall. — Well, considering these Plagues, and the difficulty of concealing my young Mistresses Labour, now at hand, I find no way but making a short cut, and hanging my self.

*Re-enter Eudio.*

*Enc.* Now I've found all well within doors, my mind's a little at ease. — Now come in, and keep House.

*Sta.* What, for fear it shou'd be stolen away? There's no Plunder for Thieves; there's nothing but Emptiness and Copwebs.

*Enc.* I'll warrant ye, I must keep a House like an Emperor for your sake, you old Sorceress? Huzzy, I'll have every Copweb taken care of, and preserv'd.  
I'm

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I'm very poor, I confess; but I patiently bear what the Gods lay upon me. — Get ye in, and make fast the door; I'll be back presently. Take a special care you don't let e're a Soul come within the doors; and that they mightn't pretend an Excuse to borrow Fire, I'll ha' ye put it all out: If there be any now, out with'e in an instant. If they want Water, tell 'em the Pump is dry; if they wou'd borrow a Knife, an Axe, a Mortar, or a Pestil, as Neighbours us'd to do, tell 'em the House was robb'd, and they're all stolen. 'Sbud, I'll ha' no body set a step within my House when I'm gone; therefore if *Good-luck* her self shou'd come, I charge ye keep her out.

*Sta.* Troth, you needn't fear her coming; for were she at the Threshold, she'd ne're come in.

*Enc.* Hold your prating Tongue, and get ye in.

*Sta.* To please you, I'll do both.

*Enc.* And besure you secure the Door with two great Bolts: I'll be here instantly.

*Exit Staphila.*

*Euclio alone.*

O, I'm wretchedly perplex'd that I'm forc'd to go out a doors now; and troth, it goes sore against my mind; however, 'tis upon sure grounds. For now's the time for our Officer to distribute the Money to the Poor: Now if I shou'd be negligent, and not be among the Beggars, I'm afraid the World wou'd presently conclude, that I had got Gold at home. For 'tis n't likely such a poor Fellow as I pretend to be, shou'd so little value Money, as not to be there. Notwithstanding my restless care of concealing this Gold, it strangely runs in my Head, that all the World knows of it, and every body seems to be more obliging, and to complement me more than ever. They meet me, stay me, embrace me, enquire after my Health, my Welfare, and every thing. — Well, I'll go, and be back again as soon as possibly.

*Exit.*

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*Here we see a considerable deal of the strange Nature of this old miserable Fellow; and this Character he has carry'd through the whole Play: But to see his Humour a little more perfectly, take part of the fourth Scene of the second Act; where the Servant Strobulus and the two Cooks are discoursing about this Miser,*

*Strobulus and Congrio.*

*Stro.* A Pumice-stone is not half so dry as that old Huncks.

*Con.* Say ye so, introth?

*Stro.* Take this from me. If the least Smoke shou'd chance to fly out of his House, he strait allarms the Town, exclaims against Heaven and Earth, that he's undone, and ruin'd for ever! — I'll tell ye: whene're he goes to Bed he tyes a Bladder at his Nose.

*Con.* What for?

*Stro.* For fear of losing part of his Soul when he's asleep.

*Con.* And does n't he plug up his lower Bung-hole too, lest any shou'd steal out that way?

*Stro.* 'Tis civil to believe me, since I do you,

*Con.* Why, truly, I do believe ye.

*Stro.* Did you never hear, how it goes to the Soul of him to pour out the Water he has once wash'd his hands in?

*Con.* Do'st think, Boy, we shall be able to squeeze out a swinging sum of Money of this old Gripes, to purchase our Freedom with?

*Stro.* Troth, shou'd ye beg Hunger it self of him, the Wretch wou'd deny ye. Nay more; whenever he gets his Nails to be cut, he carefully scrapes up all the Parings, and saves 'em.

*Con.* Why, faith, this is the most miserable Cur upon the face of the Earth. — But is he really such a pinching Wretch as you say?

*Stro.*

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*Stro.* Why t'other day a Kite chanc'd to steal a bit of something from him ; this poor Devil goes strait to my Lord Chief Justice's, crying, roaring, and howling for his Warrant to apprehend it. — O, I cou'd tell ye a thousand of these Stories, if I had leisure.

*This is stretching of a Character a degree above Nature and Probability ; yet these sort, at first sight, will glare and dazle a common Audience, and sometimes give a superficial Pleasure to a more judicious one ; but are carefully to be avoided by any correct Writer.*

*His Miles Gloriosus, or Braggadocio, is as remarkable a Character as this, and there you may see another too in the same place, one who wheedles as much as the other boasts ; and plays the Knave as much as the other does the Fool. For the Reader's Satisfaction, he follows a Translation of the first Act of the Miles Gloriosus, which begins between that Block-head and his Buffoon.*

*Pyrgopolinices, with his Servant Artotrogus, and his Soldiers.*

*Pyr. to his Soldiers.* ] Take care to have my Buckler out-shine the resplendent Sun, when the Heavens are serene ; so that in the midst o' the Battel, I may dazle the Eyes of my Enemies, and confound every man of 'em. — In the mean time, I'll comfort my bold *Bilbo*, that he might n't be dull and melancholly for want of use this long time ; for the poor Rogue is damnably eager to slice all my Foes, and make a Hash of 'em. — But where's *Artotrogus* ?

*Art.* Here, an't like your Honour, ready to wait upon a Man o' the greatest Fortitude and Fortune i' th' Uni-

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Universe, and o' the most majestick Air; then for personal Valour, Lord, *Mars* himself dare n't pretend to measure Swords with you.

*Pyr.* You mean him in the spacious *Gurgustidenian* Plains, the mighty Generalissimo, *Bornhomacchides--Cluiniskaridy--Sarchides*, great *Neptun's* Grand-child? —

*Art.* — The same, Sir. Him with the golden Armour, whole whole Army you blew away with a single Puff, like Leaves before the Wind, and Feathers in a Storm.

*Pyr.* By *Hercules*, 'twas nothing.

*Art.* No, faith, Sir, nothing at all to what I can relate, — [*Aside*] but the Devil a bit of Truth's in't. If any Man can shew me a greater Lyer, or a more bragging Coxcomb than this Blunderbuss, he shall take me, make me his Slave, and starve me with Whey and Butter-milk — Well, Sir?

*Pyr.* Where are you?

*Art.* Here, Sir: — Wonderful! how you broke the great *Indian* Elephants Arm with your single Fist?

*Pyr.* What Arm?

*Art.* I wou'd ha' said Thigh.

*Pyr.* Pshaw, I did that with ease.

*Art.* By *Jove*, Sir, had you us'd your full Strength, you'd ha' flead, gutted, and bon'd the huge Beast at once.

*Pyr.* I wou'd not ha' ye relate all my Acts at this time.

*Art.* Really, Sir, 'tis impossible to innumerate all your noble Acts that I have been Spectator of. —

[*Aside.*] 'Tis this Belly of mine creates me all this Plagues. My Ears must bear this Burden, for fear my Teeth shou'd want Work; and to every Lye he tells, I must swear to.

*Pyr.* What was I going to say? —

*Art.* O, Sir, I know your meaning. — 'Twas a noble Exploit; I remember't very well.

*Pyr.*



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*Pyr.* What wast'?

*Art.* Whatever you perform'd, was so.

*Pyr.* Ha' ye a Table-Book here?

*Art.* D'ye want one, Sir? — Here's a Pencil too.

*Pyr.* Thou'lt ingeniously accommodated thy Sentiments to mine.

*Art.* O, 'tis my Duty to adapt my Manners to your Nod, and always keep 'em within the compass of your Commands.

*Pyr.* Well, how many can you remember?

*Art.* I remember a hundred and fifty *Cilicians*, a hundred *Sycolatronideans*, thirty *Sardeans*, and threescore *Macedonians*, you slew in one day.

*Pyr.* And how many are there in all?

*Art.* Seven thousand.

*Pyr.* That's right. You're an excellent Arithmetician.

*Art.* I have 'em *in capite*, tho' not in black and white.

*Pyr.* Truly, a prodigious Memory!

*Art.* That's owing to your Table.

*Pyr.* As long as you proclaim my Honour, you shall never want eating: my Table shall be always free to receive ye.

*Art.* Then in *Cappadocia*, Sir, where you wou'd ha' certainly cut off five hundred Men, had not your Sword been a little blunt; and those but the Relicts of the Infantry you had just defeated, — [*Aside*] if there were any such in being. — But why shou'd I mention these things, when the whole World knows how much the mighty *Pyrgopolinices* excels the rest of Mortals in Valour, Beauty, and Renown'd Exploits. All the Ladies in Town are ready to run mad for ye; troth, and all the reason i'the World for't, since you've so charming a Countenance. As yesterday, some of 'em catch'd me by the Cloak, and —

*Pyr.* Prithce, what did they say o' me? [*Smiling.*

*Art.*



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*Art.* They fell to questioning: *Prisbee*, says one, is n't this the stout *Achillis*? His Brother indeed, quoth I. Let me dye, says another, if he be n't a wonderful handsome Man, how nobly he looks, and how gracefully he wears his Hair! What a prodigious Happiness 'tis to be his Bed-fellow!

*Pyr.* Said she so, i' faith? [Laughing.]

*Art.* And more than that, begg'd of me, for God's sake, to get ye to pass that way, that they might see how triumphantly you march'd along.

*Pyr.* This same extraordinary Beauty brings a Man to extraordinary Inconveniencies.

*Art.* Well, strangely importunate they were, they nothing but begg'd, pray'd, and conjur'd me to bless 'em with a sight of ye; nay, they sent for me so often, that I was sometimes forc'd to neglect your Business.

*Pyr.* I think 'tis high time to be marching to the Piazza, and pay off the Soldiers I list'd yesterday; for the King was very earnest with me to do him the favour of raising him some new Levies. This day have I appointed to pay him a Visit.

*Art.* Let's be marching then.

*Pyr.* Guards, follow your Leader. *Exeunt omnes.*

*I need not make many Reflections upon this Scene; but for the clearer perceiving of it, let us bring it to the Touch-stone of Nature, that is, compare it with Terence, and shew how modestly he has manag'd the same Subject and Characters, to wit, his Thraso and Gnatho, in the beginning of the third Act of his Eunuch.*

*Thraso and Gnatho.*

*Thra.* Was the Lady so extremely thankful?

*Gna.* O, vastly, Sir.

*Thra.* And wonderfully pleas'd, say ye?

*Gna.*

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*Gna.* Really, Sir, not so much for the present as the honorable Person who bestow'd it; and for that, Sir, the triumphs above measure.

*Tbra.* Truly, 'tis my peculiar Fortune, to have every thing I do most gratefully receiv'd.

*Gna.* Faith, Sir, I've observ'd as much.

*Tbra.* Why the King of *Persia*, whenever I did him a Kindness, was extremely sensible of it: He was n't so to others.

*Gna.* A smart Tongue so well hung as yours, Sir, can obtain that Glory with Ease which cost others so much Toil and Labour.

*Tbra.* Right.

*Gna.* The Monarch has you in his Eye then?

*Tbra.* Right again.

*Gna.* And wears you next his heart?

*Tbra.* Very true: And trusts all his Army and Secrets to my Discretion.

*Gna.* Prodigious!

*Tbra.* Then if he happen'd to be tir'd with Company, or fateagu'd with Business, and was desirous of Ease, — as tho', — you know what I mean.

*Gna.* Yes, Sir: — As tho', when he had a mind to clear his Stomach, as a Man may say, of all Concerns, —

*Tbra.* Right: Then was I his only Companion hand to fist.

*Gna.* Ay marry Sir! This is a Monarch indeed.

*Tbra.* Oh! he's a Man of a thousand.

*Gna.* Yes, one of a million, if he chose you for his Companion.

*Tbra.* All the Officers envy'd me, and grumbl'd at me behind my back; but I valued it not: They envy'd me intolerably: But above all, one who had the Charge o' the vast *Indian* Elephants. One day, this Fellow being more turbulent than the rest, I snap'd him up; *Prithee Strato*, said I, *why art thou so fierce? It's because you're Lord o' the wild beasts?*

*Gna.*

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*Gna.* Neatly said, as I hope to live; and shrewdly. Bless me! you overthrow Man and Beast. — What said he, Sir?

*Thra.* Not a word.

*Gna.* Nay, I can't tell how he shou'd.

*Thra.* But, *Gnatbo*, did I never tell you how sharp I was upon a young *Rhodian* Spark at a Feast?

*Gna.* Never, Sir; let's hear't, by all means. — He has told it me a thousand times. *[Aside.*

*Thra.* Why this *Rhodian* Spark I told ye of, was with me at a Feast, where I happen'd to have a small Girl: This Stripling began to be sweet upon her, and wag-gish upon me too. *How now, you impudent Saucebox,* said I; *you're Man's meat your self, and yet have a mind to a Tid-bit.*

*Gna.* Ha, ha, he.

*Thra.* What's the matter, hah?

*Gna.* Very fine, sharp, and delicate; that cou'd not be mended. But pray, Sir, was this your own? I took it for an old Jest.

*Thra.* Did you ever hear't before?

*Gna.* Often, Sir; and it takes to a miracle.

*Thra.* They're oblig'd to me for't.

*Gna.* I'm sorry tho', you were so sharp upon the foolish young Gentleman. But pray, Sir, what did he say then?

*Thra.* He was quite dash'd out of Countenance; and the whole Company ready to dye with laughing. After that, every body stood in great awe of me.

*Gna.* And truly they had reason.

*Here may be seen Bragging and Wheadling sufficiently, but still Nature closely observ'd, and all its due proportions; whereas the other has too much out-gone Probability, and strain'd his Characters to an extravagant pitch. I shall not criticise upon the*  
*Parti.*

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Particulars, but leave the Reader to judge their Differences; but only I may observe, that when Characters are carry'd too high, as many of ours are, they may probably make an Audience laugh very heartily, but can give 'em but small Pleasure; whereas others will give 'em great Delight, tho' less Laughter.

I am afraid I have dwelt too long upon this Subject, therefore I pass on to our Author's Plots. In that respect, he had not often that Art and Management that Terence had, nor in all his Plays was so regular as he; tho' in several he was, particularly in those I have chosen. But then his Scenes were commonly less languishing, his Incidents more surprising, and his Surprizes more admirable; undoubtedly he had more of the *Vis comica*, which I may translate Liveliness of Intreague, than Terence. His Subjects were all more Simple than the other's, but I am apt to believe, that will be reckon'd but a very small Commendation in our Nation, who are but little Lovers of such thin-Dyet, as they call it. His Narrations are more lively and sharp than those of Terence's, and, I think, every whit as natural and as well brought in: I'm sure in some of 'em he can never be out-done as to his way of bringing of 'em in. As for the General Rules of the Stage, I refer the Reader to the Preface to Terence.

Our Author's principal Fault was, his mixing the Representation with the Theatral Action in many places, where he often makes his Actors speak immediately and directly to the Spectators; a Fault that Terence was not wholly free from. This our modern

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*modern Plays, I think, are never guilty of; only in our Monologues and Asides, our Actors have got a custom of looking so full upon the Spectators, that it seems but one degree better. But our Author is not guilty of this in these three Plays, except in Amphitryon, and that by way of Prologue, nor of any other Faults but what, I believe, I have shewn in my Remarks. And these that I have here chosen, are no ways inferior to Terence's in matters of Plot and Intreague, but in some respects superior, tho' not so elaborately wrought up; or always with that Niceness; so that these may undoubtedly prove excellent Models for our Poets Imitation, provided they observe Differences of Tastes, Humours, Ages, and Persons, and keep to those principal Beauties they already possess, some of which are undoubtedly above the Ancients. Only Terence will teach 'em one thing that Plautus does not, to wit, the great Cunning of working in Under-Plots, and still preserving the Unity of Action; for Plautus has none of them. As for the Necessity of Rules, the Objections against 'em, and the wonderful Perfection our Plays might arrive to by a more close Observance of 'em, I must once more refer my Reader to the Preface to Terence. It was principally upon the Poets Account, and for all such as are desirous of understanding and judging the Excellencies of Dramatick Poetry, that I translated these Plays. If it be objected, that the Poets, Critics, and Lovers, as well as Judges of Dramatick Poetry, do most of 'em understand the Original; I must deny the Truth of it, tho' several of 'em do: But if they did, these will be much more proper for their*

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Design,

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Design, especially by means of the Notes and Remarks; and the Reasons I urg'd for the translation of Terence, bear a greater force in this Author, for here is a greater Obscurity, by reason of corrupted Copies, wrong Points, false Divisions of whole Acts as well as Scenes: besides a greater number of knotty and obscure Passages, than in Terence.

Tho' this was my principal, it was not my only Design of translating this Author, for I had all the way an Eye to School boys, and Learners of the Latin Tongue: Therefore, upon that account, I have not only kept perfectly close to his Sense, but almost always to his Words too; a thing not only extream difficult in an Author so frequently verbose, but oftentimes dangerous too: And for an Instance, I need not go any further than the very first Sentence of the Prologue to Amphitryon, which if I had made shorter, I cou'd have made better. I can't forbear mentioning a Passage in the third Act of the same Play, which just now comes to my remembrance:

Nam certo si sis sapiens, aut sapias satis,  
Quam tu impudicam esse arbitrare, &c. prædicas,  
Cum ea tu sermonem nec joco, nec serio  
Tibi habear, nisi sis stultior stultissimo.

Which I have translated, perhaps, too closely thus; For sure, had ye either Wit, or Discretion, or weren't the greatest Fool in Nature, you'd ne'er hold Discourse, either in Mirth or Earnest, with the Woman you believe and declare a Strumpet. I'm confident many other Translators wou'd not have been



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so scrupulously nice, but have made shorter work of it. But I have not only been so scrupulous in this Case, but I have likewise imitated all his Faults and Imperfections, whenever I cou'd do it without extream Injury to the Translation ; I speak of his Puns, Quibbles, Rhimes, Gingles, and his several ways of playing upon words ; which indeed were the Faults of his Age, as it was of ours in Shakespear's and Johnson's days, and of which Terence, as correct as he is, is not perfectly clear. Our Author's playing upon words are of that various nature, and so frequent too, I need not go far for a single Instance, which shall be in the fore part of the Prologue to Amphitryon :

Justam rem & facilem esse oratum à vobis volo.  
Nam juste ab justis sum orator datus.  
Nam injusta ab justis impetrare non decet :  
Justa autem ab injustis petere, insipientia 'st :  
Quippe illi iniqui jus ignorant, neque tenent.

Which I have translated thus ; I desire nothing but what's reasonable, and feasible ; for 'tis a reasonable God requires Reason from a reasonable People ; but to require Roguery from reasonable People, is base ; and to expect Reason from Rascals, is nonsense ; since such People neither know Reason nor observe it. Our Author's Wit did many times consist in his playing upon Words ; a great pity indeed, for a person who was so well able to write after a more substantial way, of which we have many remarkable Instances. Besides his Quibbling, partly from his Carelessness and Necessities, he hath sometimes a vein of Trifling, which was but very indifferent ;



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rent; and on those places the Reader must make some allowance for the translation, and not expect more than the Matter will well bear. As for our Author's Jest's and Repartees, for what we know of 'em, I took a particular care in preserving their Force; and for the most part, I presume, I have done it in a great measure, sometimes by a lucky hit, or a peculiar happiness of our Tongue, other times by a little Liberty taken, and when all have fail'd, the Remarks have generally supply'd the Defect, a way I was forc'd to content my self withal in many places; the worse they were, they were frequently more difficult to preserve, therefore I thought it as well to slur over some few of the meaner sort. Several of his Jest's and bits of Satyr are undoubtedly lost to us, not only in respect of our Language, but also our Knowledge, and this sometimes makes his Sence a little obscure. And as the Sence of an Author ought to be his Translator's chiefest Care, so it has been mine; and tho' I cannot affirm, that I have kept to it in every passage, yet I believe I have often done it where a common Reader will think I have not; and I think it no commendation to my self, to say I have hit it on many places where the Common Interpreters have missed.

After all, I dare not pretend to say, that this Translation equals the Original, for there is such a peculiar Air in this Author as well as Terence, that our Tongue seems incapable of, or at least it does so to me. Yet still if 'twere always read with the Original, it wou'd make far more for me than otherwise. In short, the Reader ought to look upon this as a Translation of an Author who had several Faults, and

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such places, as the English must of necessity appear mean, being little better in the Original; and likewise as an Author of Antiquity, some of whose Customs and Manners will appear a little uncouth and unsightly, in spite of all a Translator's Care. I endeavour'd to be as like my Author as I cou'd, especially in that which I reckon his distinguishing Character, to wit, the natural and unaffected easiness of his Stile, and as this seems the most capable of imitation so I believe I have been more successful in this Particular than in any other: and that is the main Reason I have had so many Abbreviations, to make it appear still more like common Discourse, and the usual way of speaking. Perhaps I may be thought to have been too bold in that point, because I have had some that are not usual in Prose; therefore I don't set this way as a Copy for any one to follow me in, nor shall I use it myself in any other Piece. I have all the way divided the Acts and Scenes according to the true Rules of the Stage, which are extremely false in all the Editions of this Author, especially the Scenes.

To make this Translation the most useful that I cou'd, I have made Remarks upon each Play, and those are of two sorts, tho' equally intermix'd: The first, to shew the Author's chief Excellencies as to his Contrivance and Management of his Plots and Incidents; the second, to discover several Beauties of Stile and Wit, principally such as are not very clear, or cannot well be preserv'd in our Tongue; and those are likewise to vindicate my Translation. Several of these I must own my self oblig'd to Ma-  
dam

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dam Dacier for, or at least the hint, tho' some of 'em I cou'd not have miss'd of in the prosecution of those Designs I aim'd at. I have borrow'd little or nothing from any other, for her's are far the best Notes I ever met with, tho' many of 'em were done more to shew her Parts and Reading than for any real use, a thing which I shall never aim at. I have been forc'd in most of 'em to be extream nice and curious in penetrating into the bottom of the Author, for I find it far more difficult to discover a Beauty than a Fault. I might have enlarg'd upon 'em, and have made several more, with good grounds, but I thought it dangerous to say all that cou'd be said; but instead of that I was forc'd, much against my will, to dash out several of those upon Amphitryon upon the account of the Printer, but the rest are more full and compleat.

If business wou'd have permitted me, I shou'd have ventur'd upon three more of our Author's Plays; and upon that Account, I have taken somewhat less time than was necessary for the translating such an extraordinary difficult Author; for this requires more than double the time of a Historian or the like, which was as much as I cou'd allow my self. I made choice of these three Plays as well for their Modesty as Regularity, for above all things I wou'd by no means give the least Encouragement to Lewdness or Obscenity, which grow too fast of themselves; and therefore I thought I cou'd not chuse better than after a Lady. Amphitryon had the Name, and never fail'd of a general Approbation; Epidicus was our Author's Favourite, and truly there is much Art in it, tho' it

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is a little heavy; and *Rudens* is in several respects a better Play than any of *Plautus's* or *Terence's*. I'm afraid *Amphitryon* will bear the worse in our Tongue, upon the Account of *Mr. Dryden's*, whose Improvements are very extraordinary; but considering *Mr. Dryden's* Management is of such a different Nature, this will still be as useful and as proper for my Design, or at least to School-boys and Learners. I must do that great Man the Justice in saying, that he has not only much improved the Humour, Wit, and Design in many places, but likewise the Thoughts. I'll mention one, which just now comes into my mind. *Alcmene* in the Second Act complains thus: How poor and short are this Life's Pleasures, if once compar'd with the Sorrows we endure? 'Tis Man's Destiny, and Heaven's Pleasure, to mix our Joys with bitter Potions; and for some few Hours of Satisfaction, we meet with Ages of Ills and Troubles. *Mr. Dryden*, by the help of Blank Verse, and a little more room, has better'd it extreamly.

Ye niggard Gods! you make our Lives too long:  
You fill 'em with Diseases, Wants, and Woes,  
And only dash 'em with a little Love;  
Sprinkled by Fits, and with a sparing Hand.  
Count all our Joys, from Childhood ev'n to Age,  
They wou'd but make a Day of ev'ry Year:

*And to carry it on further yet, and to make it appear more fine and clear, he says,*

Take back your Sev'nty Years, (the flint of Life)  
Or else be kind, and cram the Quintessence  
Of Sev'nty Years into sweet Sev'nty Days:  
For all the rest is flat, insipid Being.

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*I mention this the rather, because it may serve for one Instance of what Improvements our Modern Poets have made on the Ancients, when they built upon their Foundations. For we find that many of the fine things of the Ancients are like Seeds, that, when planted on English Ground by a Skilful Poet's Hand, thrive, and produce excellent Fruit.*

*But I'm afraid this Preface has been too long and tedious for this small Piece; but the Press stays, and the haste I'm in will not permit me to make it shorter, or so much as review it; yet before I conclude, I must inform the Reader, that I had the Advantage of another's doing their Plays before me; from whose Translation I had very considerable Helps, especially in the Jest and Quibbles.*

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TO

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TO THE  
Ingenious TRANSLATOR.

S I R,

YOur learn'd *Remarks* and just Translation shew  
Old *Rome's* Applause was to her *Plantus* due:  
From *Flaccus's* Censure you have set him free,  
Kindly reversing the unjust Decree.  
What *Horace* blam'd, the World by you is taught  
To have been the Age's, not the Author's Fault.  
But, oh, how hard the Task that you support,  
To make him Entertainment for a Court,  
Ev'n where he but design'd the Rabble Sport. }  
From your rich Vein you feed his starving Wit,  
And match him where he cannot be out-writ.  
To gen'rous *Thought* you have improv'd what's mean,  
And kept the *Beauties* of each perfect Scene.  
Thus, when Mankind shall from the Grave arise,  
To be from Earth transplanted to the Skies,  
Our frailer Part a happy Change shall gain;  
The *Soul* its own immortal Force retain.

N. T A T E.

AM.



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**AMPHITRYON.**

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## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

### M E N.

Jupiter, *in Love with* Alcmena.  
Mercury, *in the Shape of* Socia.  
Amphitryon, *General of the Theban Forces.*  
Blepharon, *Pilot of the Ship.*  
Socia, *Servant to Amphitryon.*

### W O M E N.

Alcmena, *Wife to Amphitryon.*  
Bromia, *Servant to Alcmena.*

### M U T E S.

Theffala, *Servant to Alcmena.*  
Prisoners, Attendants, &c.

SCENE, Thebes, and the Street before Amphitryon's Door.

TIME, about Nine Hours, beginning at Two or Three of Clock in the Morning.

PRO-

# PROLOGUE,

Spoken by *Mercury* in the  
Shape of *Socia*.

GALLANTS,

**A**S y' ever hope for my Godships Assistance  
i' your Merchandise, Buyings, Sellings,  
and all other Things; that I make your  
Bus'ness and Accounts thrive abroad and  
at home, and well and largely augment your daily  
Profits for the present and future; that I ever bring  
ye good News for you and your Families, and be the  
Messenger o' nothing but th' extraordinary Advan-  
tage o' the Publick, (for y' all know how th' other  
Gods ha' giv'n and granted me the Preference as to  
News and Gain;) and lastly, that I confirm all  
with a perpetual Supply o' Riches; I require of ye a  
favourable Attention, and a just and impartial Cen-  
sure on our Play.

Now, Gentlemen, I shall let ye know whose Or-  
ders, and what Bus'ness brought my Worship hither,  
as also the Title I bear. By Jove's Orders I came,  
*Mercury's* my Title, sent hither by my Father to  
beg your Attention: Tho' he knows he might use his

B 2

absolute

*absolute Power, and is sensible o'the due Fear and Reverence y' ha' for him; yet still he commands me t' use nothing but gentle Expressions, and obliging Entreaties. For, the truth on't is, this Jove, whose Messenger I am, is as fearful a Fellow as some o'you; and no wonder if he be so, since his Father and Mother were both Mortals. Now I, his own Son, am a little infected wi' my Fathers Cowardice; therefore I'm come in a very civil way t' offer ye Peace. I desire nothing but what's reasonable and feasible, for 'tis a reasonable God requires Reason from a reasonable People; but to require Roguery from reasonable People, is base; and t' expect Reason from Rascals, is Nonsense; since such People neither know Reason, nor observe it. --- Pray, Gentlemen, listen to what I'm to tell ye. Your Wishes certainly ought to go along with ours; for, my Father and I were always Favourers o' you, and your Republick. How often, in other Tragedies, have I seen the Gods, Neptune, Vertue, Victory, Mars, and Bellona, bragging o' those Favours t' ye, which my Father, the King of Heaven, has been the prime Founder of? But 't isn't my Fathers way, to hit grateful People i' the Teeth with old Kindnesses, but thinks all his Favours deservedly bestowed.*

*Now, Gallants, I shall first propose my Demands, then tell ye th' Argument o' this Tragedy. -- [He looks steadily on the Spectators] Why that Frown now? --- Is't because I call it a Tragedy? Why I'm a God; I'll transform it, if ye please, out o' Tragedy into Comedy, and ne'er alter a Verse. Are ye willing or not? But what a blockheadly Question*

*was*

was that for a Deity to ask, as tho' he cou'd be ignorant o' your Pleasures? I know your Minds to a Title; and I'll make it a Hodge podge, a Tragi-Comedy; for there's no Reason t'ha't all Comedy, when Kings and Gods are Actors in't. But how shall we do, now a Slave has the principal Part? Why, as I told ye before, 't shall be a Tragi-Comedy. Now, Gentlemen, Jupiter intreats ye by me, t' order the Guards t' inspect Pit, Box, and Gallery, and if they find any suborn'd to clap an Actor, to take his Cloak for a Pawn. But to those Actors, who shall make Parties to gain the Prize, either by Cunning, Letters, Messengers, or Themselves, or corrupt th' Edils to break their Oaths; Jove orders a Punishment equal to ones buying o' Votes i' the Government for himself or others. He says, 'tis Merits make Conquerors, not Ambition and Treachery; and why shou'dn't the Players Laws be as strict as the Magistrates? Merit's the best Mark for Ambition, not Favours; but he who does well, can want none, while he meets with impartial Judges. My Father likewise commands me to have Inspectors over th' Actors, that if any one has his Emissaries to Clap, or by his malicious Bungling hinders anothers Applause, he shall have his fine Cloths stripp'd o'er his Ears, and soundly lash'd. I wou'dn't ha' ye wonder now at Jove's troubling his Head about the Players; nay don't, good now! for he is to make one himself i' this Comedy. --- [He pauses.] Why make ye such a Wonderment? As tho' ye never heard of Jove's turning Player? A Tear ago, when the Players invoc'd him in a pitiful Farce, he came to

*their Assistance; and certainly he will in a Tragedy. I tell y' agen, that Jupiter himself is to play his Part, and my Godship with him: Therefore, pray listen well to th' Argument o' this Comedy.*

*First, This City here is call'd Thebes; that House [Pointing to Amphitryon's House] is Amphitryon's, an Argive by Parents and Country, and marry'd t' Alcmena, Electryon's Daughter. He's now General o' the Theban Army against the Teleboans; but before he went to the Campaign, he got his Wife wi' Child. (I'm sure y'all know my Father's Good Nature, his large Allowance upo' these Occasions, and how much he makes of a Sweet Bit.) It seems, his Mouth watering at Alcmena, unknown to her Husband, he borrows her upon Interest, fairly enjoys her, and gets her wi' Child too. Now, that ye may well understand the Mystery, she's now wi' Child by my Father and her Husband too. Jupiter's this moment at Bed with her, and for that Reason, this Night's made longer than ordinary, that he mightn't be stinted of his Pleasure; and he has cast about so as to pass for Amphitryon. But, Gentlemen, ye needn't be surpriz'd at the sight o' my fine Garb here, and m' appearing under the Form of a Slave; for tho' I bring y' an old Story, the Dress is new, and so shall my Dress be new too. For, as I said before, my Father's now within Doors; there behold Jupiter fairly turn'd into Amphitryon! All the Servants wou'd swear 'tis their Master, he has got such an excellent Knack at transforming himself. For my part, I ha' got my self the plain Shape o' So-cia, one of Amphitryon's Attendants at the Camp,*  
the

*the better to carry on my Fathers Intreague, and prevent Servants Enquiries after my Person, when they see me so frequently up and down the House: But now they take me a Fellow-Servant and Comrade o' theirs, not a Soul asks me who I am, or from whence I came. My Father, this minute, lies melting in Joys, embracing his lovely Object, telling her pretty Stories of what pass'd i' the Camp, how bravely he put th' Enemy to the Rout, and what large Presents were made him; she, poor Lady, all the while taking the Gallant for th' Husband. The Presents i' Amphitryon we stole; and, ye know, nothing lies out o' my Fathers Reach. This Day Amphitryon comes home from his Army; and with him, his Servant Socia, whose Shape I wear. Now, to distinguish us easily, I ha' little Wings upo' my Hat, and my Father a Golden Tuft upon his, which Amphitryon knows nothing of. You know these Marks, but not one of the Family does. ---- [Discovering Socia at a great Distance.] Ha, Ha, yonder comes Amphitryon's Man Socia from the Port with his Candle and Lanthorn. I shall soon send his Worship packing from these Quarters. He's a coming; I bear him. ---- You'll ha' rare Sport, Gentlemen, to see Jove and Mercury play their Parts.*

[He goes up to Amphitryon's Door,



## ACT I.

## SCENE I.

*Enter Socia at the further End of the Stage, with a  
Lantern in his Hand.*

*Soc, to himself.]*

**W**AS there ever a Bolder,  
or Braver Hero than  
I? One that so well  
knows our Night-walkers Mettle, as to trust his Person without a Convoy at this time o' Night? — But in what a fine Pickle shou'd I be, if Mr. Constable and his Watch shou'd pick m'up and in wi' me to *Lobs-Pound*? Out o' which damn'd Kitchen, to morrow must I be dish'd up for the Whipping Post; and not ha' the Benefit o' the Layety to plead i' m' own Defence. My Lord himself cou'dn't save me, nor shou'd I perswade one honest Fellow to believe me innocent. Thus shou'd I have eight strong-dock'd Rogues belabouring o' my poor Corps like so many Smiths upon an Anvil; and this the publick Reception from the Magistrates at my first Entry. A pox of our Generals Politicks, to disturb a Man's Natural Rest, and force him from the *Port* at this fine Seal. Cou'dn't To-morrow as well serv'd his Turn? — Well! 'tis a cursed Plague to serve one of these Lords; especially when he hurries a body Night and Day to no purpose, and not allow him a bit o' Time to sleep in. These great Folks lye always Lolling and Dozing themselves,



selves, and think they've got a License to do what they please. They reckon Poor-mens Grease at Three Halpence a pound, and caren't a Fart whether their Commands be reasonable or no. So this same Slavery's a damn'd thing; but I must be their Als, to receive and bear all wi' Patience.

*Mercury list'ning.*] Troth I've most reason to complain for this Days Slavery: Free by Birth, yet degraded by my Father to this Employment. This Scoundrel, a Slave by Nature, ha' th' Impudence to complain, when I, a Slave but in Name, must bear as much. [*Aside.*]

*Soc. to himself.*] Stay, 'tis just come into my Head to thank the Gods for my safe Arrival, and the Rewards they've bestow'd o' me. But, I faith, if they ga' me my due Rewards, they'd set some sturdy Whores-bird to meet me and beat out ha'f a dozen o' my Teeth: For, to say the Truth, I ha' been a kind of an ungracious Fellow to 'em.

*Mer.* This Fellow's a little singular; he fairly owns himself a Rogue however. [*Aside.*]

*Soc. to himself.*] Well, I see things fall out otherwise than either I, or any other Citizen hop'd for; that is, t'have us come home alive again, and Conquerors. Our Army's upon the March homewards, the bloody Campaign over, and th' Enemy routed and dispersed, who before had made so many wet Handkerchiefs in *Thebes*. We've storm'd their Town too by the Valour of our brave Boys, especially by th' Authority and Conduct o' my Lord *Amphitryon*, who divided the Booty, Lands, and Corn, among the Soldiers, and firmly settled our Sovereign *Creon* in his *Theban* Kingdom. My Honour's sent Expre's from the *Port*, to tell his Lady how bravely he has acquitted his Charge, and the Success o' these noble Qualities. — I'm studying what to say when I come in her Ladiships Presence. — Suppose I tell her some damn'd Wicker; why that's but m'old Dog-trick;  
for

for I'm sure, when they were hottest in Fight, I was hottest in Flight: However, I'll brag as tho' I had been i' the midst of 'em, and tell her all what I heard from other People. But first, I must consider wi' my self what graceful Postures, and what Rhetorick t' accost her Ladiship with. — Thus then I begin. [*He sets down his Lanthorn, and bows.*] — Madam, At our first happy Arrival at th' Enemies Country, and the Disembarkment of our Troops, my Noble Lord Amphitryon immediately chose out the Flower of all the Nobility, as Envoys to the Teleboans, to declare his Pretensions: 'That if they'd freely, without any Constraint, deliver up their unjust Spoils, with th' Authors o' such outrageous Actions, and make Reparation for what they had dispos'd of; he'd immediately retire home with all his Troops, send th' Argives to their own Country, and leave all things in a peaceable and quiet Posture: But if they were so obstinate as to refuse these gracious Proposals, their Town must expect th' utmost Severities o' Fire and Sword.' At the Delivery o' this Message, according to my Lord's Orders, these haughty Men, proud o' their own Strength and Courage, very roughly treated our Envoys, telling 'em, 'They knew how to defend what they had got, by their drawn Swords; and therefore we had best speedily draw off our Troops from their Dominions.' Upo' the Receipt o' this rude Answer, Madam, my Lord advanc'd towards 'em with his whole Army. The Teleboans did the like with their Troops from the Town, accouter'd with the finest Equipage i' the World. After th' Approaches of these two numerous Armies, each Man and Officer in his proper Post, they drew up their Troops in Battalia, we after our own Way, and the Enemy after theirs. Next, Madam, the two Generals advanc'd to the Fronts of each Army, and there parley'd; agreeing to this Article, 'That the Vanquish'd shou'd deliver up their Cities, Lands, Gods, and Selves, to the Mercy o' the Conquerors.' Upon this, Madam, the shrill Trumpets sound, the spacious Valleys echo, the Soldiers shout on all sides, the Generals send their Prayers

to Jove, and every where encourage their Men; each single Man lays lustily about him, bright Weapons clash, great Lances shiver, Heavens high Arch bellows w<sup>th</sup> the Soldiers Clamours, a Cloud arises from the gloomy Breath of the Combatants, and wounded Wretches sink beneath the bloody Swords. — At last, Madam, Fortune was so favourable t<sup>o</sup> our Wishes, as to make us Conquerors; th<sup>e</sup> Enemy dropping on all sides, we broke in, and fell upon 'em with dreadful Fury. Still not a Man turn'd his Back, or stir'd a foot out o' the Place he fought in; they chusing Death sooner than quitting their Posts, and fell where they stood, keeping their Ranks after Death. My Lord finding such Obstinacy, order'd the Cavalry o' the Right Wing to Wheel about and Charge; these he pour'd in upon 'em with horrible Outcries, mangling and treading under foot these Impious Men, with prodigious Slaughter. —

Mer. Thus far the Rogue's i' the right; for my Father and I were both present at th<sup>e</sup> Action. [Aside.

Soc. going on.] — In short, Madam, these resolute People fled for't; We took fresh Courage, pursu'd, and cut 'em all in pieces. My Lord Amphitryon fell upo' Pterelas their King, and cut off his Head with his own Hands. This Engagement lasted from Morning till Evening, (I ha' the more reason to remember't, for the De'el a bit o' Dinner got I that Day,) but the Night put an End to this bloody Contest. Next day came the Magistrates from the Town, all in Tears, submissively acknowledging their Misdemeanours, promising, 'To deliver up all Things, Sacred and Profane, their City, Wives, and Children, all at Discretion.' Last of all, Madam, my Noble Lord Amphitryon, as the prize of his undoubted Valour, was presented w<sup>th</sup> the great Golden Cup that Pterelas us'd to drink in. — All this will I tell my Lady, — [Taking up his Lanthorn] I must now go and enter the House, and there execute my Lord's Commission. [He advances nigher to Mercury.]

Mer. Ha, Ha! he's making his Approaches; but I'll confront him. I mustn't suffer the Fellow to lodge within

within these Quarters to Night. Since I've taken upon me his Shape, I shall play fast and loose with him; and as long as I do resemble him in Body, troth, 'tis but decent I shou'd in Actions and Manners: Therefore must I turn a damnable subtle, fly Varlet, to cut him down at his own Play o' Roguery, and send him packing. — Hey-day! what now? — He's a Star-gazing, but I'll watch his Waters for him. [Aside.]

*Soc. to himself.* ] Faith and Troth, if a Body may believe or know any thing, I think *Aurora* went tipple to Bed last Night, and is now in a dead Sleep. Why yonder's *Charles-Wain* i'the same Place still; the *Moon* hasn't stir'd step since she Rise; the *Rock and Spindle*, the *Evening* and *Seven-Stars* can't get down for their Lives; the *Signs* all obstinately keep their Posts; and the *Night* won't budge a bit for the *Day*.

*Mer.* Hold to't, Goddess *Night*, t' obey my Fathers Commission as you've begun. You do a great God a great Service, and he'll greatly gratifie ye for't.

*Soc. to himself.* ] I think there never was such a long Night since the Beginning o' the World, except that Night I had the Strapado, and rid the Wooden-Horse till Morning; and o' my Conscience that was twice as long. By the Mackins, I believe *Phebus* has been playing the Good-Fellow, and's asleep too. I'll be hang'd if he ben't in for't, and has took a little too much o' the Creature.

*Mer.* Say ye so, Slave? What, treat Gods like your Selves? By *Jove*, have at your Doublet, Rogue, for *Scandalum Magnatum*. Approach then; you'll ha' but small Joy here. [Aside.]

*Soc. to himself.* ] Where are your true Fornicators now, that can't sleep without a Wench? Here's a Night for 'em then; now they may take their full Swing of Whoring.

*Mer.* The Rogue has hit my Father to an Ace; for he has resolv'd t' have his full Swing of his dear *Alcmena* to Night. [Aside.] Soc.

# AMPHITRYON.

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*Soc. to himself.* ] Well, now for my Lord's Message to my Lady. — [*Goes nigher and discovers Mercury.*] But who a-duce is here by our Door at this time o' Night? I don't like his Looks. [*Fearfully.*

*Mer.* This is the most cowardly Milkop. [*Aside.*

*Soc.* Now I think better on't, this may be some Rogue to steal my Cloak off my Back. [*Softly.*

*Mer.* The poor Dog quakes; I'll have a little Sport with him. [*Aside, making forwards.*

*Soc. turning on one side.* ] Good lack! how my Teeth chatter i' my Head? The Man infallibly stands here to gi' me a sound Welcome with his Fists. He has got somewhat o' good Nature I believe; and because my Lord keeps me waking, he'll sweetly lull me asleep with his Buffets. — O this mortal Body o'mine! Lord, what a brawney two-handed Dog it is? [*Softly.*

*Mer. aside.* ] I'll raise my Voice a little, that he may hear what I say, and shake and tremble the more heartily. [*Aside, seeming not to see Socia.*] Rouze up, my stout Fists! you've half starv'd me this long time: Methinks 'tis an Age since Yesterday you plunder'd four Men, and sent their Souls to *Pluto*.

*Soc. overbearing.* ] I'm wretchedly afraid then, he'll dissociate me to *Quintus*; and to the four Souls he sent to *Pluto*, I shall be made the fifth. [*Aside.*

*Mer. aloud.* ] Sa, sa! this is the Way. { *Holding up his Fists.*

*Soc.* He has got 'em both ready; now he's in his mischievous Posture.

*Mer. aloud.* ] He must ne're hope t' escape; —

*Soc.* Who, I wonder? [*Aside trembling.*

*Mer. aloud.* ] — For that Mortal who approaches, by *Jove* he eats my Mutton Fists.

*Soc.* Away with 'em, I ne're eat so late; besides I've supp'd, thank God. Good Sir, reserve that Dish, if you please, for better Stomachs. [*Aside.*

*Mer.*

*Mer.* Methinks this Fift weighs pretty well. { *Shaking his Fift.*

*Soc.* I'm a dead Man. He's weighing out my Commons. [*Aside.*

*Mer.* What if I neatly dress it with Opium Sauce?

*Soc.* That wou'd oblige me, for I ha'nt had one wink o' Sleep this three Nights. [*Aside.*

*Mer.* — But now my Blood is up, it knows no such Gentleness; one Glance of it changes a Man's Shape. —

*Soc.* Here's a Fellow will change me from Head to Foot, and set me on a new Skin. [*Aside.*

*Mer.* — But a sound Buffet leaves no more Bones than a dress'd Eel.

*Soc.* Troth, he designs to Spitchcock me, I believe. Wou'd *Old Nick* had these bloody-minded Fellows. If he spies me, I'm ho more a Man o' this World.

[*Making softly for the Door.*

*Mer.* [snuffing.] Some stinking Fellow offends me to his Destruction, —

*Soc.* Waunds! I ha'nt let fly sure. [*Aside.*

*Mer.* — And he can't be far off.

*Soc.* Far enough lately. — This Man's the Devil. [*Aside.*

*Mer.* My Fingers itch to be at him.

*Soc.* If they're so hot for my sake, good Sir, cool 'em against the Walls first. [*Aside.*

*Mer.* [listening.] Some Voice flies this way, —

*Soc.* What a Blockhead was I, that didn't clip the Wings on't, since it flies so nimbly! [*Aside.*

*Mer.* — Which provokes me to curry his Asses Hide for him!

*Soc.* My Hide won't bear such Bundles. [*A little louder.*

*Mer.* I'll try ye with a Bundle of Cuffs.

*Soc.* Faith, Sir, I was so tir'd a Ship-board, I cou'd scarcely crawl hither; and now I'm Sea-sick. My Legs will hardly carry single, and you mustn't think they'll carry double. *Mer.*



# AMPHITRYON.

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*Mer.* Some body mutters there, I think. [*Surlily.*

*Soc.* Then I'm pretty secure; he sees me not. Who that same *Some Body* is, I can't tell; for I'll take my Oath I've no other Name but *Socia*.

*Mer.* Methinks this grating Voice comes from the Right.

*Soc.* I'm plaguely afraid he'll fall foul upo' my Bones instead o' my grating Voice. [*Aside, coming forward.*

*Mer.* Very well, my Gentleman comes nigher. [*Sofily.*

*Soc.* Lord! How I tremble and quake every Joynt o' me. O' my Conscience, I cou'dn't tell what Part o' the World I'm in, if any body should ask me the Question. Alas, I can no more stir than a Statue, I'm in such a Fright. My Lords Orders are all vanish'd in Sinoke, and poor *Socia* with 'em. — However, I'll bare up to him briskly, and seem as valiant as I can, to try if that will save my Bacon. { *Aside, going up*  
to the Door.

*Here they both meet, and joyn Discourse.*

*Mer.* Whither away, Sirrah? you that carry Fire i' your Lanthorn.

*Soc.* Who made you an Examiner? you that make no more Bones of a Man than an Eel?

*Mer.* Are ye a Servant, or a Gentleman?

*Soc.* I'll be both if I please.

*Mer.* Say so, i' Faith?

*Soc.* I do, Faith and Troth.

*Mer.* Sirrah, you'd be kick'd.

*Soc.* You lye, Sir, for once.

*Mer.* But I'll soon make y' eat your Words.

*Soc.* There's no Occasion for that.

*Mer.* I must know where you're going, who you belong to, and what's your Bus'ness?

*Soc.* I'm going home; I belong to my Master. —  
What are ye the wiser now?

*Mer.*



*Mer.* Sirrah, I shall stop that damn'd foul Mouth o' yours.

*Soc.* 'Tis past your Skill, Sir. 'Tis kept as well and as clean as any Mans.

*Mer.* Still so quick? Pray what's your Bus'ness at this House?

*Soc.* What's your's, if you go to that?

*Mer.* 'Tis the King's Command, that Guard be kept here every Night.

*Soc.* He does nobly to guard our House when we're i' the Field. ——— Prithee go and tell the People within, that one of *Amphitryon's* Officers is come home.

*Mer.* I know nothing o' your Office; but offer to stay a minute within these Quarters, Mr. Officer, and I shall affront your Office.

*Soc.* I say, I belong to this House, and am Servant here.

*Mer.* D'ye know what t'expect? If you ben't gone, I shall exalt your Worship to the Honour ———

*Soc.* Of what?

*Mer.* — Of being carry'd home upo' Mens Shoulders; for I'll warrant ye past walking, if I take a good Cudgel.

*Soc.* For all that, I affirm my self Servant to this House.

*Mer.* Mark me, you long for a sound Drubbing; and you sha'n't fail of it, if you don't vanish immediately.

*Soc.* D'ye pretend to keep me out o' m' own House after such a Journey?

*Mer.* Your House, Sirrah?

*Soc.* Mine, I say.

*Mer.* Who's your Master then?

*Soc.* *Amphitryon*, General o' the *Theban* Forces, and *Alcmena's* Husband.

*Mer.* Hah, What's your Title pray?

*Soc.* *Socia* in our Language, Son of *Davus*.

*Mer.* Thou'rt come in an ill Hour, Monster of Impudence

puudence, with a parcel o' mix'd Knaveries, and patch'd Lies.

*Soc.* I came indeed wi' patch'd Cloaths, but not Lies.

*Mer.* That's another Lye, Sirrah, you came wi' your Feet, not wi' your Cloaths.

*Soc.* Right, seriously.

*Mer.* Now, seriously, take that for your Lye.

[Beats him.]

*Soc.* Introth seriously, but I won't.

*Mer.* Troth seriously, 'tis all one; and Faith seriously, 'tis fix'd, and not as you please, Sirrah.

[Beats him again.]

*Soc.* Good Sir, be civil.

*Mer.* Ha' ye th' Impudence to say you're *Socia*, when I am he?

*Soc.* O, I'm kill'd.

*Mer.* This is but a part o' your Entertainment. — Who's Servant are ye now, Sirrah?

*Soc.* Yours undoubtedly; for your Fists ha' paid the Purchase. — [Mercury beats him still.] Murder! Good Neighbours help!

*Mer.* D'ye bawl, Jail-bird? — Speak, Sirrah, what came ye here for?

*Soc.* To cut out Work for your Fists, Sir.

*Mer.* Who are ye?

*Soc.* I tell ye, *Socia*, *Amphitryon's* Servant.

*Mer.* You'll ha' the more for that nonsensical Lye. — I say, Sirrah, I'm *Socia*, and you not.

*Soc.* Wou'd to Heaven you were; then you shou'd be soundly beaten, and I not.

[Softly.]

*Mer.* partly bearing. ] Dog, d'ye mutter!

*Soc.* I'm as mute as a Filh.

*Mer.* Who's your Master, I say?

*Soc.* Who you please, Sir.

*Mer.* And your self; what Name ha' ye now?

*Soc.* None, till you please to bestow one.

*Mer.* I understood ye, *Socia*, *Amphitryon's* Servant.

C

*Soc.*

*Soc.* 'Twas my Mistake, Sir; I would ha' said, So-  
ciated t' *Amphitryon's* Service.

*Mer.* I was certain we had ne're another Servant o'  
that Name. — You've lost th' Use o' your Senses, —

*Soc.* Would you had lost th' Use o' your Fists. [*Aside.*

*Mer.* For I'm that *Socia* you personate.

*Soc.* Truce a little, Good Sir; and let's have a civil  
Word or two, without Blows.

*Mer.* I agree t' a Suspension of Arms, if you've any  
thing to propose.

*Soc.* Not a Dram o' Proposals till the Peace be sign'd,  
since you're so plaguely arm'd wi' those Cussers.

*Mer.* Speak boldly, I'll not hurt ye.

*Soc.* May a Body trust ye?

*Mer.* D'ye question it, Sirrah?

*Soc.* Suppose ye deceive me?

*Mer.* Then *Mercury* shall revenge it on *Socia*.

*Soc.* Now observe, Sir. Since I've leave to speak  
freely, I am *Socia*, *Amphitryon's* Man.

*Mer.* At it again, Sirrah? [*Holding up his Fist.*

*Soc.* Since the Peace is made, and th' Articles sign'd;  
I affirm it to be true.

*Mer.* Rogue, look to your self.

*Soc.* You may act, Sir, as you please, as long as you  
are so plaguely arm'd wi' those Cussers. Do your best,  
but, by *Hercules*, I'll not bate y'an Ace i' this Point.

*Mer.* As long as I'm here, you mustn't think to make  
me any thing but *Socia*.

*Soc.* Nor, Faith, shall you make me any thing but  
*Amphitryon's* Servant. I'll be sworn, there's ne're ano-  
ther *Socia* in our Family, that attended the General  
i'th' Army.

*Mer.* The Fellow's possess'd wi' Madness.

*Soc.* That's your Worships Distemper. — [*He walks,  
and studies by himself.*] What a murrain, Am not I *Am-  
phitryon's* Man *Socia*? Didn't I come to Night on Ship-  
board from th' *Enboan* Port? Wasn't I sent hither by my  
Lord?

Lord? Don't I stand before our own doors? Isn't this a Lanthorn i' my hand? Don't I speak? Am not I awake? Was't not I soundly drubb'd just now? In good Faith, I was; and am most sensible o'that, witness my poor Chops. — But why aduce do I stand fooling thus? Why don't I get into our House?

[*He makes for the Door.*]

*Mer. getting between.* ] How, your House?

*Soc.* Certainly true.

*Mer.* Certainly a Lye from the Beginning to th' Ending. I'm *Amphitryon's* Man *Socia*; for this Night our Vessel return'd from th' *Eubœan* Bay. We Took King *Pterelas's* Town by Storm, intirely defeated the *Teleboans*, and *Amphitryon* cut off *Pterelas's* Head with his own Hand.

*Soc. aside.* ] I can scarce believe my Senses, when I hear him relate Things so: Troth he remembers every Thing *ad unguem*. — [ *To him* ] But hark ye, Sir, what was *Amphitryon* Presented withal?

*Mer.* The Golden Cup that *Pterelas* us'd to drink in.

*Soc. aside* ] He has hit it again. — [ *To him.* ] But where's the Cup now, Sir?

*Mer.* In a Basket, seal'd with *Amphitryon's* Signet.

*Soc.* What are the Arms?

*Mer. Sol rising, with his fiery Chariot.* — D'ye lye upo' the Catch, Rascal?

*Soc. aside.* ] He has mawl'd me with his Arguments, and I must provide me another Name. How a fire cou'd he see all this? I shall trap him at last; for the Devil's in him if he tells what I did by my self i'the Tent, for not a Soul was there besides. — [ *To him.* ] If you be that individual *Socia*, How did you pass away your Time i'the Tent when both Armies were engag'd? — Tell me but that, and I yield.

*Mer.* There stood a Pipe o' Wine; from whence I fill'd out a Jack, —

*Soc.* Exactly right.

*Mer.* And swallow'd it down pure, as it came from the Grape.

*Soc.* O the Devil! He must ha' hid himself i' that Jack: Certainly so; for I drunk it without a drop o' Water in't. *[Aside.]*

*Mer.* What now? Are ye satisfy'd you're none o' *Socia*?

*Soc.* Will you prove it?

*Mer.* What need o' Proofs, when I'm he?

*Soc.* By *Jove* I'm he, and 'tis as true as the Gospel.

*Mer.* By *Mercury*, *Jove* won't believe ye a Tittle: And I'm sure he'll take my Word, sooner than your Oath.

*Soc.* Who am I, if I ben't *Socia*? Answer me that.

*Mer.* When I'm weary o' being *Socia*, you may be *Socia* again. But, now I'm he, I'll beat ye to mummy, you scoundrel Dog, if you don't troop off.

*Soc.* *[looking round about him.]* By the Mackins, now I view his Phiz well, methinks I see the very same Air and Mien I've often seen in a Glass, he's so damnably like me. The very same Hat, and Coat, for all the World; he has a plaguy Resemblance o' me. Let me see, Calfs, Feet, Height, Baldness, Eyes, Nose, Teeth, Lips, Jaws, Chin, Beard, Neck; in fine, right me all over. If his Back were but as well lac'd with some certain Scars, two Pease cou'dn't be more alike. — But now I recollect my self, know I'm undoubtedly the same Person as ever, know my Master, know this House, find that I've my Wit and Senses about me, I'll be hang'd if I believe a Word o' this Stuff. I'll knock at a Venture. *[Offers at the Door.]*

*Mer.* Whither go ye, Sirrah?

*Soc.* Home.

*Mer.* Do; and were you mounted on *Jove*'s Chariot in its full Career, it thou'dn't protect ye.

*Soc.* Mayn't I deliver a civil Message to my Lady?

*Mer.* To your own Lady, what you please; but no Message

Message to mine. If ye once provoke me, I'll make all your Bones rattle i' your Hide.

Soc. I'll use my Legs first. — [Going off, *the while he is speaking the rest.*] Heavens ha' mercy upo' me! Where shou'd I lose this Shape o' mine. Did I leave my self behind me, or forget to take my self along wi' me to the Campaign? for, troth, this Fellow has got all the Shape I ever had. He has erected my Statue i' my Life-time; I'll be sworn no body will honour me so much after I'm dead and gone. — Well, I'll beat it back upo' the Hoof to my Lord, and tell him this strange Story. If he disowns me (as Heaven grant he may) I'll immediately throw off my Slaves Habit, and take upo' me that of a Free-man o' the Town.

*Exit Socia.*

SCENE II.

*Mercury addresses himself to the Spectators, and goes on with the Prologue.*

SO, Gentlemen, Things go rarely, and prosperously on our side. I've remov'd the greatest Obstacle, so that my Father may securely reap the Fruit of his Cuckoldom. — Now when this Fellow comes to tell his Master, That his Servant Socia drive him from the Door, he'll take it for a damn'd Lye, and believe the Rogue was ne're there, as he order'd him. Thus shall I bring them twa, and the whole Family, into nothing but Mistakes and Confusion, till my Father have had his Belly full of his Mistress. But at last they'll come to a right Understanding of all Things, and Jove will bring his Mistress into as great Fa-



*your with her Husband as ever. For certainly, Amphitryon will be in a plaguy fret, and call his Wife Whore; but my Father will reconcile all Differences.*

*Now, Gallants, for something about Alcmena; for I've said little of her yet. This Day shall she be brought to Bed o' two Boys, one o' ten Months growth, th' other o' seven; the first by Amphitryon, the second by Jupiter; so the youngest Child will ha' the Superiority by his Father, and th' eldest th' Inferiority by his. D'ye comprehend the Mystery? -- However my Father's so tender of Alcmena, he'll ha' both come together, and both the painful Labours at one Lying-in; and likewise to prevent all Suspicions of Scandal on her side, and Cuckoldom on his. 'Tis true, Amphitryon, as I said before, will know all. But granting that, no body will think the worse of Alcmena for't; for 'tis beneath a Deity to suffer a poor Mortal to bear the Blame of his own failings. -- Hold, I must shorten my Story; the Door goes; and here comes Amphitryon in Effigie, with Alcmena, a Wife he has taken up at Usury.*

### SCENE III.

*Enter Jupiter in Amphitryon's Shape, with Alcmena in her Night-Dress, big with Child; attended with Lights, &c.*

*Jup.* Farewel, my dear *Alcmena*: Pray be careful o' the main Chance, and don't worry your self; you see you're gone your full time. I'm oblig'd to leave ye now,  
and



and prithee take care o' the bringing up the Child.

*Alc.* What pressing Affairs can ye have, my Lord, to drive ye away in such haste?

*Jup.* Upon Honour, 'tis n't your Company, or any thing i'the House I'm weary of: But when a General's from his Army, Disorders will follow sooner than good Discipline.

*Mer.* Troth, my Daddy's the cleverest Impostor. How sweetly he smuggles the Lady? [*Aside.*

*Alc.* Yes, indeed, I find what a wonderful Kindness ye have for your poor Wife.

*Jup.* Why, I love ye more than any other o' your Sex; won't that satisfie ye?

*Mer.* Faith, Father mine; if your Lady shou'd find out the Cheat, I'll be sworn you'd gladly change your *Jove*ship to be plain *Amphitryon*. [*Aside.*

*Alc.* I'd rather experience your Love, than fancy't. You leave me before you were well warm i' your Bed, You came to me at Mid-night, and presently after, you're gone; Is this kindly done?

*Mer. aside.]* I'll go to her, and tickle her up as my Father has done. — [*To Alcmena bowing.*] As I hope for Mercy, Madam, I believe there's not a Man under the Cope of Heaven so desperately loves his Lady, and so desperately languishes as my Lord does.

*Jup.* Rascal, I know your Tricks, Out o' my sight. How dare you meddle in our Business, Rogue? If I take my Cane, I'll —

*Alc.* Let him alone, my Dear.

*Jup.* Speak another Word, Sirrah —

*Mer.* My first wheadling Complement succeeded but very indifferently. [*Aside.*

*Jup.* For what you complain of, my Dear, introth you must not be angry wi' me. I left my Army *Incognito*, to fly to your Embraces, and be the first kind Messenger o' my Fortune i'the Publick, and of all that pass'd abroad. Cou'd I ha' done this if I lov'd after an ord'nary rate?

*Mer.* Just as I said. How this stroaking cheers her.

[*Aside.*

*Jup.* I must return *Incognito* too; for if I'm once discover'd, the censorious World will say, I much prefer'd a Wife to the Publick.

*Alc.* 'Tis a doleful Departure for your *Alcmena*.

[*Weeps.*

*Jup.* Pray don't spoil those pretty Eyes. I'll be back in a moment.

*Alc.* 'Twill be a long time to that moment.

*Jup.* 'Tis wi' vast Regret I go, and part from ye thus.

*Alc.* So it seems, indeed, by your coming and parting i' the same Night.

*Jup.* Why dost hold me? 'Tis high time now; for I must be out o' the City before Day-light. I' the mean time I present ye wi' this Golden Cup, the Reward o' my Success, and the very same that *Pterelus* drunk in, whom I slew wi' my own hand. [*Gives her a Golden Cup.*

*Alc.* Now you keep close to your old Kindness. — By Heaven, a noble Gift, worthy o' the Giver.

*Mer.* bowing. ] A noble Gift indeed, and worthy o' the Receiver.

*Jup.* At it again, Rascal? Can I never beat y' into better Manners?

*Alc.* Pray, my Lord, ben't angry wi' poor *Socia* upo' my Account.

*Jup.* I can deny you nothing.

*Mer.* This same Gallanting has put him damnably out of Humour.

[*Aside.*

*Jup.* Dost want any thing else, my Love?

*Alc.* Nothing, my Lord, but t' have ye love me absent as well as present.

*Mer.* Let's be going, Sir; 'tis just Break o' Day.

*Jup.* Go you before, *Socia*; I'll follow immediately.

*Exit Mercury.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

*Jupiter, Alcmena, and Attendants.*

*Jup.* Hast any thing more to ask ?

*Alc.* Yes, my Lord, your speedy Return.

*Jup.* It shall be. — I'll be wi' ye again before y'expect me: mean time, pray be satisfied.

*Exit Alcmena and Attendants.*

SCENE V.

*Jupiter alone.*

*Jup. looking up.]* Now, Goddess *Night*, who has waited so long, I dismiss ye. Make room for the Day, to cherish Mortals with a bright and glorious Sunshine. —  
[ *Going off.* ] This has been a longer Night than ordinary; I'll make the Day the shorter, and set one against th' other to bring Things to rights again. — I'll follow *Mercury*.

*Exit Jupiter.*

*The End of the First Act.*

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ACT

## ACT II.

## SCENE I.

*Enter Amphitryon and Socia at the farther End of the Stage, with several Prisoners bound.*

*Amp. entering.]* Come Sirrah, follow me. [*Angrily.*  
*Soc.* That I will, and close at your Heels.

*Amp.* Thou'rt the most villanous Rascal!

*Soc.* Why, good Sir?

*Amp.* For venting such Stuff, that neither is, was, or can be true.

*Soc.* Marry, Sir, you keep to your laudable Custom o' never believing your own Servants.

*Amp.* How, Sirrah, what Custom? — By Heaven I shall snip that rascally Tongue o' yours.

*Soc.* I'm your Slave, Sir, and you may use me according to your Pleasure and Conveniency. But I've spoke nothing but Truth, and you can't make me eat my Words.

*Amp.* You impudent Dog, didn't ye say you were at home and here at the same time?

*Soc.* 'Twas nothing but truth, Sir.

*Amp.* The Devil! — take ye, or I'll kick ye to him.

*Soc.* I'm i' your Power, and must bear it if ye do.

*Amp.* Slave, dare ye put Tricks upo' your Master? Ha' ye th' Impudence to face down that which never Man

Man saw, or can see? Is't possible for a Man to be here and there at the same time?

*Soc.* Faith, Sir, just as I tell ye.

*Amp.* The Devil lye ye for a Rogue.

*Soc.* How have I deserv'd this at your hands?

*Amp.* How, Rascal, when you make me your May-game?

*Soc.* If I did, I shou'd justly deserve it. But really, Sir, 'tis no Lye; I tell ye nothing but plain matter o' Fact.

*Amp.* The Fellow's drunk, I think.

*Soc.* Troth, wou'd I were.

*Amp.* You've that Wish already.

*Soc.* I, Sir?

*Amp.* Yes, you. — Where ha'ye been drinking?

*Soc.* Not a drop have I drunk to day.

*Amp.* What manner o' Man was this —

*Soc.* Troth I told ye ha't a score times. — I say, Sir, I *Socia* am now at home; (d'ye mind?) and the same numerical *Socia* am here too. Now, Sir, I think I've made Things as plain and clear as the Sun.

*Amp.* Plague! — Out o' my Sight.

*Soc.* Why, Sir?

*Amp.* Y'are infected.

*Soc.* Why d'ye think so? Truly, Sir, I'm pretty well in Body and Mind, thank God.

*Amp.* As sure as you're a Rogue, I shall make ye a little worse in Body and Mind, if I get once well in. — Come along, Rogue, you that abuse your Master wi' such Stuff as would make a Dog sick to hear it. Because you shamefully neglected your Business, you come impudently to jeer me with impossible and unheard-of Stories, you Rascal. But I'll have every Lye mark'd out upon your Back.

*Soc.* This, Sir, is the greatest Plague in the World to a good Servant; whenever he tells his Master the Truth, he must ha't ramm'd down his Throat.

*Amp.*

*Amp.* How a plague could this be? Give me some reasonable Proof of your being here and at home too: I'd fain see that.

*Soc.* Really, Sir, I am both here and there too. A Body wou'd think it plaguy strange. But, I'll swear, it can't be more strange to you, than 'tis to me, Sir.

*Amp.* How d'ye mean?

*Soc.* I only say 'tis not more strange to you than me. For let me be hang'd, if this same *Me-Socia* believ'd a word of it, till that same *I-Socia* beat it into my Head. He gave me such a particular Account of all that pass'd in the Army this Campaign; then he had got my very Shape and Name, so that two drops of Water are not more alike than t'other *I* to *Me*. — For when you, my Lord, sent me betimes in the Morning from the Port, —

*Amp.* What then?

*Soc.* — I came to the Door a good while before I arriv'd.

*Amp.* 'Sdeath what Stuff's this? — Are ye quite mad?

*Soc.* Just as you see me, Sir.

*Amp.* The Fellow's bewitch'd, and fallen into some ill hands, since I sent him away.

*Soc.* Ill hands indeed; for their Fists have maul'd me confoundedly. *[Shows his Face swell'd.]*

*Amp.* Who beat ye so?

*Soc.* T'other *I* beat *Me*.

*Amp.* Sirrah, answer me nothing but what I ask. — First let me know who this same *Socia* is.

*Soc.* He's your Servant.

*Amp.* Mine? I've one too many by you; but ne're had another Servant *Socia* since I was born.

*Soc.* But now, Sir, I promise to shew ye another *Socia* as soon as you get in, a Servant of yours, Son of *Darius*, of my Shape, and my Age. In fine, your *Socia*'s become double.

*Amp.*



*Amp.* These are all Riddles. — But saw ye my Wife?

*Soc.* I was not permitted to enter the House.

*Amp.* What hinder'd ye?

*Soc.* That same *He-Socia* I've been talking of; he who so belabour'd me.

*Amp.* What *He-Socia* do ye mean?

*Soc.* I tell ye — How often must I tell it?

*Amp.* Hark ye, Friend, ha'n't you been sleeping the while?

*Soc.* Not a Wink, Sir.

*Amp.* Perhaps you saw this *Socia* in a Dream?

*Soc.* I ne're us'd to dream out my Master's Commands. Awake, I saw him; awake, I see you; awake, I talk; and awake I was, when that waking Dog beat me.

*Amp.* What Dog?

*Soc.* That *I-He-Socia*, I tell ye. Lord, can't ye understand me?

*Amp.* How a plague shou'd a Man understand this ridiculous Banter?

*Soc.* You'll immediately know —

*Amp.* What?

*Soc.* — Your other *Socia*, my Partner.

*Amp.* Follow me then; for first I'll ha' this Business clear'd. — See that all Things be brought from our Vessel as I order'd.

*Soc.* I'm as diligent and careful to obey you as possible. I have not swallow'd your Commands wi' my Drink.

*Amp.* Pray Heaven, all this don't prove true.

SCENE



## SCENE II.

*Enter Alcmena, attended with Thessala, on the other side of the Stage.*

*Alc.* How poor and short are this Life's Pleasures, if once compar'd with the Sorrows we endure? 'Tis Mans Destiny, and Heavens Pleasure, to mix our Joys with bitter Portions; and for some few Hours of Satisfaction, we meet with Ages of Ills and Troubles. I now experience it, and my self's a plain Witness of this: How short was this last Pleasure! I had the Privilege of one Nights Company with my Lord; and then, snatch'd away before the Morning. Methinks I'm the most desolate of Widows i'th' Absence o' the Man I love 'bove all the World; and his Departure carries more of my Soul away, than his Arrival brought with it: However this joys my Heart, to see him Victorious o'er his dreadful Foes, and laden with Honours; 'tis that I live upon. He's gone; but since he returns with deserved Glory, I'll patiently bear his Absence, with all the Firmness and Courage of a Woman; and shall think my Troubles well rewarded, in a Husband crown'd with the Name of Conqueror. For Valour's of all Rewards the greatest; preferable to all Things else; the sole Defender and Protector of our Liberties, Safeties, Lives, Estates, Parents, Countries, and Children. Valour carries all Vertues in it self, and all Perfections still attend the Valiant Man.

*Amp.* Heavens! how welcome shall I be to my *Alcmena's* Arms, where both our Loves are mutual; especially after such a famous Victory, beyond all Expectations, routing 'em in the first Battel by my own Command and Conduct. Certainly she'll be very impatient for my Return.

*See.*

*Soc.* How, Sir? D'ye think my Spouse won't be every whit as impatient for mine?

*Alc. discovering them.]* O, my Lord's come!

*Amp.* Keep close, Sirrah.

*Alc.* But why should he come back, when he seem'd in such haste? Was it only a Tryal? If his Design be to see how I could relish his Departure, truly he shall be welcome however.

*Soc. starting back.]* O, good Sir, we had better return to our Vessel.

*Amp.* Why so?

*Soc.* We shall ha' nothing to eat here.

*Amp.* How came that into your Head?

*Soc.* Because Dinner's over already.

*Amp.* How so?

*Soc.* Why there's your Lady has din'd, by her Belly.

*Amp.* Po, Blockhead, I left her wi' Child when I went to the Campaign.

*Soc.* Then woe to poor *Socia*.

*Amp.* What's the matter?

*Soc.* I'm come home in the nick of time to be worry'd to death with drawing Water for her Bath; for, according to your Account, she's just upon laying down.

*Amp.* Pluck up a good Heart.

*Soc.* Do ye know what a Heart I've got? For if once I begin to manage the Bucket, Faith, Sir, I'm the very ft Rogue upon Earth, if I don't draw out the Hearts blood of the Well.

*Amp.* Come along, I'll have another for that Employment; fear nothing.

*Alc.* I think, I shall better shew my Respects if I go and meet him.

[Here they meet, and joyn Discourse.]

*Amp. embracing Alcmena.]* Oh, how I'm charm'd to find my *Alcmena* in these longing Arms! whom I count beyond Comparison in *Thebes*, and the World counts a Patern

Patern of all Vertue. — How has't been wi' ye, all this time? Did not ye long for my Return, my Dear?

*Soc.* I see no wonderful Signs o' longing. I'm sure no body can out-fawn a Dog. [*Aside.*]

*Amp.* I'm extremely glad to find ye so well, just upon your lying down.

*Alc.* In the Name of Goodness, my Lord, why should you play upon me thus? You complement as if you had not seen me lately, but were just come from the Army; and accost me like one long absent from his Wife.

*Amp.* True indeed; till now I had no sight of ye.

*Alc.* What makes ye say so?

*Amp.* 'Tis my Custom to speak Truth.

*Alc.* You don't do well to break so good a Custom. But is it for a Tryal of my Love? — Raillery apart; why so soon return'd? Was it some ill Omen, or Weather, that stay'd your going to your Army, as you lately told me?

*Amp.* Lately! How lately could that be?

*Alc.* Have ye any Design in that Question? — Very lately, just now, but a moment since.

*Amp.* Pray how is it possible, as you say, to be so lately, and but a moment since?

*Alc.* D'ye think, my Lord, I'd so meanly trifle as you do, when you pretend you were not here, and left me but just now?

*Amp.* She seems much discompos'd. [*Aside to Socia.*]

*Soc.* A little Patience, Sir, till she has slept out her sleep.

*Amp.* D'ye dream with your Eyes open?

*Alc.* No, by my Soul, I'm thoroughly awake; and without dreaming, tell you all that pass'd: For I saw ye both, this Morning before Day-light.

*Amp.* At what Place?

*Alc.* Your own House.

*Amp.* I ne're was there.

*Soc.*

*Soc.* Don't be too positive, Sir; our Vessel, perhaps, brought us from the Port, and we all asleep.

*Amp.* Ha' you got into the same Vein too? [*Angrily.*]

*Soc.* What wou'd y'ha'me do, Sir? Don't ye know th' old Saying, *Cross a Madman, and be's the Devil; humour him, and 'tis as good as Physick.*

*Alc.* Hah, Rogue! —

*Amp.* Truly 'tis but reasonable to shew some Anger, since she ga' me so cold a Welcome. [*Aside to Socia.*]

*Soc.* You'd as good piss in a Bee Hive.

*Ampb.* Hold your Tongue. — *Alcmena,* answer me one Question.

*Alc.* What Question? Let's hear't.

*Amp.* Is't Madnes or Pride that has infected ye?

*Alc.* How came such a Question into your Head, my Lord?

*Amp.* Because i' my former Journeys y'us'd to receive me as all other vertuous Wives do: But now I meet with a quite different Welcome.

*Alc.* As I hope to live, yesterday I receiv'd y' as a Wife ought, my Lord; enquir'd after your Health, press'd your hand, and met ye with a Kiss.

*Soc.* Did ye speak to my Lord yesterday, Madam?

*Alc.* And to you too, *Socia.*

*Soc.* My Lord, I was in hopes o' your Honour's having an Heir; but o'my Conscience your Lady's not big with Child.

*Amp.* With what then?

*Soc.* With Fool.

*Alc.* Truly I've no such Distemper, as I hope for a safe Deliverance. — But if my Lord wou'd but gi' ye your due, Mr. *Fortune-Teller*, you'd soon reap the mischievous Fruits o' your sawcy Predictions.

*Soc.* Yes, Madam, there are Fruits too, of Lying in Women, and Fruits too, to strengthen their Hearts, and keep 'em from swooning.

*Amp.* You see me here yesterday?

*Alc.* I say I did, if you must needs ha't so often.

*Amp.* In a Dream, perhaps.

*Alc.* Nay, we were both awake as possible.

*Amp.* Mercy upon me!

*Soc.* What's the matter, Sir?

*Amp.* My Wife's mad.

*Soc.* She's melancholly, and that's the high Road to't.

*Amp.* When found ye the rise o' this Disease, *Alcmena*?

*Alc.* Upo' my Soul I ne're was better, and sounder i' my Life.

*Amp.* Why then d'ye pretend t' ha' seen me yesterday, when I put into Port but last night? There supp'd, and lodg'd all night i' the Vessel. I ne're set foot in *Thebes* since the *Teleboan* Expedition, till now we conquer'd.

*Alc.* 'Twas me you supp'd with, and me you lay with.

*Amp.* What say ye?

*Alc.* Nothing but truth.

(not.

*Amp.* By Heaven not i' this; in other things, I know

*Alc.* Betimes i' the morning you went to your Army.

*Amp.* How can all this be?

*Soc.* Very right; she tells her Dream as 'tis fresh in memory. — But, Madam, *Jove*, the Disperser o' such Prodigies, ought t' have had his Cake, or his Incense offer'd this Morning.

[*Feeringly.*

*Alc.* How sawcily the Fellow snaps me up; and you suffer him.

*Amp.* Leave your prating, Sirrah. — You say I left ye betimes i' the morning?

[*To Alcmena.*

*Alc.* Who else con'd tell me the Particulars o' the Battel?

*Amp.* And heard ye o' that too?

*Alc.* Why truly 'twas you told me how you storm'd their chief Town, and slew King *Pterelas* wi' your own hands.

*Amp.* I tell ye so?

*Alc.* Yes, you; *Socia* heard ye.

*Amp.* Did you hear me tell any such thing, *Socia*?

*Soc.*

*Soc.* Where shou'd I hear't?

*Amp.* Nay, let her tell ye that.

*Soc.* Troth, Madam, I ne're was present at any such Relation, as I know of.

*Alc.* No wonder if he says as you'd have him.

*Amp.* Come hither, *Socia*; look o' my Face —

*Soc.* I do, Sir.

*Amp.* Now speak the truth without the least Flattery. Did you hear me tell her one word o' what she pretends?

*Soc.* Bless me! ha' you your Senses too, and ask such a Question? Faith, Sir, this is the first time I saw ye together.

*Amp.* Now, Madam, d'ye hear what he says?

*Alc.* Yes indeed, and know't to be false.

*Amp.* What, believe neither Servant nor Husband?

*Alc.* Neither; because o' such Evidence, and the certainty o' what I affirm.

*Amp.* D'y'affirm my Arrival yesterday?

*Alc.* D'ye deny your Departure this Morning?

*Amp.* I do; and protest this is my first Appearance.

*Alc.* Good now, and you'll deny you ga' me the Golden Cup too, which you say was there presented ye?

*Amp.* Upon Honour, I neither gave it nor said it. 'Tis true, I was so design'd, and am still. — But pray who told ye o' that?

*Alc.* Your self was both Teller and Giver.

*Amp.* Hold, hold, I beseech ye. — This is amazing, *Socia*, that she shou'd know o' my being presented wi' this Cup. Except you saw her, and told her all.

*Soc.* Let me be hang'd if I e're told, or saw her till now.

*Amp.* What Woman's that? [*Looking on Theffala.*]

*Alc.* Wou'd y' ha' the Cup produc'd?

*Amp.* By all means.

*Alc.* It shall then. — *Theffala*, step into my Chamber for the Golden Cup my Lord ga' me this Morning.

*Exit Theffala.*



## SCENE III

*Amphitryon, Alcmena, Socia, and Prisoners.*

*Amp.* Come this way, *Socia*. — [*They walk a little on one side.*] Really, if she has the Cup, the Mystery will be ten times greater to me.

[*Socia takes out a Casket from under his Cloak.*]

*Soc.* Can ye suppose that, when I've got it there is the Casket seal'd w<sup>th</sup> your own Signet.

*Amp.* Is the Seal whole?

*Soc.* Look, Sir, to be sure, — [*Holding it up.*]

*Amp.* Just, as I sign'd in. — [*Looking.*]

*Soc.* Pray, Sir, must we deal w<sup>th</sup> my Lady as a Person crack'd brain?

*Amp.* I faith, and so we had need. I For upo' my word she's over-run with Extravagancies.

## SCENE IV

*To them Theffala with a Golden Cup.*

*Alc.* What need o' Words? Here's Demonstration! look ye.

*Amp.* Pray let's see't. — [*He takes it out and looks on't.*]

*Alc.* Come, view it well, you who so obstinately deny matter o' Fact; and be convinc'd before all the World. — Is n't it the same you were presented with?

*Amp.* O Heavens! Where are my Eyes? The very same upon Honour. I'm all in Confusion, *Socia*.

[*Returns the Cup.*]

*Soc.* Marry, here must be damnable Witchcraft, or the Cup's here still.

*Amp.* Come, break open the Casket.

*Soc.* Why shou'd I break it open? the Seal's firm; and makes well for us. — You, my Lord, has brought forth



forth another *Amphitryon*; — another *Socia*; now, if the Cup has engender'd too, we're all three double.

*Amp.* I'll ha't broke open, and look'd thro'.

*Soc.* Hold, Sir, look o' the Seal once more, that afterwards I mayn't be brought in for Burglary.

*Amp.* Open it quickly; she'll run us down, and think us mad else.

*Alc.* Where think ye I shou'd ha' this; but from you who ga' me't?

*Amp.* That's my business to enquire into. [*Socia opens it.*

*Soc. starting.*] Heaven ha' mercy upo' my Soul!

*Amp.* What ails the Fellow?

*Soc.* The Cup's flown out o' the Nest.

*Amp.* What say ye?

*Soc.* Nothing but truth.

*Amp.* An unlucky truth to you, if it be gone.

*Alc.* Why here 'tis apparently. [*Holding it up.*

*Amp.* Who gave't ye?

*Alc.* The same who asks the Question.

*Soc.* You're upo' the catch, my Lord. You stole slyly out o' the Ship (some back-way, with the Cup, presented it to my Lady, then privately seal'd up the Casket again.

*Amp.* Hah! you sooth her in her Madness too. — But once more, do y' affirm I was here yesterday?

*Alc.* I do; and, at our first Enterview, saluted each other, and met with a Kiss.

*Amp. aside.*] I could ha' spar'd that Kindness. —

[*To her.*] Proceed.

*Alc.* You bath'd your self.

*Amp.* What next?

*Alc.* Sat down at the Table.

*Soc.* Ha, ha, best of all! now Catechise her, Sir.

*Amp.* Don't interrupt, Sirrah. — On wi' your Story.

*Alc.* Supper was serv'd up, we sat down, and supp'd both together.

*Amp.* At the same Table?

*Alc.* Yes.

*Soc.* Shame on't! I don't like that Entertainment.

*Amp.* Leave fooling.—We suppd together; what then?

*Alc.* You complain'd o' drowsiness; Supper was taken away, and together we went up to Bed.

*Amp.* Where did you lay?

*Alc.* I the same Chamber and Bed wi' your self.

*Amp.* Ruin'd then!

*Soc.* What's the matter, Sir?

*Amp.* Stabb'd to the Heart?

*Alc.* What ails ye, my Lord?

*Amp.* Let me alone.

[Turning away.]

*Soc.* What's done t'ye, Sir?

*Amp.* I'm a miserable Man; basely dishonour'd by my Wife i' m' Absence.

*Alc.* In good earnest, my Lord, why this hard Censure from your Mouth?

*Amp.* Am I your Lord? Prithee don't gi' me a wrong Title.

*Soc.* A very pretty Bus'ness; if she has taken away his Manhood, and made him a Lady.

[Aside.]

*Alc.* What have I done, to make y' use me thus?

*Amp.* You declare your Crimes, then ask me how you've offended.

*Alc.* Is't an Offence to lye wi' m' own Husband?

*Amp.* Wi' me? Was there ever such prodigious Impudence? If y' had lost all Sense of Honour, sure you might ha' borrow'd o' your Neighbours.

*Alc.* Our Family was ne're guilty o' such Crimes; and if my Honour's Ruin by your Aim, you'll lose your Labour.

*Amp.* Bless my Soul! — Sure you know me, *Socia*.

*Soc.* Pretty well, Sir.

*Amp.* Didn't I sup last Night in your Vessel at th' Euboean Port?

*Alc.* I've sufficient Evidence to prove what I say.

*Amp.*

*Amp.* Evidence, who are they?

*Alc.* Evidence I say.

*Amp.* What will they give in? — But, one's sufficient; for, here was no body but *Socia*.

*Soc.* Marry, I don't know what to make of all this, unless there be another *Amphitryon*, who in your Absence takes care o' your Business, and your Lady's too. I thought it plaguy strange to find a Deputy *Socia*; but i' faith a second *Amphitryon*'s a greater wonder. Certainly some Inchantments ha' been practis'd upo' your Lady.

*Alc.* By Heaven, and by all that's good, which Oaths to me are all sacred, I ne're gave to any Man but you, the least Liberty that cou'd call my Honour in question.

*Amp.* Heaven make it true.

*Alc.* I affirm it is, but in vain, since you won't believe.

*Amp.* You're a Woman, and swear too boldly.

*Alc.* Innocence ought to be bold, and to vindicate it self with a Confidence, and Haughtiness.

*Amp.* Here's Boldness enough.

*Alc.* No more than becomes Vertue.

*Amp.* We've your word for that. [ *fearingly.*

*Alc.* I don't, like others, esteem a little Dirt my Portion, but my Continency, and Honour, my Moderating my Passions, my Fear of Heaven, Duty to my Parents, Love to my Kindred, Obedience to my Husband, my liberal Bounty to the Good, and my Care over the Vertuous.

*Soc.* I'faith, if all this be true, certainly she's the very Map of Innocence.

*Amp.* I'm so strangely confounded, I scarce know where I am.

*Soc.* Certainly you must be my Lord *Amphitryon* still. But have a great care you don't get into the new Fashion; for here's nothing but *Metamorphoses* since our Arrival.

*Amp.* Madam, I'm resolv'd to search to the very bottom o' this Business.

*Alc.* Do't a Gods Name.

*Amp.* What say ye? — Answer me to this: Suppose I bring from the Port, your Kinsman *Nauclates*, who came over i' the same Vessel wi' me? If he disproves all your Assertions, what Treatment & ye deserve then? What Plea will ye find to save your Divorce and Portion?

*Alc.* If I fail i' my part, I'll urge none.

*Amp.* Agreed. — *Sotia*, Conduct these Prisoners into the House. — I'll away t' our Vessel, and bring home *Nauclates*. *Exit Amphitryon.*

## SCENE V.

*Alcmena, Sotia, Theffala, and Prisoners.*

*Soc.* Now we are by our selves, Madam, tell me seriously, whether I han't within Doors a Brother *Sotia*, just like me for all the World?

*Alc.* Out o' my sight, Rascal, who art fit for nothing but thy Master.

*Soc.* I'll vanish at your Commands. *Beckons the Prisoners.*

*Alc.* Bless me! 'tis very strange it shou'd come into my Lords Head t' accuse me thus wrongfully. Whate'r the Matter be, my Cozen *Nauclates* will clear all.

*Exeunt Omnes.*

*The End of the Second Act.*

ACT

## ACT III.

## SCENE I.

*Enter Jupiter, addresses himself to the Audience, and goes on with the Prologue.*

Gentlemen, I'm still Amphitryon, and have a  
 Servant Socia; who, when occasion serves,  
 shall be Mercury again. My Lodgings are 2<sup>th</sup> upper  
 Garret, where I'm Jove as often as I please. But  
 when e're I come down, I change my Garb, and become  
 Amphitryon in a trice:--- It's for your sakes, Gen-  
 tlemen, I'm come here now, to make the Comedy  
 compleat; and at the same time to protect poor Alc-  
 menas's Honour against her Husbands false Accusa-  
 tions: For 'twould be a piece o' Baseness to suffer my  
 Crimes to fall upon her Head:---- Now will I re-  
 assume Amphitryon's Person, and once more put the  
 grand Sham upo' the whole Family: But then I'll  
 clear all at last, assist Alcmena in due time, and at  
 once have her deliver'd o' both mine and her Hus-  
 bands Child, and that without any pain:---- I or-  
 der'd Mercury to be here immediately, and receive  
 his Commands:--- Now I'll go to her.

## SCENE II.

*Enter Alcmena at the other End of the Stage.*

*Alc. to her self.*] The House is grown odious to me  
 no v; since my Lord accuses me o' Dishonesty, Shame  
 and



and Infamy. He denies plain Matters o' Fact, and exclaims against me strangely; he affirms what never was, and blames me for what I'm innocent of; after all, thinks I'll tamely sit down and bear all. But as I'm a living Soul, he's mistaken; for I'll not suffer th' unjust Scandal of Whore: No, I'll part first, unless he makes me ample Satisfaction, and swears he repents of his unjust Accusation.

*Jup. coming nigher.* ] That I must do in good earnest, if I ever hope for a kind Reception. For seeing my Tricks fall heavy upon *Amphitryon's* Head, and my Love proves injurious to this innocent Creature, I must expect some Anger and hard Words for what I'm innocent of too. *[Aside.*

*Alc. to her self.* ] Oh! here's the Person who accuses his poor Wife o' Shame, and Infamy.

*[Here they meet, and join Discourse.]*

*Jup.* Madam, I'd willingly talk wi' ye. — *[She turns from him.]* Why do y' avoid me?

*Alc.* 'Tis my Nature to serve my Enemies so. *[Angrily.]*

*Jup.* Bless me! your Enemies?

*Alc.* Yes truly, my Enemies; unless you'll pretend this is false too. *[She frowns.]*

*Jup.* Now you're too nicely reserv'd. *[Offers to take her by the hand.]*

*Alc.* Pray let m' alone. — I'm sure had y' either Wit or Discretion, or weren't the greatest Fool in Nature, you'd ne're hold Discourse, either in Mirth or Earnest, with the Woman you believe, and declare a Strumpet.

*Jup.* If I did, you're ne're the worse, no not in my Opinion; therefore I return to beg your Pardon, my Dear: For no Torment has been so great to me, as th' Apprehensions o' your Displeasure. — Why didst name such a thing? I'll clear all t'ye. Upon Honour, I ne're mistrusted your Fidelity; I had only a mind to try your Temper, and how you cou'd bear what I said. 'Twas



'Twas all but a little harmless Raillery for sport-sake;  
ask *Socia* else.

*Alc.* But why wasn't my Cozen *Naucrates* brought  
hither, as you pretended, to prove you ne're were here  
before?

*Jup.* What's spoken in Jest, my Dear, ought never  
to be taken in Earnest.

*Alc.* I'm sure there was enough to make my heart ache.

*Jup.* Dear *Alcmena*, by this fair Hand, let me beg,  
and intreat ye, to forgive, forget, and be pacify'd.

*Alc.* M<sup>r</sup> unspotted Honour's above all Scandal; and  
since you've own'd me free from all base Acts, I would  
be as free from all base Suspicions. — Farewel, keep  
your own Things, and let me ha' mine. Pray send  
my Women after me, & accompany me. [*She weeps.*]

*Jup.* Sure y' ar' n't mad?

*Alc.* If you will not, I'll go alone; my Vertue shall  
be my Companion. [*She offers to go.*]

*Jup.* Pray stay; I propose this Oath to your Discre-  
tion. — *I do sincerely believe my Wife to be most Vertuous;*  
which if I falsifie, may *Jove's* eternal Wrath fall upon  
*Amphitryon's* head.

*Alc.* Ah, his Mercy rather.

*Jup.* I hope 'twill prove so; for I'm sure I've truly  
sworn. — Now I hope you're satisfy'd.

*Alc.* I am.

*Jup.* I'm glad of't. — A Man in his life-time, meets  
with a thousand such Accidents as these, sometimes  
Pleasures, othertimes Troubles, by and by Fallings out,  
then Reconciliations again. But whenever these little  
Love-Quarrels happen; and those made up, the pleasing  
Passion's doubl'd.

*Alc.* Your ill Words might well ha' been spar'd, my  
Lord: but if you make me such Satisfaction, I ought  
to forget all.

*Jup.* Pray order all my Sacred Vessels to be got rea-  
dy, to perform those Vows I made i'the Campaign, if  
ever I got safe home again, *Alc.*

*Alc.* I will. *[Exit Alc.]*  
*Jup. to the Servants within.]* Send out *Socia* there; I must send him for *Blepharon*, our Ship's Pilot; I'll invite him to Dinner. — But not a word shall *Socia* get; and here'll be rare sport when I come to grapple with *Amphitryon*, and send him packing. *[Exit Jup.]* *[Aside.]*

*Alc.* I wonder what he's talking of t' himself. — But the Door goes. — Here comes *Socia*.

## SCENE III.

*Enter Socia to them.*

*Soc.* O, my Lord, I'm ready: if there be occasion, lay your Commands upo' me, and I'll obey 'em.

*Jup.* You're come in good time.

*Soc.* Pray, Sir, is't Peace or War between ye? —

I'm glad to see ye both in a peaceable Posture, and 'tis a great Satisfaction to me. Truly 'tis a good Servant's Duty to sympathise with his Master, to be as he is, look as he looks, be sad when he's sad, and merry when he's pleas'd. — But, good Sir, tell me; is there an amicable Accommodation?

*Jup.* You jeer now; you know we were only in laughing.

*Soc.* In laughing, said ye? P' faith, I thought ye never more in earnest i' your Life.

*Jup.* I've satisfy'd her, and made my peace.

*Soc.* Excellent, introth.

*Jup.* I've a Sacrifice to make, according to my Vows.

*Soc.* I perceive as much.

*Jup.* You must go to *Blepharon*, the Pilot of our Ship, and desire him, from me, to be here at the Ceremony, and take a Dinner wi' me.

*Soc.* I'll be back again before you can think me there.

*Jup.* Well, make haste, then. *[Exit Socia.]*

SCENE

## SCENE IV.

VI. TO A  
Jupiter and Alcmena.

*Alc.* Shall I go in, my Lord, and help to get Things ready as occasion shall serve?

*Jup.* By all means, Madam; and prepare all Things as well as you can.

*Alc.* Come in as soon as you please, and you'll find nothing out of order.

*Jup.* Very well! This is like a loving Wife.  
*Exit Alcmena.*

## SCENE V.

Jupiter alone.

So, both Lady and Servant over-reach'd, in taking me for *Amphitryon*: Mistaken to some purpose! — Now, immortal *Socia*, be ready at hand, (you hear me tho' you're absent) and don't fail o' finding some Artifice to drive away *Amphitryon* when he comes: Remember, I'd ha' ye trifle away the time with him, while I conform my self to this same borrow'd Wife. Don't deceive me, but serve me according to my Intentions; and, before be in readiness t' assist me, the mean time that I'm sacrificing to my self.

*Exit Jupiter.**The End of the Third Act.*

ACT

## ACT IV.

## SCENE I.

*Enter Mercury at the further End of the Stage, running in great haste.*

**R**oom here! Clear the way! All the World make room! and let not a Soul be so desperately mad as to stop my Journey —

*He addresses himself to the Spectators, and finishes the Prologue.*

**T**Roth, Gentlemen, why shou'dn't my Deityship gi' me the same Priviledge o' threatening the Mob, when they stand i' my way, as the Slaves in Comedies have? Their vast haste is only for a Vessel safely arriv'd, an old Fellow upo' the fret, or so; but I, Jove's Messenger, and sent by his Commands, ha' more reason to call for room, and clear all before me. --- My Father he calls, I follow; his Word's my Law, and I obey him with all the Submission of a dutiful Son. I sooth him in his Wenching, encourage him, pimp for him, counsel him, and rejoyce with him; and when'e're he receives a Pleasure, it proves ten times as much to me. Do's he long for a Girl? He do's well and wisely to satisfie his longing; a Thing all wise Men ought t' observe, provided it be safe. Now 'tis my Father's Will and Pleasure, t' impose upon Amphitryon: Troth I do't nobly. ---  
*I'll*

*I'll do't immediately, Gentlemen, before your Faces. I'll whip on a Chaplet, pretend to be drunk, and get my self above. From thence I'll send him with a Vengeance, as soon as he approaches, and make him dry drunk, I'll warrant him. Next, Socia must go to Pot; and be condemn'd for what I did. But what's that to me? 'Tis my Bus'ness to obey my Father's Commands, and observe his Pleasure.---* [Looking about.] *O yonder comes Amphitryon. I shall make admirable Sport with him, if you'll please to favour me with your Silence.---* *I'll in, and adorn my self like a Drunkard: Then I'll ascend th' House, and from thence do his Bus'ness for him.* *Exit Mercury.*

SCENE II.

*Enter Amphitryon at the further End of the Stage, out of Breath.*

*I cou'dn't meet wi' Naucrates at his Vessel for my Life, nor at home neither, or so much as a Soul i' the City who had seen him. I've been hunting for him through every Alley, among th' Armorers and Perfumers, at the Change, the Shambles, the Race-Ground, the Markets, th' Apothecaries and Barbers Shops, and at all the Temples in Town. I'm wearied off my Legs, and no Naucrates to be found high nor low:—I'll e'en go home, and make a further Enquiry o' my Wife, to find out this Person that dishonour'd my Bed i' my Absence. 'Tis more than Death to me to let the Bus'ness thus hang in suspense. — [He goes to his door, and tries to open it.] They've secur'd the Doors, very fine! This is like the rest o' their Tricks; but I'll make 'em hear me. — [He knocks.] Open the Door! Soho, within there! — [Knocks louder.] No body t' open the door?*

SCENE

## SCENE III.

*Mercury appears above, crown'd with a Garland, and pretending to be drunk.*

*Mer.* Who's at the Door?

*Amp.* 'Tis I.

*Mer.* I, what I?

*Amp.* I, I tell ye.

*Mer.* Sure the Devil and his Dam has possess'd ye, for bounding at our Doors.

*Amp.* How?

*Mer.* So, as to make y<sup>e</sup> a poor Rogue as long as you've a day to live.

*Amp.* Socia!

*Mer.* That's my Name indeed; except you think I've lost my Memory. — What's your Business?

*Amp.* Rascal, ha' ye th' Impudence t<sup>e</sup> enquire after my Business?

*Mer.* Yes marry have I. — Why, you Blockhead, you've almost thrown the Door off the Hinges. Dye think our Doors are made at the publick Charge? — What makes ye stare so, Bufflehead? What's your Business, I say? And who are ye?

*Amp.* Varlet, how dare y<sup>e</sup> ask such a Question? Thou curld branded Rogue! As I'm a living Soul, I'll drub ye to some tune for all your Sauciness.

*Mer.* Certainly you must ha' been a prodigal Dog in your time.

*Amp.* Why so, Sirrah?

*Mer.* Because i<sup>n</sup> your old Days you're forc'd to come begging to me for a Beating.

*Amp.* Thy Back Slave, shall soundly pay for all this.

*Mer.* Then I shall sacrifice —

*Amp.* What?

*Mer.* Something to your Worthips Pate.

*Amp.*



*Amp.* \* You, Jail-bird? — If I live and do well, I'll hang y' up by the heels, wi' your Skin stripp'd o'er your Ears, and make a Sacrifice o' you. — Out o' your Castle, you cursed Rascal.

*Mer.* Poor Phantom, dost think to fright me wi' big Words? — But if you don't take ye to your Heels quickly, or offer to knock, or touch the Door with a finger, I'll hit ye such a dounce o' the Chaps wi' this Tile, as shall dash out your Teeth and Tongue together.

[*Holding up a Tile.*]

*Amp.* Damn'd Villain, Will ye shut m' out o' m' own House? and keep me from knocking at m' own Door? I'll make the Doors fly presently. [*He bounces at the Door.*]

*Mer.* D'ye persist, Sirrah?

*Amp.* Yes, Rogue,

*Mer.* Have at your Corps then. { *He throws down a Tile upon him.*

*Amp.* Cursed Slave, throw upo' your Lord and Master? If I do once lay hands on ye, I'll make ye a perpetual Example t' all Rogues.

*Mer.* Y' ought to get your Brains clear'd, y' old Fool!

*Amp.* Why, Sirrah?

*Mer.* For calling me your Servant.

*Amp.* What if I do?

*Mer.* Then you'd better be hang'd; for I own no Master but *Amphitryon*.

*Amp.* *aside, looking upon himself.*] Sure I ha'n't lost my Shape? I'm startl'd at *Socia's* denying me. But I'll try him further. — [*To him.*] Hark ye, tell me, whom do I seem? Is't not plain that I'm *Amphitryon*?

*Mer.* *Amphitryon*? A Mad-man rather. Didn't I tell ye, Old Fool, that your Brains shou'd be clear'd, when y' ask'd others who y' are. — Begone, I advise ye, and make no Disturbance here, for my Lord *Amphitryon's* just come home from the Campaign, and retir'd with his Lady to Bed.

*Amp.* What Lady?

*Mer.* *Almena.*

E

*Amp.*

*Amp.* But what Man is't?

*Mer.* How often must I tell ye? — My Lord *Amphitryon*. Trouble us no further.

*Amp.* Who do's he lye with?

*Mer.* Have a care your fooling wi' me don't bring an old House upo' your Head.

*Amp.* Nay, good *Socia*, tell me that.

*Mer.* Now you're a Peg-lower. — With *Alcmene* then.

*Amp.* Lye with her?

*Mer.* Ay, I think so; and upon her too.

*Amp.* I'm a lost Man.

*Mer.* What he calls Loss, is clear Gains. For, to let out ones Wife, is as good as farming out a barren piece o' Ground to good Husbandmen. [*Aside.*]

*Amp.* *Socia*!

*Mer.* What a plague mean ye by *Socia*?

*Amp.* Don't ye know me, Slave?

*Mer.* Yes, for an impertinent quarrelsome Coxcomb.

*Amp.* Still i' that vein? — Am not I thy Master *Amphitryon*?

*Mer.* Some *Tam a Bedlam* I think, not *Amphitryon*. How often must I tell ye so? Wou'd ye hear't once more? My Master *Amphitryon's* now at Bed with *Alcmene*. — Stay here any longer, I'll send him out with a Devil tye.

*Amp.* That I'd fain see. — Pray Heaven my publick Services ben't rewarded wi' loss o' Country, House, Wife, Family, and Shape too. [*Aside.*]

*Mer.* I'll send him tye; but i' the mean time retire a while. For I believe the Sacrifice is ready, and they'll to Dinner presently. But if you chance to be impertinent, you'll go nigh to be sacrificed your self.

[*Mercury retires.*]

SCENE

# AMPHITRYON.

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## SCENE IV.

*Amphitryon alone, walking discontentedly about his Door.*

Heavens bleſs me ! What ſtrange Madneſs has ſei'd upon our Family ? What Prodigies have I ſeen ſince this laſt Journey ? Now I'm apt to credit the old Fable as true, that in *Arcadia*, th' *Attick* People were transform'd into ſavage Beaſts, ſo that their Parents and Friends cou'd never know 'em after. — [*He ſtands in amaze.*]

## SCENE V.

*Enter Blepharon and Socia at the further End of the Stage, talking together.*

*Ble.* — How's this, *Socia* ? 'Tis the ſtrangeſt Story I ever heard. Did ye meet with another *Socia* at the Door juſt o' your own Shape, ſay ye ?

*Soc.* Yes. — But hark ye, Sir ; ſince I've ſpawn'd another *Socia*, and my Lord another *Amphitryon*, who knows but you may another *Blepharon*. Wen'd to Heaven you were but as well convinc'd, at th' Expence of a ſwell'd Chaps, broken Teeth, and an empty Belly as I am. For t'other I *Socia*, that am yonder, (windg'd me, and made a poor Rogue o' me.

*Ble.* Prodigious, I ſwear ! — But let's mend our Pace tho', for yonder's his Lordſhip ſtaying for us ; and truly my Stomach begins to wamble.

*Amph. to himſelf.* ] — But why do I mention Foreign Prodigies ; ſince we're told ſtranger Stories of our City's Founder ? This mighty Prince, in queſt of *Europa*, ſlew the dreadful Monſter, from whoſe ſcatter'd Teeth ſprung Arm'd Troops, in order rang'd, where Brothers baited Brothers to Death. After all, *Epirus* ſaw the ſame great Perſon and his Wife, crawl about in Serpents

Shapes. All this was great *Jove's* Will, and the Decree of Fate. The best of our Family have had their noble Exploits rewarded with dire Misfortunes. 'Tis my Destiny, and I must sustain these Shocks o' Misery, and take off these unsufferable Potions. —

*Soc.* Mr. *Elepharon*!

[*Fearfully.*

*Bl.* What?

*Soc.* My Mind misgives me plaguely.

*Bl.* Why.

*Soc.* Look ye; yonder he walks before his Door, waiting like a Parasite to bid his Lordship Good morrow.

*Bl.* 'Tis only to catch himself a Stomach.

*Soc.* Very ingeniously contriv'd; So he has secur'd his Doors for fear it shou'd come too soon.

*Bl.* You're i' the jeering Vein.

*Soc.* Nor yet i' the snarling. — Observe a little, if you please. — He's talking to himself, if I knew what 'tis; and I believe he's hammering at some plaguy Business. — I'll listen to his Discourse. — Stand still a while.

*Amp. to himself.*] — O how I fear that the Gods shou'd bereave me o' th' Honour o' this Victory. I find my whole Family possess'd with strange Extravagancies. Then my Wifes Disloyalty and Infamy goes to the heart o' me. But the Cup quite startles me; for 'twas as well Seal'd as possible. — How can it be? My Wife relates all the Particulars o' the Battel, particularly that *Pterelas* was slain by m' own Hands. — Ho, ho, I've found out the Trick at last. This was all *Socia's* Roguery, who but just now had th' Impudence to shut m' out o' my own House; —

*Soc. overhearing.*] So, my Name's brought up, but with a plaguy harsh Sound. — Pray let's keep off a little while, till his whole Passion be discharg'd.

*Bl.* How you will for that.

*Amp. to himself.*] — But could I but lay hands o' that Rascal, I'd teach him to deceive, abuse, and hector his own Master.

[*Very angrily.*

*Soc.*

Soc. D'ye hear him, Sir?

Ble. Yes.

Soc. The Storm is just breaking upo' my Shoulders---  
We must go up to him; for you know th' old Saying---

Ble. I know nothing o' your Sayings; but I've a  
nigh guessing at your Sufferings.

Soc. 'Tis an old Proverb, *That an empty Belly and a  
slack Guest, makes one as mad as the Devil.*

Ble. Very true, we'll meet him immediately. ---  
My Lord Amphitryon!

Amp. 'Tis Blepharon's Voice. I wonder what's his  
Business wi' me. However, he comes very luckily to be  
a Witness o' my Wifes Baseness. ---

[ *Here they meet and joyn Discourse.* ]

How now, Blepharon; what ha' you to say to me?

Ble. Has your Honour forgot you sent Socia t' our  
Vessel this Morning t'invite me to Dinner?

Amp. I ne're so much as thought of't. --- But where's  
that Villain?

Ble. Who?

Amp. Socia.

Ble. There he is.

[ *Pointing to him.* ]

Amp. Where?

Ble. Just before ye. --- Don't ye see him?

Amp. Passion blinds me, and this Rascal has distra-  
cted me. --- I'll sacrifice ye, you Dog; you mustn't  
think t' escape. --- [ *Offers at Socia, Blepharon holds  
him.* ] Prithee let me come at him.

Ble. Hear a little, I beseech ye.

Amp. Speak, I do hear. --- [ *He breaks loose, and  
strikes Socia.* ] Take that, Sirrah.

Soc. Why this Usage, Sir? --- Ha'n't I been quick  
enough? --- If I had got Pacolet's Horse, I couldn't  
ha' came sooner.

Ble. Hold, good Sir; we came as great a Pace as we  
could.

Amp. A Hare's or Snails pace, 'tis all one; I'm re-  
solv'd



solvd to beat the Rascal as long as he can stand; —  
*Imprimis*, for the House-top; — *Item*, for the Tile; —  
*Item*, for flustering me out; — *Item*, for your mocking  
 me; — *Item*, for your sawcy Tongue; —

[*Bears him at each word.*

*Bl.* What has he done, Sir?

*Amp.* Done, quoth a? — He shut the Door upo' me, and shamefully abus'd me from the House-top.

*Soc.* I, Sir?

*Amp.* Yes you, who so insolently threatn'd me if I offer'd to touch the Door. — Dog, d'ye deny't too?

*Soc.* Why shou'd'n't I? Here's a sufficient Witness to justify't; the same you sent m' in all haste t' invite to Dinner.

*Amp.* Who sent ye, Impudence?

*Soc.* You, Sir.

*Amp.* When, I pray?

*Soc.* Just now, very lately, but a moment since; when you and your Lady were reconcil'd within.

*Amp.* The Fellow's bedevil'd sure.

*Soc.* I defie the Devil and all his Works. — You order'd me to clean all the Vessels, for you had a Sacrifice t' offer: and then you sent me for this Gentleman, to take a Dinner wi' ye.

*Amp.* Let me perish, if e'er I set step within Doors, or sent him any where. — Where did ye leave me last, Sirrah?

*Soc.* At home wi' your Lady, from whence I hasten'd to the Port, invited him as y' order'd me, and here we are. I ne're had one Glimpse o' ye since then.

*Amp.* Impudent Dog, wi' my Wife? — Now you mustn't think I escape my Hands: [He offers at him.

*Soc.* *avoiding him.*] Mr. Belphegor! —

*Bl.* Good my Lord, spare him for my sake, and hear me.

*Amp.* Well, speak your Pleasure.

*Bl.* He has been telling o' me wonderful strange Stories;



ries; and perhaps some Juggler or Sorcerer, has bewitch'd your Family. Y' had best make a strict Enquiry into the Business, and not use the poor Fellow like a Dog, before you know a jot o' the matter.

*Amp.* Come then, let's enter the House; I must have for a Witness i' my Wifes Case.

*They move towards the Door.*

SCENE VI.

*Enter Jupiter from Amphitryon's House.*

*Jup. appearing at the Door.]* Who's that made our Doors fly after such a vengenable rate? Who dares cause such a Riot before my House? If I catch him, I'll sacrifice his Soul to the Toldboan Ghosts. — [*He comes forward.*] Nothing goes well wi' me to day. I left *Blepharon* and *Socia*, to hunt up my Cozen *Nastratus*; him I can't find high nor low, and rather two I've quite lost. — O here they are. — I'll go to 'em to know how Matters stand.

*Soc.* O, Mr. *Blepharon*, that's my Master that comes from the House; 'tis this is the Sorcerer.

*Ble.* Bless me! what do I see? — This isn't *He*, but th' *Other*. And if this be *Amphitryon*, troth that can't, unless he be double.

*Jup.* Here's *Blepharon* and *Socia* together: I'll begin with them first. — [*They meet.*] Are ye come at last, *Socia*? I begin t' have a Stomach.

*Soc. to Blepharon.]* Didn't I tell ye this was the Sorcerer?

*Amp.* No, that's he, my *Theban* Neighbours, that has corrupted my Wife, and heap'd Dishonour upo' my Head.

*Soc. to Jupiter.]* My Lord, your Stomach may be empty, but I'm sure I'm come wi' my Belsy full o' Cuffs.

*Amp.* Still i' that Humour, Rascal.

*Soc. to Amphitryon.]* Get ye to the Devil, ye damn'd Sorcerer.

*Amp.* Call me Sorcerer, Slave?

[*Strikes him.*

*Jup.* How dare you ha' th' Insolence to beat my Servants?

*Amp.* Thine?

*Jup.* Yes mine.

*Amp.* You lye, Sir?

*Jup.* Go in, *Socia*, and hasten the Dinner; while I make an Example o' this Fellow.

*Soc.* I go, Sir. — [*To himself, going off.*] I fancy th' Interview between *This-Amphitryon* and *That-Amphitryon*, will be just as civil as that between *I-Socia* and *Me-Socia*. Well, the time they're squabbling abroad, I'll in and ransack the Kitchin, lick all the Platters clean, and suck my sweet Face with all the Liquor I can find.

*Exit Socia.*

## SCENE VII.

Jupiter, Amphitryon, and Blepharon.

*Jup.* Dare ye gi' me the Lye?

*Amp.* Yes that I dare, thou curled Corrupter o' my Family.

*Jup.* For that Affront, I'll throttle ye.

[*Takes him by the Collar.*

*Amp. striking at him.*] Oh, oh!

*Jup.* You shou'd ha' had more Forecast then.

*Amp. struggling.*] Help, good Blepharon.

*Ble.* They're so alike, I can't tell which side to take; but I'll part the Fray as well as I can. — Pray *One-Amphitryon*, don't murder *Two-Amphitryon*. — Good now let go.

*Jup.* Call ye him *Amphitryon*?

*Ble.* Why not? He was formerly single, now he's become double. Tho' indeed you're the *Man*, he's still the *Person*: therefore pray let go.

*Jup. letting go.*] Well then. — But in earnest d'ye take him for *Amphitryon*?

*Ble.* Faith both of ye.

*Amp.*

*Amp.* Heavens bleſs me ! Where got ye that Shape o' mine ? [*Aſide.*] But I'll pump him. — Are you *Amphitryon* ?

*Jup.* Are you he that deny't ?

*Amp.* I am ; ſince there's ne're another *Amphitryon* in all *Thebes*. —

*Jup.* But me, I grant ye ; and, *Blepbaron*, be you Judge.

*Ble.* I'll clear the Buſineſs by Tokens, if I can. —

Do you answer firſt then. [*To Amphitryon.*]

*Amp.* With all my heart.

*Ble.* What Orders did ye gi' me before the Battel wi' the *Tapians* ?

*Amp.* When the Veſſel was ready, not to part from the Stern a moment, —

*Jup.* — Becauſe if our Army were routed, I might ſecure m' own Retreat.

*Amp.* I order'd ye beſides, t' have an Eye to the great Bag o' money I left wi' ye.

*Jup.* How much ?

*Ble.* Hold a little, Sir ; that's a Queſtion for me to aſk. — Do you know the Sum ?

*Jup.* Yes, it amounted to fifty *Attick* Talents.

*Ble.* Right to a Farthing. — How many pieces of Gold were there ? [*To Amphitryon.*]

*Amp.* Two thouſand.

*Jup.* And twice as many Braſs.

*Ble.* You've both nick'd it. — Certainly one o' ye muſt ha' been enclos'd i' the Bag.

*Jup.* But obſerve Sir ; to clear all, this right hand ſlew *Pterelas* ; I receiv'd his Spoils ; his Drinking-Cup I had in a Caſket ; I gave't my Wife, and this day did I bath with her, ſacrifice with her, and lye with her.

*Amp.* That Word ſtabs me. I'm almoſt diſtracted : I ſleep and dream wi' my Eyes open, and periſh wi' my Health and Senſes about me. — Certainly I am that *Amphitryon*, *Gorgopbon's* Grand-child, General o' the *Thebans*, *Creon's* Friend, Conqueror of the *Teleboans*, o' th'

*Acar-*

*Acaruaniens*, and *Tapyrians*, and by my Courage slew their King. There I made *Cephalus* Governour, the great *Dalmeus's* Son; and ———

*Jup.* ——— There by my Valour, defeated those Ravagers, who had kill'd *Electryon*, and my Wife's Brothers; wasted *Achaia*, *Etolia*, and *Phocæ*; and scour'd the *Ionian*, *Egean*, and *Cresian* Seas from their Privateers.

*Amp.* Bless me! I can't believe my self, he has so hit upon every Punctilio. ——— What say you, *Blepharon*?

*Ble.* There's one Proof behind; if that be made out, ye must certainly be double.

*Jup.* O, you mean the Scar o' my right Arm, caus'd by the Wound *Piccola* ga' me.

*Ble.* The same.

*Amp.* Well thought on.

*Jup.* D'ye see? ——— look here. [*Uncovers his Arm.*]

*Ble.* Uncover both o' ye, that I may see. [*Amphitryon*—

*Jup.* We have; now look. [*on uncovers*—

*Ble.* Heavens, what do I see? Both mark'd i' the same Arm, i' the same Place, and exactly with the same Scar, a little reddish just like a late Wound. The Proofs are equal, the Determination unfix'd, and I can go no further. \* ——— You two must decide the Business between both, for my Affairs call me away. ——— Never did I see such a strange sight i' my born days.

*Amp.* Good *Blepharon*, don't leave me in distress, but be my Counsellor a while.

*Ble.* Adieu. ——— What signifies a Counsellor when he knows not which side to plead of?

*Jup.* I'll go in. *Alcmena* cries out.

*Exeunt* *Blepharon* and *Jupiter* severally.

## SCENE VIII.

*Amphitryon* alone.

Ruin'd for ever! Abandon'd by my Friends and and Counsellors. But by Heaven, this damn'd Impostor sha'n't

shan't abuse me unreveng'd, whoe'er he be. I'll immediately to the King, and acquaint him with the whole Business. As I hope to live, I'll severely punish this Hellish Sorcerer, who has play'd such villanous Tricks w<sup>th</sup> my whole Family. — [ *Looking round about him.* ] But where is he? — O my Soul, gone in; and I believe, to my Wife. — Did *Thebes* e'er produce a greater Wretch? — What Course can I take? All the World deny me, and make a Mock o' me as they please. 'Tis fix'd at last; I'll break in upon 'em, and the first living Creature I meet, whether Maid or Man, Wife or Stallion, nay Father or Grandfather, I'll murder upo' the Spot. Tho' mighty *Jove*, and all the Gods, shou'd interpose, I'd perfect my Design. Now I'll enter the House. —

*He goes to the Door; it thunders; he shakes, and falls into a Swoon.*

*The End of the Fourth Act.*

It Thunders and Lightens between the Acts.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

*Enter Bromia in a great Fright. Amphitryon in a Swoon upon the Stage.*

*Bro.* **A**LL my Hopes and Means o' Safety are fled; and I've nothing to support my drooping Spirits, since all Things, even Seas, Earth, and Heaven, seem to conspire to overwhelm and ruin me. — Mercy upo' me! What shall I do? I've seen so many  
Prodigies

Prodigies within. — O wretched! ready to swoon;  
 O for a little Water, my Heart chills and faints away,  
 my Head akes, my Ears and Eyes fail me, and I'm  
 the saddest shifteleſs Creature upon Earth; ſuch ſtrange  
 Things beſell my Lady. — For when ſhe was going of  
 her Labour, ſhe invoc'd the Gods. Lord, what Voices  
 and Noiſes, what Clashes and Flaſhes; how ſuddenly,  
 how frequently, how terribly it thunder'd! Every Soul  
 fell flat at the Greatneſs o' the Claps. At the ſame time  
 a mighty Voice was heard, crying, *Alcmena, Succour's  
 at hand, ſhake off all dread; the great King of Heaven's  
 come to you and your Family's Protection. Riſe all, who fell  
 at the terror o' my Voice.* At that I got up; and the Houſe  
 appeared ſo very bright, that methought 'twas all in  
 Flames. My Lady ſhe call'd me, which rais'd new  
 Fears, ſuſpecting her Safety. I went in all haſte to  
 know her Pleaſure; where I found her happily deli-  
 ver'd o' two Boys, and that without the leaſt Suſpicion  
 or Knowledge of any of us. — But what's here? What  
 old Gentleman's this who lies before our Door? Is he  
 Thunder-ſtruck by *Jupiter*? — Really, I believ' 'tis  
 ſo. — Bleſs me, he ſeems dead! — I'll go find who  
 'tis. — O, 'tis my Lord *Amphitryon*. — [*She ſtirs  
 him.*] My Lord!

## SCENE II.

*Amphitryon comes out of his Swoon.*

*Amp. ſtirring a little.* ] Alas!

*Bro.* Riſe, Sir.

*Amp.* Ruin'd!

*Bro.* Gi' me your hand, my Lord. [*She takes hold of him.*

*Amp. looking up.* ] Who's that?

*Bro.* Your Maid *Bromia*.

*Amp. riſing up.* ] I tremble all over; *Jove* has ſo ſtunn'd  
 me. — I'm juſt as tho I had been at Hell. — Why  
 came y' out?

*Bro.*



*Bro.* We, poor Souls, were in as great a Fright as you, we saw so many Prodigies within Doors. — Alas, my Lord, I ha'n't yet recover'd my Senses.

*Amp.* Come, let's talk w<sup>th</sup> ye. — Do you indeed know me for your Master *Amphitryon*?

*Bro.* Yes, Sir.

*Amp.* See that you be certain of't.

*Bro.* I am.

*Amp.* She's th' only unmad Person o' my Family.

*Bro.* Indeed, my Lord, we're none of us mad.

*Amp.* I'm sure my Wifes base Disloyalty has made me so.

*Bro.* I'll soon change your Opinion i' that point, my Lord; and in few Words shew ye most apparent Proofs and Tokens, of both your Lady's Goodness and Fidelity. — First, you must know, she's brought to bed o' two Boys.

*Amp.* How, o' two Boys?

[More concernedly.]

*Bro.* Yes, Sir.

*Amp.* Heavens be favourable! —

*Bro.* Let me speak, and I'll tell ye how tender the Gods ha' been o' your Lady and the whole Family.

*Amp.* Speak then.

*Bro.* When my Lady began to go o' her Labour, and perceiv'd th' Approach o' th' usual Pains; with her Hands wash'd, and Head cover'd, she implor'd th' Assistance o' the Gods. Immediately it thunder'd so dreadfully, we first thought the whole House wou'd ha' fallen. Then every thing shin'd so gloriously, as if they were made o' Gold.

*Amp.* Pray ease me a little, now you've deceiv'd me enough. — What follow'd?

*Bro.* I the mean time, your Lady was deliver'd, and truly without any Pains, for not a Groan, or the least Complaint, was heard to come from her.

*Amp.* I'm glad o' that, whate'er she has deserv'd at my Hands.

*Bro.*

*Bro.* Those things apart, and hear the rest. — After her Delivery, she gave us both the Children to wash. We took 'em, and the Boy that fell to my share, was so big, and withal so vastly strong, that we couldn't bind him in his Blankets.

*Amp.* These are Wonders indeed; if all be true, I do not question my Wives particular Assistance from above.

*Bro.* You'll say there are greater behind. — After he was laid in his Cradle, two hugeous great Serpents came rolling down the Water-Spout into the Chamber, both rearing up their Heads —

*Amp.* Lack a day!

*Bro.* You needn't fear any thing. — The Serpents casting their Eyes about, and spying the Children, immediately made for the Cradles. Upon this, I drew 'em up and down, backwards and forwards, terribly afraid o' the Children, and my self too, they pursu'd 'em so fiercely. When the Child, I told y<sup>e</sup> of, saw this, he immediately started out of his Cradle, fell furiously upon 'em, and suddenly grasping each Serpent in his Hand, —

*Amp.* 'Tis wonderful strange. — This is such a dreadful Business, as sets me a shaking all over. — But what's next? Proceed.

*Bro.* — He destroy'd both the Serpents at once. In the mean time, my Lady was call'd with a loud Voice by —

*Amp.* Whom?

*Bro.* — *Jove*, the great King of Heaven and Earth, who openly declar'd he had layn wi' my Lady i' your Absence, and how that very Child who slew the Serpents was his; th' other, yours.

*Amp.* In good troth, I like this well enough, to be sharer wi' *Jove* himself in his good Fortunes. — Go in, and get all the Vessels ready for a Sacrifice quickly, that I may thank him for his Favours with a great many Victims.

*Exit Bromia.*

SCENE

## SCENE III.

*Amphitryon alone.*

I'll immediately to the Divine *Jupiter*, consult him in what's fittest to be done; and tell him the whole Business from the Beginning to the Ending. — [*He is going off, and it thunders again.*] But what's the meaning o' this tho? — How dreadfully it thunders! — Heavens bless me!

## SCENE IV.

*Jupiter descends in a Machine, in his own proper Shape.*

*Jup.* Courage, Prince *Amphitryon*; I'm come at last to calm all yours and your Families Troubles. Shake off all Fears. Enquire nothing o' Divines and Prophets, for I, great *Jove*, can better tell of past and future Things than they. — First, I enjoy'd *Alcmena*, by which she prov'd wi' Child; you had left her wi' Child too, when you went into the Campaign; of which two, she is brought to bed at once. That one that sprung from me, by his renown'd Acts shall gain immortal Honour. As for *Alcmena*, receive her to your former Favour. She has n't deserv'd the least Reproach you gave her; for she cou'dn't resist my Power. — Now I'll return to Heaven.

*Jupiter ascends.*

SCENE

## SCENE V.

*Amphitryon alone.*

I'll obey your great Commands, and humbly beg  
the Performance o' your Promises. — I'll now to my  
Wife, and let old *Tiresias* alone. —

[*He turns to the Spectators.*]

Gallants, for Honour's Sake, and Great *Jove's* Cause,  
We hope you'll crown us with one loud Applause.

*Exit Amphitryon.*

*The End of Amphitryon.*

REMARKS

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# REMARKS

## UPON

### AMPHITRYON.

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**T**HE *Subject* of this Play is the most *single* that can possibly be, it being only the Birth of *Hercules*, and likewise the most noble of all the Comedies of the Ancients; not only for the bringing forth of such a Hero, but also for its Attendance by no less than two Gods, and with Thunders and Lightnings. This *Subject*, tho' great, is naturally very barren, especially if compared with many others; but this makes the Poet's Art appear still greater, in finding *Incidents* sufficient for a whole Play, when he had so little matter to work upon; and in the natural Management of *those*, he is admirable.

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### The PROLOGUE.

**T**HE *Prologue* is spoken by *Mercury*, not only because he was the most proper Person to say and relate such Things as the Poet had most occasion for; but likewise, because it wou'd not have been so *probable* for another Person to have been abroad at that time of Night.

66 *Remarks upon Amphitryon.*

Pag. 3. lin. 17. &c. *By Jove's Orders I came, Mercury's my Title, sent hisber by my Father to beg your Attention.*] Mercury, being in Disguise, and not in a Machine, as soon as he cou'd take breath after his long-winded Sentence, he tells the Spectators who he is. For tho, from that Sentence, they might pretty well guess at him, (more perhaps from his Offices than his Oratory) yet the Poet takes care to make every thing perfectly clear, and intelligible, to the Spectators; that, above all things, they might never be at a Loss as to the Plot.

Pag 5. l. 3. *And I'll make it a Hodge-podge, a Tragi-Comedy.*] *Faciam ut commixta sit Tragico-comædia.* This is the only Play among the Ancients, that was call'd *Tragi Comedy*; and this but in jest neither. But *Plautus* meant no such thing as we do by our Word *Tragi-Comedy*, as appears by the four following Verses: For always among the Ancients, the Representation of Kings and Great Mens Actions, made a *Tragedy*, and those of Common Persons, *Comedy*, whether the *Catastrophe's* were prosperous or not, in either. If I had translated it, a *Tragical-Comedy*, perhaps it might have been nigher the Author's Design, and as agreeable to the Comical Humour of him who spoke it.

*Ibid.* l. 8. &c. *T' order the Guards t' inspect Pit, Box, and Gallery, and if they find any suborn'd to clap an Actor, to take his Cloak for a Pawn.*] *Ut conquisitores singuli in subsellia eant per totam caveam, spectatoribus, si cui fautores delegatos viderint, uti eis in caveâ pignus capiuntur togæ.* The Romans were so great Encouragers of Plays, that they constantly order'd a Reward for him who play'd his Part best, which was paid him by the *Edils*, who were sworn to do Justice; and this often caus'd great Contests and Parties among 'em. I translated, *Conquisitores*, Guards; *Subsellia*, and *totam caveam*, Pit, Box, and Gallery; and *Togæ*, Cloak, because they are the same in effect. I always take the like Liberty in such Cases, and that without any Design of changing the Scene to London. *Ibid.*



## Remarks upon Amphitryon. 67.

Ibid. l. penult. &c. *A year ago, when the Players invoked him in a pitiful Farce, he came to their Assistance.* ] *Etiam histriones annò ckm in proscenio hic Jovem invocârunt, venit : auxilio eis fuit.* Some read it, *Nannio ckm in proscenio*, supposing it an Allusion to a Play call'd *Nannium proscenium*, from a famous Courtizan of that name: But this is very doubtful; and tho', questionless, it is a sharp Reflection upon some Play in those times; yet, on what, is uncertain. What Liberty is taken in the Translation, is only to make the *Satyr* of it more intelligible.

Pag. 6. l. 5. *First, this City is call'd Thebes; &c.* ] Here begins a Narration of all that was done before the opening of the Stage. This was *Plautus's* way in the rest of his *Prologues*, a thing which *Terence* never did; and truly *Plautus* is not to be commended for this; for it may seem to argue a want of Dexterity in doing of it by the *Actors* Mouths. But since the *Prologue* is no part of the Play, all being intire and compleat without it; and if these *Narrations* foretel nothing, like those of *Euripides*, their principal Fault then is, their being wholly *Impertinent*.

Pag. 7. l. 15. &c. *Now, to distinguish us easily, I ha' little Wings upo' my Hat, and my Father a golden Tuft upon his.* ] This is a second Instance of *Plautus's* Care of preventing all manner of Obscurity, or Confusion, in the Spectators; and tho' it is here done with no great Address, (since 'tis all in a *Prologue*) yet it may serve for a hint of the great Exactness of the Ancients in this Point; whereas the Moderns fail in nothing more than this; and by that means often miss of Success in their greatest Beauties.

## ACT I.

## Scene the First.

Pag. 8. l. 8, &c. Out o' which damn'd Kitchen, to morrow must I be dish'd up for the Whipping-Post. ] *Inde cras è promtuaria cellâ depromar ad flagrum.* The Joak of this cannot easily be preserv'd in our Language; which chiefly consists in the double Signification of the Word *Depromo*, which is either to *Draw*, or to *Take*, or else a proper Term in Cookery, such as, to *Dish*, to *Serve up*, or the like.

Pag. 10. l. 7, &c. Madam, at our first happy Arrival at th' Enemies Country, &c. ] Here begins an admirable Narration of a Battel; excellent, first, for the perfect Compleatness of the Description in so few Words, with an Air of Grandure, which makes it more diverting in a Servants mouth; but more especially, for the extraordinary Address of the Poet by finding such an ingenious Pretext for letting the Spectators know a thing so very necessary for their understanding the Plot, and that by the mouth of a single Person; so, both seriously informing, and comically delighting 'em the same time. If any object, that the Language is too good for a Servant; it may be reply'd, that *Socia* says not a word but what he heard from others, and what he says now, is only to have his Speech perfect.

Pag. 12. l. 21, &c. Except that night I had the Strapado; and rid the Wooden Horse till Morning. ] *Nisi itam unam, verberatus quam pependi perpetem.* Slaves, when they were beaten, were often hung up by the Legs or Hands, and kept in that Posture for a considerable while. For the Liberty I have taken, see the latter part of the fourth Remark upon the Prologue.

Pag. 13. l. 6. This may be some Rogue to steal my Cloak off my Back. ] *Illic hoc homo denuo vult pallium derexere.*  
The

The Word *Detexere*, is a Weavers Term, signifying to Put on to the Loom, and the like. Now *Socia* seeing *Mercury* in a remarkable Posture, with his hands lifted up, he pleasantly intimates as tho' he had stood ready to take his Cloak, and new weave it for him; but this is not easily preserv'd in our Tongue. I believe it wou'd have done better, and nigher to the Author's Design, if I had translated it, *I'm afraid this Fellow has some great Business with my Cloak.*

*Ibid.* l. 24. *Dissociate me to Quintus.* ] *Quintus siam e Sosti.* The Jest of this, in the Original, is much greater than in the Translation: For it was usual among the Romans, to call their Sons by the Names of *Primus, Secundus, Tertius, Quartus, Quintus, Sextus, &c.* according to their Births; as likewise their Daughters by the Names of *Prima, Secunda, Tertia, Quarta, &c.*

*Pag.* 14. l. 21. *Far enough lately.* ] *Verum longè hinc absuit.* As *Madam Dacier* observes, it is *Socia* that says this, and not *Mercury*, as it is in all the common Books.

*Pag.* 15. l. 19, &c. *Whither away, Sirrab? you that carry Fire i' your Lantborn.* ] *Quò ambulas, tu, qui Vulcanum in cornu conclusum geris?* I do not see how the Comicalness of this Passage can be preserv'd in our Tongue.

*Ibid.* l. 27, &c. *Sirrab, you'll be kick'd.* *Soc.* You lye, *Sir, for once.* ] *Verbero.* *So. Mentiris nunc jam.* The Jest here is wholly lost in the Translation, which consists in the double meaning of the Word *Verbero*; which is either a Noun, signifying, *A Slave that deserves to be beaten*; or a Verb, signifying, *I beat you.* Now *Mercury* us'd it in the former Sense, and *Socia* took it in the latter; and tho' it be but an ordinary Jest, it was agreeable enough to *Socia's* Character.

*Pag.* 16. l. 1, &c. *Sirrab, I shall stop that damn'd foul Mouth o' yours.* *Soc.* 'Tis past your skill, *Sir.* 'Tis kept as well and as clean as any *Mans.* ] *Ego tibi istam bodie sceleratam comprimam linguam.* *So. Haud potes: bene pudicæque asservatur.* This is exactly of the same Stamp with the last; playing upon the double meaning of the Word

70      *Remarks upon Amphitryon.*

*Comprimo*, which signifies, to *Stop*, *Stay*, or *Repress*; as likewise, to *lie with a Woman*. It was us'd in the former Sense by the first, and taken in the latter by the last; and has nothing of that ill meaning which the Commentators and others imagine, they being most certainly in the wrong. I have more successfully translated, or rather imitated, this than the last, by making the Opposites, *Foul* and *Clean*, as he had done *Comprimo* and *Pudicè*; especially since, *I'll stop your foul Mouth*, is as common a Phrase among us, as *Comprimum linguam* was among the *Romans*.

Ibid. l. 19. *I shall exalt your Worship to the Honour.* ] *Faciam ego bodie te superbum*. Some think that the Word *Superbum*, here signifies *Death*, and *Auferere*, immediately after, *being carry'd in a Coffin*, or the like; and others think *Superbum*, a great *Swelling*, by the Blows he would give him. But the way that I have done it, seems to me to be much the more natural Sense, and to have the most Wit in it.

Pag. 17. l. 4, &c. *You came wi' your Feet, not wi' your Cloaths.* ] *Certe pedibus, non tunicis venis*. This, in its self, is one of the meanest Jests in the Play; but considering that *Mercury* had to deal with a mean, cavilling, quibbling Fellow, who wrested all his Words to a wrong Meaning, (particularly his *Verbero* and *Comprimo*) and one whom he was to banter all the ways he cou'd, it seems proper enough in this place.

Pag. 21. l. 8, &c. *He has erected my Statue i' my Lifetime; I'll be sworn no body will honour me so much after I'm dead and gone.* ] *Vivo sit, quod nunquam quisquam mortuo faciet mihi*. This is Wit in all Languages.

*Scene the Second.*

This Scene is a Part of the *Prologue*; for which our Poet is not to be excus'd, not only for placing of it here, and so confounding the Spectators Attention by mingling their Concerns with the Actors, but likewise fore-

foretelling in it, the *Catastrophe*, which ought to have been carefully conceal'd from them. The first of these Faults, to wit, his mingling the Actors and Spectators Concerns, he is several times guilty of in other Plays, and when it is not by way of *Prologue* neither; but the latter, he is guilty of no where but in his *Prologue* to *Pænelus*, that I remember.

Pag. 22. l. 12. *My Father's so tender of Alcmena.* ] *Alcumena hujus honoris gratiâ, pater curavit.* As Madam Dacier observes, this *Tenderness* is in respect of her *Health* and *Body*, and not of her *Reputation*, as the Word *Honoris* seem to imply.

### Scene the Third.

Pag. 23. l. 1. *Take care o' the bringing up the Child.* ] *Verum quod erit natum, tollito.* It seems very odd to us, that *Jupiter* shou'd leave such an impertinent uselefs Command with *Alcmena*; but in those days nothing was more common, than the exposing of their Children, so that this Order was very proper at that time; and the Word *Tollito* alludes to that very Custom.

Ibid. l. 14. *If your Lady shou'd find out the Cheat,* ] *Illâ si istis rebus te sciat operam dare.* It is a great doubt among the Interpreters, whether this *Illâ* means *Jano* or *Alcmena*; therefore I have done it in as general Terms as my Author has.

### Scene the Fifth.

Pag. 25. l. 8. *This has been a longer night than ordinary.* ] Many Learned Men have mistaken this long Night for that of *Hercules's* Begetting, and so have thought this Play had continued nine or ten Months; whereas this, most evidently, is that immediately before his Birth; our Poet not going according to the common Fable, as they suppos'd he did.

## ACT II.

THE first *Interval* is fill'd up with *Socia's* returning to the *Port*, to tell his Master *Amphitryon* all the strange Things he had seen.

*Scene the First.*

It ought to be observ'd, that the whole time of this *Scene's* acting, *Amphitryon*, *Socia*, and the *Prisoners*, are moving towards the Front of the Stage, and *Amphitryon's* Door; which may well enough be, considering the Vastness of the *Roman Stage*, being 180 Foot in the Front. This *Scene* cannot be represented with nigh the Probability upon our small Stage.

Pag. 28. l. 23. *The Fellow's bewitch'd, and fallen into some ill hands.* ] *Huic homini nescio quid est mali malâ obje-ctum manus.* Our Phrase, *Ill Hands*, has the same meaning that *Malâ manu* has here, which signifies those of *Witches*, or *Sorcerers*; therefore *Socia's* Jest, immediately following, is as effectual in the Translation as in the Original. I added the Word *Bewitch'd*, to make it still more clear.

*Scene the Second.*

Pag. 31. l. 16, &c. *Why there's your Lady has din'd, by her Belly.* Amp. 'Po, Blockhead, I left her wi' Child when I went to the Campaign. ] I am apt to believe, that this Jest of *Socia's* would scarcely pass Muster upon our Theatre, tho' in a *Farce*; yet still it serves to keep up the Character, and carry on the Humour of a mean Slave, such as *Socia* was. But what is most remarkable, is, that this insipid Jest shou'd be a *Preparation* to the Main Incident, and there is but one more in the whole Comedy, except in the *Prologue*, which in reality is no part of a Play. If the Matter of a *Preparation* be ridiculous, it is oftentimes the Poet's Art and Cunning, tho' I know not whether I may say it so here.

Pag.



Pag. 33. l. 34. &c. Yes, Madam, there are Fruits too, of  
 Lying-in Women, and Fruits too, to strengthen their Hearts,  
 and keep 'em from Swooning. ] *Enimvero pregnantis oportet  
 & malum, & malum dari, ut quod obrodas sit, animo si  
 male esse occiperit.* The Wit (or whatever the Reader  
 please to call it) of this Passage, consists in Socia's play-  
 ing upon the ambiguous Word *Malum*, which *Alcmena*  
 had spoken just before; and this signifies either a *Mis-*  
*chief*, or an *Apple*; therefore nothing, that I know of,  
 in our Language, cou'd answer it so well as *Fruits*,  
 which may be taken in either good or bad Sense.

Scene the Fourth.

Pag. 38. l. 5. You complain'd o' Drowsiness. ] This is the  
 middle of a remarkable Narration, which is, by pieces,  
 scatter'd through this and the Second Scene. The Poet  
 ingeniously contrives here, to tell the Spectators of ma-  
 ny considerable Matters, and yet, all the time, seems to  
 have no manner of Design for any such thing, but a quite  
 different one. This sort of Address is always to be ad-  
 mired, and as much to be imitated.

Ibid. l. 21. A very pretty Business; if she has taken away  
 his Manhood, and made him a Lady. ] *Hæret hæc res: si-  
 quidem hæc jam mulier facta est ex viro.* This is right  
 Socia again, playing upon the Word *Vir*, which *Amphi-*  
*tryon* had just upbraided his Wife with, signifying both  
*Husband*, and *Man*. Here, by luck, the Word *Lord*  
 has preserv'd the Jest as well.

Ibid. l. 13. I ne're gave t'any Man but you, the least Li-  
 berty, &c. ] *Ut mi extra unum te mortali nemo corpus cor-  
 pore contigit.* If *Plautus* has made *Alcmena* speak here  
 according to her high Quality, as I doubt not but he  
 has; it plainly appears, that our way of expressing Things  
 in this nature, is more modest, clean, and genteel, than  
 theirs usually was.

## A C T III. •

THE second Interval is fill'd up with *Amphitryon's* going to search for *Naucrates*.

*Scene the First.*

This *Scene* is still but a part of the *Prologue*; and tho' it be a great Fault to confound the Spectators Concerns with the *Theatral-Action*, and such as cannot be vindicated; yet at the same time, it ought not to be forgotten, that the *Prologue* is never any part of the Play, as I observ'd before.

Pag. 41. l. 3. *My Lodgings are i' th' upper Garret.* ] In *superiore qui habito conaculo*. If this Passage be consider'd as spoken immediately to the Spectators, it is very comical; for whether he be look'd upon as real *Jupiter*, or as a poor Player and Slave, whose Lodgings were always in the Garret, it agrees exactly with him. But this is almost lost in our Tongue, even tho' a better Word than *Garret* were us'd.

*Scene the Second.*

Ibid. l. penult. &c. *The House is grown odious to me now, since my Lord accuses me o' Dishonesty, Shame, and Infamy.* ] The Poet had a very great Occasion for *Alcmena's* appearing at this time, both for the Reconciliation, and the notable Consequences thereof: But see what an ingenious Pretext he finds for her coming there at that time; as likewise he has, at the two other times she appears, when both the Hour and Place might have made it very improbable for a Woman of her Rank and Quality. Whenever this Rule is not observ'd in a Play, nothing seems more forc'd and unnatural, nothing more botch'd and bungl'd.

Pag. 43. l. 9, 10. *Let me beg, and intreat ye, to forgive, forget,*

forget, and be pacify'd.] *Oro, obsecro, da mihi hoc veniam, ignosce, irata ne sis.* This Place, among many others, may be an Instance of my binding my self so scrupulously to my Author's Words, even when they have just the same Signification, which often makes a Translation the worse, as, perhaps, in this place. But whenever such be made to run well, it does not only show the Translator's Skill, and the Copiousness of our Words or Expressions, but likewise is very useful to teach young Scholars both Languages at once.

*Ibid.* l. 13, 14. *Farewel, keep your own Things, and let me ha' mine.*] *Valens, tibi habeas res tuas, reddas meas.* This was the constant Form of Words us'd at a Divorce, and consequently the Beauty of it must be lost in our Language.

Pag. 44. l. 3, &c. *I must send for Blepharon, our Ships Pilot, t'invite him to Dinner. — But not a mouthful shall Socia get; and here'll be rare sport when I come to grapple with Amphitryon.*] Jupiter's sending for Blepharon, was an excellent Preparation of the Poet's, to cause all that Sport which happen'd in the Fourth Act, and to bring about the Catastrophe more dextrously; but still he took care to have a fair Pretence for so doing. His foretelling something of this sport, in another place, wou'd have been a Fault, but here it serves purely to raise the Audiences Expectations; and nothing makes a Play succeed better than doing of that well.

### Scene the Fifth.

Pag. 45. l. ult. *The mean time I'm sacrificing to my self.*] Here ends the Third Act, which is contrary to all the common Books, which make it end a Scene after. Here is a manifest Cessation of Action upon the Stage, when in the other there is none.

ACT

## ACT IV.

THE third Interval is fill'd up with *Amphitryon's* looking for *Naucrates*, *Socia's* for *Blepharon*, and with *Jupiter's* and *Alemena's* Sacrificing.

## Scene the First.

The greatest part of this *Scene*, makes the last Part of the *Prologue*, or at least, it is so much of that Nature as properly enough to be call'd by that Name, though it be not placed before the Play, as the Word *Prologue*, in the most strict Sense, implies.

Pag. 46. l. 7, 8cc. *Their vast haste, is only for a Vessel safely arriv'd, an old Fellow upo' the Fret, or so.* This, and a Line or two before, was design'd by *Plautus* for a Satyr upon some of the *Play-Wrights* of his time, whose chiefeft Beauties, it seems, consisted in a Slave's running in vast haste with some such News as before mention'd, and throwing down all he meets; so making the Spectators laugh by such means, when they cou'd not by better.

## Scene the Second.

In this little *Scene*, there is a great deal of Art of the Poet, by making *Amphitryon* so particularly tell the several places he had been at, to look for *Naucrates*; for if it had been otherwise, the Spectators might all have wonder'd that *Socia* did not meet him, since he was gone but a little before to the same place; and their Meeting wou'd have spoil'd the whole *Plot*. This is an excellent Instance of the exact *Probability* that the Ancients observ'd; and what is still remarkable, is, that tho' at another time it wou'd have been undecent, and unlikely for a Man of his Quality to look himself at so many places, yet now it was highly probable, since he was so extremely overcome with Rage and Jealousie.

Scene

## Scene the Third.

Pag. 48. l. 21. *Thou cursed branded Rogue.] Ulmorum acheruns.* That is to say, *One whose Back had consum'd as much Brush-Wood as Hell cou'd.* A Verbal Translation, in this place, wou'd have sounded wretchedly. Perhaps, *Thou Plague to the Whipping-Post,* might have done as well as any.

Ibid. l. antepenult. &c. *Then I shall sacrifice—* Amp. *What?* Mer. *Something to your Worship's Pate.] Sacrifico tibi.* Am. *Qui?* Me. *Quia enim te mactō infortunio.* The Jest of this Passage consists in *Mercury's* playing so comically upon the Word *Mactō*, which is a proper Term us'd in Sacrificing, and, in that place, the same with *Magis aucto*, and *Augeo*; and whereas it is usually join'd to *Honore*, and the like, he merrily joins it to *Infortunio*, as it is in *Terence's Phormio*. This cannot be preserv'd in our Tongue; yet this Translation does in a great measure answer the *Design*.

\* Pag. 49. l. 1. *You, Jail-bird?] Tun' me mactes, car-nufex?* All from this, to nigh the End of this Act, is generally suppos'd to have been done by another hand; but whether it be so or no, I shall not offer to determine. However, it is undoubtedly very ancient, and the Plot and Incidents as well carry'd on as *Plautus* himself cou'd have done; and I believe that those Persons who seem able to prove it not his by the difference in *Stile*, will be less able to do it by the difference in *Spirit* and *Genius*.

Ibid. l. 20. *You ought to get your Brains clear'd.] Bacchanal te exercuisse oportuit.* This is spoken in Reference to *Drunkennes*, or rather indeed *Madness*, which *Mercury* lays to *Amphitryon's* Charge; and therefore the Word *Bacchus*, about 18 Verses after, in that place, seems properly enough translated, *Tom-a-Bedlam*.

## Scene the Fifth.

It is pleasant to observe how naturally the Comical Incidents in this Scene, spring from their Preparations in the second and third Scenes of the third Act.

Pag. 51. l. 19. *But why do I mention Foreign Prodigies, &c.*] All this Monologue is of a right Tragical Strain; the Passion truly just and natural; and the Thought as ingenious and moral. It seems to be writ exactly with the same Spirit as that Monologue in the beginning of the Second Scene of the Second Act.

## Scene the Sixth.

Pag. 55. l. 11, &c. *Nothing goes well w<sup>th</sup> me to day. I left Blepharon and Socia, to hunt up my Coxen Naucratus; him I can't find high nor low, and t<sup>h</sup> other two I've quite lost.*] Many have mistaken the Design of this Place, and have thought it was spoken by Amphitryon, or that something had been left out; whereas Jupiter speaks this only to puzzle and confound Amphitryon, Blepharon, and Socia, and so carry on his Design the better.

## Scene the Seventh.

Pag. 56. l. 17. *For that Affront, I'll throttle ye.*] It may seem very indecent for Jupiter and Amphitryon to scuffle at this rate, and not rather to have drawn their Swords; but this agrees exactly with that Character which Mercury in the Prologue gives of this Play, when he calls it *Tragi Comedy*. Besides, drawing of Swords might have prov'd too Tragical.

Pag. 57. l. 15. *Because if our Army were routed, I might secure m<sup>y</sup> own Retreat.*] The Application of this Passage is very Satyrical, considering this Play was acted before the Romans, whose Generals were never us'd to practise such ways. The Sharpness of the Reflection is considerably lost upon our Stages.

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Remarks upon Amphitryon. 79

Pag. 58. l. 22. *And I can go no further \*.*] *Quid agam nescio.* Here ends all that which goes by the Name of *Suppositions.*

ACT V.

THE fourth *Interval* is fill'd by *Amphitryon's* being in a Swoon upon the Stage, and *Alcmena's* Labour. This *Interval* is very peculiar; and I don't know another Instance of this nature among the Ancients, but in the *Hecuba* of *Euripides*: So that an *Act* is finish'd whenever the Stage is without *Action*, whether there be an *Actor* there or no.

Scene the First.

Pag. 59. l. ult. *Mercy upo' me! What shall I do? I've seen so many Prodigies within.*] The Poet had a particular Occasion for *Bromia's* appearing at this time; therefore he has found a very fair Pretext for bringing of her there, to wit, the great Fright she was in within Doors, which Reason she more particularly alledges in the next Scene.

Pag. 60. l. 6, &c. *What Voices and Noises, what Clashes and Flashes? How suddenly, how frequently, how terribly it thunder'd!*] *Strepitus, crepitus, sonitus, tonitrus; ut subitò, ut propere, ut valide sonuit?* It seems, among the Ancients, when'er *Jupiter* appear'd like a God, it was always with Thunder and Lightning. Since this is a sort of a rumbling Passage in the Original, I have also made it so in my Translation.

*Ibid.* l. 24. *My Lord!*] Here ends the first Scene. Now if any shou'd blame me for making a Distinction of Scenes when the same Persons are still upon the Stage; I reply, That the very same Thing that made the Distinction of *Acts*, as *Amphitryon's* Condition did, must undoubtedly make the Distinction of Scenes.

Scene

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### ACT V.

**T**HE fourth *Interval* is fill'd by *Amphitryon's* being in a Swoon upon the Stage, and *Alcmena's* Labour. This *Interval* is very peculiar; and I don't know another Instance of this nature among the *Ancients*, but in the *Hecuba* of *Euripides*: So that an *Act* is finish'd whenever the Stage is without *Action*, whether there be an *Actor* there or no.

#### Scene the First.

Pag. 59. l. ult. *Mercy upo' me! What shall I do? I've seen so many Prodigies within.*] The Poet had a particular Occasion for *Bromia's* appearing at this time; therefore he has found a very fair Pretext for bringing of her there, to wit, *the great Fright she was in within Doors*, which Reason she more particularly alledges in the next Scene.

Pag. 60. l. 6, &c. *What Voices and Noises, what Clashes and Flashes? How suddenly, how frequently, how terribly it thunder'd!*] *Strepitus, crepitus, sonitus, tonitrus; ut subit, ut prope, ut valide tonuit?* It seems, among the *Ancients*, whenever *Jupiter* appear'd like a God, it was always with Thunder and Lightning. Since this is a sort of a rumbling Passage in the Original, I have also made it so in my Translation.

*Ibid.* l. 24. *My Lord!*] Here ends the first Scene. Now if any shou'd blame me for making a Distinction of *Scenes* when the same Persons are still upon the Stage; I reply, That the very same Thing that made the Distinction of *Acts*, as *Amphitryon's* Condition did, must undoubtedly make the Distinction of *Scenes*.

Scene

## 80 *Remarks upon Amphitryon.*

### *Scene the Second.*

Pag. 61. l. 16. *First, you must know, she's brought to bed o' two Boys.*] This is the Beginning of a pleasant and lively *Narration*, which is attended with all its due Circumstances; to wit; the Place as well as the Party proper for the Relation; the Person necessary to hear it; and, above all, the *Design* of relating it, which was, *The Vindication of Alcmena's Honour*. All these Circumstances are not only to make it *probable*, but also to keep the Spectators from supposing it made for their *Information*; which, tho' it is the principal *Design* of all *Narrations*, yet nothing ought more industriously to be conceal'd from them, than such a *Design*.

### *Scene the Fourth.*

*Jupiter's descending here, agrees exactly with Horace's Rule, Nec Deus interfit, nisi dignus vindice nodus insederit.* For a God cou'd never come upon a better *Design*, or in a better Time, to satisfy either *Amphitryon*, or the Spectators.

### *Scene the Fifth.*

Pag. 64. l. 4. *And great Jove's Cause.*] *Jovis summi causa.* The Romans believ'd that this Play made much for the Honour of *Jupiter*; therefore, afterwards, it was commonly Acted in Times of publick Troubles and Calamities, to appease his Anger.

*The End of the Remarks upon Amphitryon.*

DISCIPLINA

LIBER

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# EPIDICUS

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G

Drac

# Dramatis Personæ.

## M E N.

Periphanes, *an old Rich Gentleman of Athens, and Father to Stratippocles.*

Apecides, *Another old Gentleman, his Neighbour.*

Stratippocles, *A Young Gentleman, Son to Periphanes, and belonging to the Army.*

Cheribulus, *Another Young Gentleman, his Friend and Companion.*

Epidicus, *The cunning Servant to Periphanes, and Stratippocles.*

Thesprion, *Armour-Bearer to Stratippocles.*

A Captain, *Of Rhodes, a Braggadocio.*

A Banker, *Of Thebes, of whom Stratippocles had taken*  
*so many.*

## W O M E N.

Philippa, *A Woman of Epidaurus, kept by Periphanes in her young Days.*

Thelestis, *Belov'd by Statippocles, who buys her at the Camp.*

~~Heropolitis~~, *A Musick-Girl, belov'd by Stratippocles, and by him set free in his Absence.*

A Musick-Woman, *that passes for Stratippocles's Mistress.*

## M U T E S.

*Servants, Attendants, &c.*

SCENE, *Athens, in the Street. On one Side of the Stage, stands Periphanes's and Apecides's Houses; on the other, Cheribulus's House.*

TIME, *About Five or Six Hours, beginning at Six or Seven a Clock in the Morning.*



## A C T I.

## S C E N E I.

Enter Thesprius, *wrapt up in his Cloak, in great haste* ;  
and immediately after, Epidicus, *who catches hold of*  
*him.*

Epi. Stay, young Man.

Thef. Who's that pulls me by the Cloak, when  
I'm in such haste.

Epi. A Friend.

Thef. So it seems. But you're a plaguy impertinent  
one.

Epi. Open your Eyes, Thesprius.

Thef. *turning about* Bless me ! Epidicus, is't you ?

Epi. You may trust your Eyes for once.

Thef. O, good morrow t'ye.

Epi. And a good Day to you. Well-come home  
with all my Heart.

Thef. Well, and what next ?

Epi. Why next, Boy, I'll present ye with a Treat,  
according to th'usual Custom.

Thef. Upon Honour then——

Epi. What ?

Thef.——I'll accept of't, if you do.

Epi. Well but how d'ye ? How fares your Corps ?

Thef. My Face is a Sample o' that.

Epi. Now I have ye, rare Rogue ! thou'rt got to be  
fatter, and in better plight than ever.

*Thes.* Ay, Thanks to this thriving Hand— *{holding up*

*Epi.*—Which ought t'ha' been cut off long *{his Hand.*  
since.

*Thes.* Pshaw, I'm grown more honest than formerly.

*Epi.* How so?

*Thes.* Because I steal more openly.

*Epi.* A duce on ye, for setting such plaguy large  
Strides. As soon as I laid Eye on ye at the Port, I ran  
like a Race-Horse, but cou'd n't come up wi'ye for my  
Guts, till now.

*Thes.* Po, you're a puny Town-Chitterlin.

*Epi.* You're a hectoring Camp-Bully, I know.

*Thes.* 'Tis a little scurrilous, but speak your Plea-  
sure.

*Epi.* Ha've been well e're since you went, what say  
ye?

*Thes.* Off and on—

*Epi.*—The Wooden Horse, you mean. O, I  
hate that damn'd Variety most mortally.

*Thes.* Why, I told ye nothing but Truth.

*Epi.* Come, answer me me sincerely.—What's be-  
come of our Master's Son? How does he do?

*Thes.* Lusty, and strong as *Hercules*.

*Epi.* Now you've told me the joyfullest News i'the  
World: But where is he?

*Thes.* He came along wi' me.

*Epi.* How so? unless you brought him home i' your  
Knap-sack, or else in your Pocket.

*Thes.* O hang ye.

*Epi.* Or you:—I must examine you; hear me, and  
you shall be heard i' your turn.

*Thes.* The very Words of a Judge, in truth.

*Epi.* It becomes my Gravity.

*Thes.* You don't pretend to be *Lord Chief Justice*,  
d'ye?

*Epi.* Why, d'ye know a more honourable Person in  
Town than I?

*Thes.*

*Thes.* But, Old Boy, you want one Accountment to your Office.

*Epi.* Prethee what's that?

*Thes.* Your Beadles, with their Staffs for your Honour's Pate.

*Epi.* You're a damn'd Rogue. — But what's your Answer?

*Thes.* To what Question, pray?

*Epi.* What's become o' my Master *Stratippocles*'s Arms?

*Thes.* Faith, faln into th' Enemy's Hands.

*Epi.* His Arms?

*Thes.* They went away with a Whip.

*Epi.* Don't ye banter now?

*Thes.* Troth, I'm in earnest, They have 'em in possession.

*Epi.* Mary, 'twas a plaguy Business.

*Thes.* Po, *Achilles*, and others ha'done the same before him. I'll warrant ye 'twill redound to his Honour.

*Epi.* As how, I beseech ye?

*Thes.* For following such noble Examples.

*Epi.* Troth, I believe *Vulcan* made his Arms for him; they were so plaguy quick in going over to th' Enemy. If our Son o' *Thetis* has lost his, the kind *Nereids* will bring him more. But then he must be sure to supply th' Armorers wi' Stuff and Materials, if e'r he hopes to be plynder'd every Campaign.

*Thes.* Come, adone wi' this Discourse.

*Epi.* That's as your Worship pleases.

*Thes.* Leave impertinant Questions.

*Epi.* But tell me, where's my Master *Stratippocles*?

*Thes.* There's a certain reason why he daren't come wi' me.

*Epi.* Prethee what is't?

*Thes.* He has no desire to be seen of his Father.

*Epi.* Why so?

*Thes.* I'll tell ye. — He has brought out o' the Plunder,

a young Captive Lass, fair and sprightly, who seems of a good Family.

*Epi.* What's this I hear?

*Thef.* The same that comes from my Mouth,

*Epi.* What did he buy her for?

*Thef.* Because he had a mind to her.

*Epi.* And how many Minds has this Creature got? I'm sure, before he went to the Campaign, he left me in charge to buy him a Musick-Girl, he lov'd, of a certain Slave-Merchant, and I've executed his Orders.—

*Thef.* Just as the Wind blows, my Friend, so you must furl your Sails.

*Epi.* Alas! I'm broke all in pieces!

*Thef.* How; why so?

*Epi.* But——what did this Lass cost?

*Thef.* Little enough.

*Epi.* That's none o' my Question.

*Thef.* What then?

*Epi.* How many Pounds?

*Thef.* So many

[*Holding up his Fingers.*]

*Epi.* What, a hundred Pounds?

*Thef.* Which he took up of a Banker at Thebes, and gives him above a Groat i'the Pound Interest for every Day he has it.

*Epi.* Lamentable!

*Thef.* The Banker's come over with him, and demands the Mony.

*Epi.* Bless me? I'm ruin'd to the Devil and all.

*Thef.* How so? What's the matter, my Friend?

*Epi.* He has lost me,

*Thef.* Who has.

*Epi.* The Gentleman who lost his Arms.

*Thef.* But why so?

*Epi.* Why, he was continually dunning me wi' Letters from th' Army, to—[*Aside*] But mum for that. 'Tis better for a Slave to set his Ears on work, than his Tongue; that's the wisest course by half.

*Thef.*

*Thef.* Troth, I can't imagine why you tremble so. Poor *Epidicus*, thou'rt in a sad pickle: guilty o' some damnable business i' my Absence, and thy very looks betray thee.

*Epi.* Prethee, don't tease me so.

*Thef.* I'll be gone then.

*Epi.* Stay, you shan't go yet. *[He holds him.]*

*Thef.* Why, not yet?

*Epi.* But is he really in love with the Girl he bought?

*Thef.* A pretty Question! — up to the Ears, Man!

*Epi.* Then my poor Back must smart for'theo!

*Thef.* He loves her better than ever he did you.

*Epi.* And let the Devil love you.

*Thef.* Prethee leave that subject, — He charg'd me not to go home to his Fathers, but directly to *Chesil-lu's* here, till he came there himself.

*Epi.* Why so?

*Thef.* Because he wou'd n't so much as meet, or see his Father, till he had clear'd all with his Banker.

*Epi.* This is Hell upon Earth!

*Thef.* Now let me go and meet him.

*Epi.* What will th'old Man say, when he comes to know o'this? However, let's fall nobly, with our Swords in our Hands.

*Thef.* Fall how you please, what's that to me?

*Epi.* I'll not fall singly; I shall desire the same Civility o'you too, as one Friend wou'd of another.

*Thef.* Wou'd Old Nick had you and your Projects too.

*Epi.* Go then, if you be in such plaguy haste.

*Thef.* If it be so, I ne'r met with'a more easie parting.  
*[Exit Thef.]*



## SCENE II.

Epidicus alone.

He's gone, and now thou'rt alone: thou seest in what a sweet Condition thou'rt in, Mr. *Epidicus*; and without speedy Relief, thou'rt undoubtedly blown up. So many tottering Ruins, and such vast Loads o' Mischiefs come tumbling upo' my head, that 'tis impossible to subsist without a thousand Props. And yet I can't find one to help to sustain this confounded Shock. — What a Rogue was I t' impose upo' th' Old Man wi' my damn'd Tricks, and make him believe he had redeem'd his Daughter, when 'twas only a Musick-Girl, his Son's Miss, whom he order'd to buy when he went to the Camp. But now my Gentleman, to please his Humour, has pick'd up another there, and my Skin must pay the purchase: For when our old Fox comes once to smell out the Roguery, I shall be flea'd alive. Therefore have all your Wits about ye. — Projecting's to no purpose; for my Brains are all Confusion. — [*He looks upon himself*] *Epidicus*, thou'rt an errant Ass. — [*In another Tone*] But why so scurrilous, my Friend! — Because, Fool, thou'st left thy self to the wide Word. — Why, what wou'd y' have me do? — Why that Question to me? — Because formerly y' use to be so plaguy cunning at advising. — What? — What, I say? — I must to work upon something. — But I'm too backward in meeting my Gentleman, to know how matters stand. — [*Discovering Stratippocles and Cheribulus*] O here he comes, i' the dumps too, with his Friend *Cheribulus*. — I'll move on one side, to hear their Discourse wi' more ease.

[*He stands on one side a little.*]

SCENE



## SCENE III.

*Enter Stratippocles and Cheribulus, at another part of the Stage.*

*Stra.* Thus I've told ye the whole Story, *Cheribulus*; and given ye a full Account o' my Troubles and Love.

*Che.* Sure, *Stratippocles*, thou'rt very childish for one o' thy Age and Courage. What, ashamed o' thy Bargan, Man, when she's one of a good Family? Who'd duce can blame thee for this?

*Stra.* All those who envy'd me, ha' declared themselves m' Enemies upo' this Account; tho' truly to her Chastity, I ne'r offer'd the least Violence or Incivility.

*Che.* This is a Vertue, in my Opinion, a degree above any common moderation in Love.

*Stra.* Po, Words will give no ease to a Man in pain: He's the Friend, whose Actions supply one in a puzzling Case, and at a pinch.

*Che.* How wou'd y' ha' me help ye?

*Stra.* By lending me a hundred Pounds, to pay off the Banker I had it of.

*Che.* Really if I had it, you shou'dn't ask me twice.

*Stra.* What am I the better, when your Liberality lies wholly in Words, and nothing at all in Deeds.

*Che.* Why, Faith, every day I'm teaz'd, and worried to death with a parcel o' Duns.

*Stra.* I'de sooner see such Friends starve in Prison than live in a Palace. — Well, I must borrow *Epidicus's* help, tho' I pay dearly for th' use of 't; but I shall send him to *Bridewell* with his Skin stript o're his Ears, if he doesn't procure the hundred Pounds as soon as the last Word's pronounc'd.

*Epi. aside.* I'm in a hopeful Condition: He promises well, and I don't question his performance i' the least.

least. So then, my Back shall be nobly treated, and all at free Cost.—I'll e'n board 'em.—[Goes to them.] My dear Master, no Man's more joyful at your safe Arrival than your humble Servant *Epidicus*.

*Str.* [turning about] Where's he?

*Epi.* Here, Sir—I'm glad to see you well in Town agen.

*Str.* I don't question but y'are, as much as my self.

*Epi.* Have ye been well all this time, Sir.

*Str.* In Body, but not in Mind.

*Epi.* Why, Sir, I perform'd my Duty, and observ'd your Commands, to a tittle. I've bought up the Girl you sent so many Letters about.

*Str.* You've lost your Labour i' that.

*Epi.* Lost, how, Sir?

*Str.* Because at present, she neither charms, nor pleases me.

*Epi.* Then what occasion was there for so many repeated Commands, and Letters?

*Str.* I lov'd her then, but now my Heart's otherwise engag'd.

*Epi.* Faith 'tis very hard, t'have one's Services so ill rewarded. My best Endeavours are turn'd against me, by the fickleness o' your Passion.

*Str.* I wasn't *Compos mentis*, when I writ those Letters.

*Epi.* Must I atone for your crazy Tricks; and my Back pay the price o' your Indiscretion?

*Str.* What's all this prating? I've occasion for a hundred Pounds down o' the Nail, which must be paid to the Banker with all Expedition.

*Epi.* Pray, where shall I ha't? Of what Banker shon'd I take it up?

*Str.* Where you please. But if I ha'n't the Money before Sanfot, ne't expect to see home agen, but I'll wait to *Bridemill* you go.

*Epi.*

*Epi.* You, Sir, can talk o' these things unmov'd, without dread or danger. I'm right sensible o' m' Executioners, and the pain of a good Beating.

*Stra.* How then? Wou'd you see your Master make way with himself?

*Epi.* Not so neither.—I'll first run the hazard, as bold as it is.

*Stra.* Now I like ye: Thour't a brave Fellow in-troth.

*Epi.* I'm resolv'd t' undergo what you'd ha' me.

*Stra.* What will ye do with the Musick-Girl you bought then?

*Epi.* I'll warrant ye, I'll ha' some Invention, some Expedient, or some Trick to save all at last.

*Stra.* Faith thous't a fruitful Noddle, to my Knowledge.

*Epi.* I know a rich *Euboan* Captain, with Money at Command, who when he comes to know o' your buying of this, and your bringing home th' other, he'll earnestly be at ye, to take her off your Hands.—But where's the Girl you brought wi' ye.

*Stra.* She shall be forth-coming.

*Che.* What stay we here for?

*Stra.* Let's to yours, and there make a jolly Day on't.

[*Exeunt Stratippocles and Cheribulus.*]

## SCENE IV.

*Epidicus alone.*

Go in. The mean time, in these Brains must I have a Committee o' the whole House, to consider of Ways and Means for the raising o' Supplies to carry on this vigorous War.—Well, Friend *Epidicus*, look well to thy hits; for this is a plaguy sudden Bus'ness. The De'el a bit o' time's here for dozing, or delaying; for

a swinging Battery must be rais'd against th' old Mans Pockets.——In then, *Epidicus*, and keep thy young Master from stragling here, least his old Father shou'd chance to snap him up.

[*Exit Epidicus after them.*]

*The End of the First Act.*

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.

*Enter Apicides and Periphanes.*

*Ape. entring.* **T**'is a common failing in most People, t' use Modesty when there's no occasion for't; and when there's most of all, they lay't aside. What need ye be asham'd o' marrying one of a good Family, tho' of mean Fortune; especially one, as you believe, you had your Daughter by, that's now at home?

*Per.* I dread my Son's Reproaches.

*Ape.* Edod, I thought the Remembrance o' your last Wife, had frighted you from Matrimony; for you ne'r can look upon her Grave, but y' offer Thanks for her Departure: And truly you've reason, since y' had the good luck t' out-live that cross Piece.

*Per.* O, I was a second *Hercules* i' the time of her Reign. His Combate with the *Amazonian Queen*, was nothing to what I endured.

*Ape.* Troth, the Mony did well however.

*Per.* Ay marry, if I cou'd ha' had it alone.

SCENE

## S C E N E II.

*Epidicus appears at Cheribulus's Door.*

*Epi. to Stratippocles and Cheribulus within.]* St' St' ! Silence ! Courage, my Lads. Nothing but signs o' good luck. Then I've a plaguy sharp Lancet to breathe the best Vein i'th' old Man's Purse.——[*Coming from the Door.*] O yonder's he.——Both th' old Bables as I could wish, before *Apecides's* Door. Now will I turn Horse-leech, and suck out the Hearts Blood o' these old Fools, who pass for the prime Pillars o' the State.

*Ape.* Marry him as soon as you can.

*Per.* I like your Advice.

*Ape.* I heard he was intangl'd with a Musick-Girl, but who I can't tell.

*Per.* Ay, that goes to the Heart o' me.

*Epi. overhearing them.]* In good Faith, I've th' Assistance, Bounty and Love of all the Gods. For th' old Men ha' now open'd a Passage for my Tricks to make Incursions, and snub'em o' their Mony.——About it then, Friend *Epidicus*, wrap thy short Cloak about thee, and pretend t'ha' been looking the whole Town for th' old Man: Do all with a jerk.——[*He throws his Cloak about him, and seems in vast haste.*] Bless my Soul ! what wou'd I give to meet wi' my Master *Periphanes* at home. I'm tyr'd off my Legs, wi' searching all the Town over for him, at the Surgeons, the Barbers, the Race-Ground, the Market, the Perfumers, the Armorers, and all the Bankers i' the Town.——I'm quite hoarse with asking; and was nigh breaking my Neck a hundred times for haste.

*Per. Epidicus !*

*Epi.* Who calls *Epidicus* ?

[*Surlyly.*

*Per.* I'm *Periphanes*.

*Ape.*



*Ape.* And I, *Apecides*.

*Epi.* And, troth, I'm *Epidicus*.—O, Sir, I've met ye both i' the best time i' the World.

*Per.* What's the matter?

*Epi.* Hold.—Pray give me a little time to breath in—

*Per.* Well, take time then.

*Epi.* O my Heart!—Let me take breath.—

*Ape.* Come, rest your self.

*Epi.* Now observe.—All the Troops that were marching to *Thebes*, are discharg'd, and sent home.—

*Ape.* Who told you so?

*Epi.* I affirm it to be true.

*Per.* On your own Knowledge?

*Epi.* Yes, Sir.

*Per.* How came you to know't?

*Epi.* Because I saw the Streets as full o' Soldiers as they cou'd pack, with all the Arms, and Horfes.—

*Per.* This is extraordinary indeed.

*Epi.* Then they had a mort o' Prisoners, with Boys and Girls, some two, some three, and others five a piece. The People they all came thronging about 'em; every Body crowding to see their own Sons.

*Per.* I faith, nothing cou'd be better.

*Epi.* Then I believe the whole Corporation o' Courtizans i' the City came in all i' their Finery, to meet their Gallants, and charm 'em with their presence: And, what was most observable, a great many of 'em wore Nets under their Scarfs. When I had got to the Haven, there I found her, attended by four several Musicians playing—

*Per.* Who, *Epidicus*?

*Epi.* She who your Son so many Years lov'd, and dy'd for; and is in a fair way to ruin his Riches and Reputation, his own self, and your Worship's self. She stood waiting for him at the Haven.

*Per.*



*Per.* Damn'd Jilt!

*Epi.* She was richly dress'd in her gold Lace, so neatly! so trimly! so modish!

*Per.* How a duce was she dress'd then? With a Cloak, or a Robe, or had she a Milliner's Shop upon her back? There's variety enough.

*Epi.* A Woman carry a whole Shop upon her back?

*Per.* Where's the Wonder? You may daily meet these Creatures i' the Streets with Houses and Lands upo' their backs. When their Sparks are ass'd for the Taxes, they've no Money; but freely pay their Contributions when they're tax'd by their Whores. What a confounded jargon o' names do these Jades rake up every Year for their Habits? There's your light Mant plated, your Stiff-bodied-Gown, your Loose-Gown, your Night-Gown, your Riding-Gown, your Imbroider'd, and Speckl'd Gowns, Pane'd Works, and Plum'd Works, Petticoats, Hoods, Scarfs, Tours and Top-knots, Fingle-Fangles, and Gold-Bobs, with all the Colours o' the Rainbow, and Figures of all the Flowers, Birds, Beasts, Fishes, Flies, and Monsters, i'th' Universe. Nay some o' their Dresses make 'em look like Monkeys.

*Epi.* What are those, Sir?

*Per.* Your damn'd Night-Rails.—— This plaguy Catalogue o' Names, often make their poor Collies Pockets smoak for't.——But on wi' your Story.

*Epi.* There stood two Women behind me, discoursing to themselves; upo' which, I gave way a little, and made as tho' I took no notice o' what they said. I cou'dn't hear every word perfectly, yet I'm sure I can't be mistaken i' the main.

*Per.* I'd fain know what it was.

*Epi.* Said one o' these Women to th' other,——

*Per.* interrupting] What?

*Epi.* Patience, Sir, and you'll hear all.——After they had cast their Eyes upo' your Son's Mistress.

Good now, said one, What strange luck has this Creature

I have